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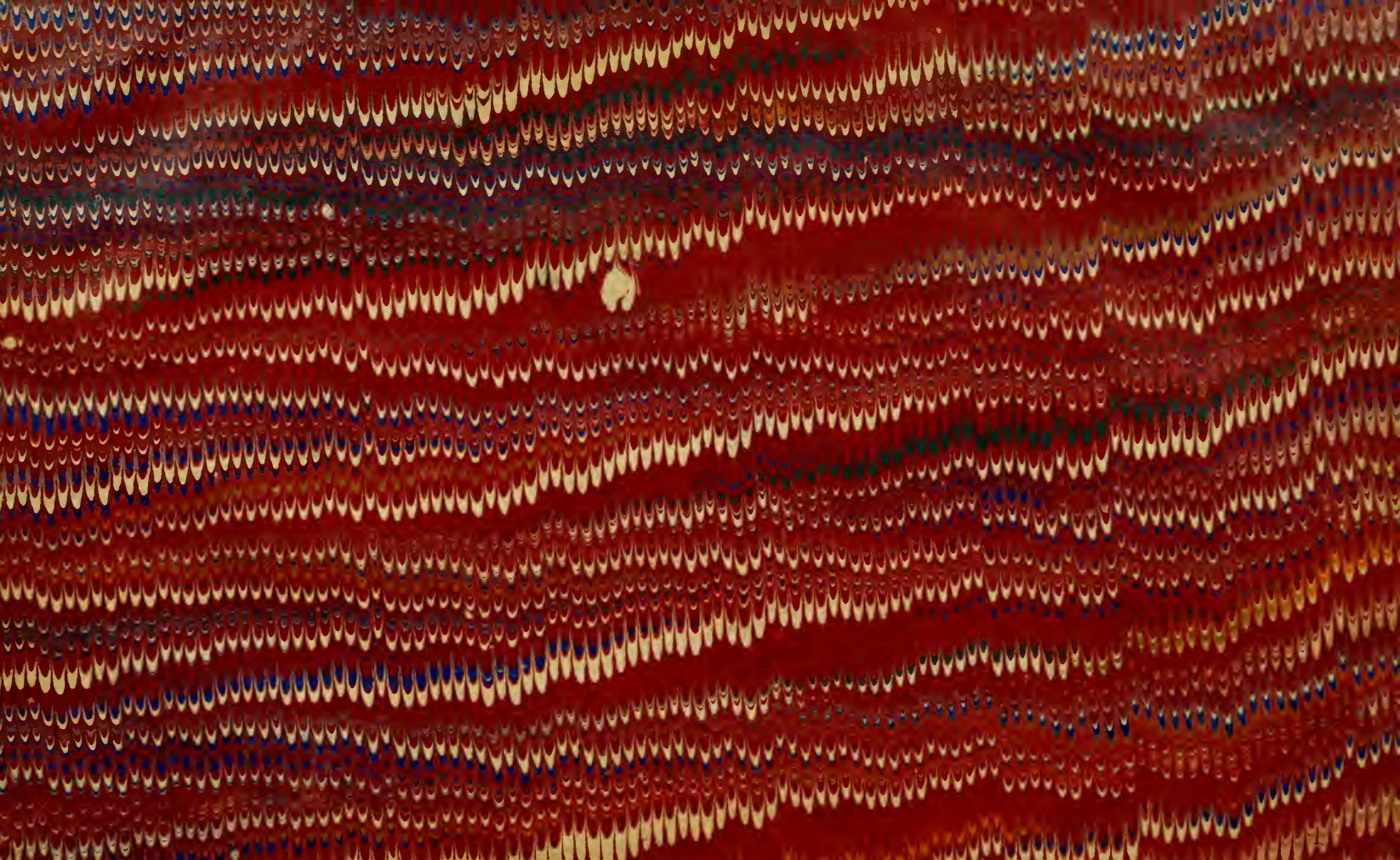

THE

Westfield Jubilee:

A REPORT OF THE

CELEBRATION AT WESTFIELD, MASS.,

ON THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

Of the Incorporation of the Town,

OCTOBER 6, 1869,

WITH THE

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

OF THE

Hon. WILLIAM G. BATES,

AND OTHER

SPEECHES AND POEMS OF THE OCCASION,

With an Appendix,

Containing Historical Documents of Local Interest

WESTFIELD, MASS.:
CLARK & STORY, PUBLISHERS.
1870.

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Westfield, January 1, 1870.

Hon. William. G. Bates:

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Bi-Centennial General Committee, held November 20, 1869, the following resolves were adopted unanimously, viz.:

1. That in behalf of the town of Westfield, the thanks of this Committee be presented to the Hon. William G. Bates, for his able and eloquent historical address; and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

2. That a Committee of Publication be appointed by this Committee, to prepare for the press, and publish the proceedings of the Bi-Centennial Celebration, including the address of the Hon. William G. Bates, and such accompanying notes and documents as may be of permanent interest and value to the citizens and former residents of Westfield.

Voted, That Dr. J. Abbott, Edward B. Gillett and Thomas Kneil constitute the Committee of Publication.

In accordance with the above, we have the honor of soliciting a copy of your very excellent and able address at the Bi-Centennial Celebration, held October 6, 1869, of the incorporation of our ancient and beloved town, for publication.

We shall also be pleased, if you can accompany it with such "notes and documents" in your possession as "may be of permanent interest and value to the citizens and former residents of Westfield," and we are persuaded it will be your pleasure to present such to the public in connection therewith.

Yours respectfully,

Jehiel Abbott,

E. B. Gillett,

T. Kneil.

Westfield, January 1, 1870.

Hons. Jehiel Abbott, Edward B. Gillett and Thomas Kneil,

Committee of Publication, &c.:

Gentlemen,—The historical address, of which you request a copy for publication, is at your disposal, with my thanks for the approbation which has been extended to it by my fellow-townsmen, and to yourselves, for your kindly expression of it.

In the preparation of the address, only a part of which could have been delivered, with a proper regard for the other exercises of the day, a general exploration was made for the discovery of historical facts; and, in the investigation, many documents, papers and records were brought to light, which were new to me, and which, in my opinion, should be collected and preserved for future use. The records of our own town are in a dilapidated and decaying condition, and they need the immediate care of a fond antiquary to rescue them from a speedy oblivion. The publication of all the materials which I have gathered, which relate to the early incidents, the original settlers, and, in fine, the history of the town, would form a large volume; but I cheerfully render to you from the collection, what, I trust, will be of a general interest to our present population, and, still more, to all the former inhabitants of Westfield.

I am, gentlemen, with respect, &c., your obedient,

William G. Bates.

Introduction.

The history of a town consists of facts, ordinarily, so scattered and disconnected, as to be sought out and gathered with great difficulty. In preparing the history of an old town,—one, which was founded within a half century of the landing of the Pilgrims,—there is a still greater difficulty in the collection of materials, and more uncertainty as to the accuracy of the facts and conclusions. The early records of the older towns were very imperfectly kept; many important facts were but partially stated, and "time's decaying fingers" have obliterated and removed many irrecoverable fragments from the originally too scanty pages.

In preparing for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Westfield, much time and labor were expended in the examination of the papers and records of the town, and of the ancestral town of Springfield. A search was also prosecuted among the papers, documents and records of Springfield, and those deposited in the archives of the commonwealth; and some important facts were there obtained, which are new to the public.

Information of a traditionary character, also, was sought from some of the old inhabitants; and many old papers, illustrating the early history of the town, were obtained from their descendants. It was a matter of deep regret to have been informed, that valuable papers for historical purposes, had been destroyed, from time to time, as of no supposed importance.

In the opinion of the committee of the town, and, also, in that of very many of our citizens, a collection of facts, gathered with much labor, and at considerable expense, and collected and arranged in a methodical manner for future reference, should be embodied in some permanent form. Such a volume will constitute an enduring record of our early history, for which the future generations of those, who are here to live after us, will be thankful to us. The celebration itself will be a landmark in the history of our ancient town; and, however humble may be the individuals who participated in the celebration, either as contributors to the facts, fancy, sentiment, or history, which were displayed, or who came merely as visitors from distant homes to the old hearth-stone of their race, the memorial of their names, connected with the events, which transpired upon this eventful historical day, will be a record which will be appreciated more and more highly, as advancing ages shall enhance the interest of posterity in the history of their ancestors.

We can not but have noticed an awakened interest in the people of New England, in their genealogical record. In the days of the founders of our colonial nation, they

were not solicitous for the details of its future history. Their hands were fully occupied with their present responsibilities. Although they never doubted the ultimate success of the efforts, to which they had consecrated themselves, yet "to be, or not to be," was with them, individually, the important question. But, at the present day, when their most fanciful imaginings have been more than realized, in the wide-spreading extent of our Union, and in the well-adapted powers of our Constitution, for the government of the nation, however widely extended may be its territorial boundaries, their early history has become invested with a fascinating interest. We would gladly know the minute history of those from whom we sprang. Their appearance, their dress, their manner of life, and their daily thoughts arouse our eager curiosity; and we would rejoice to snatch the most trifling circumstances, connected with them, from oblivion. Along with this desire to bring forward, and produce before us, the faded pictures of the past, comes the correlative wish, to perpetuate the present, for the eye of posterity. This desire discloses itself in various manifestations of action. When the foundations are laid of some memorial column, or an edifice of a public character, and, sometimes even, for the purposes of business, a corner-stone is placed with imposing ceremonials; and, in a nicely-chiseled chamber, are deposited the various specimens of art, science, literature and commerce, which illustrate the characteristics, or uses of the age. We have, upon the present occasion, a collection of historical facts, which are interesting to

us. Of how much higher interest will they be to those who will be the future inhabitants of Westfield, in the generations which are to come.

The committee, therefore, requested their chairman to arrange and publish the addresses, poems, and other exercises in the church, the historical discourse prepared in pursuance of the vote of the town, the speeches delivered at the public dinner, the documents and letters of reply from absent and self-exiled citizens, who traveled many hundreds of miles to revive early recollections, and to renew youthful friendships,—in short, all the facts and proceedings, connected with the celebration, which would impart an interest to an occasion, in which so many participated, and which will be remembered by some of them, as one of the bright days of their lives.

Preliminary Proceedings.

For several years, prior to the year 1869, the attention of many of the citizens of Westfield had been called to the subject of celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town; and there was a general wish, on the part of the people, to engage in it. It was at times mentioned in the newspapers, and the idea was thus communicated to many of the natives of the town, who had removed to foreign and distant abodes. Many of them seemed to manifest an interest in the proposed celebration, and promised to give their attendance upon the occasion. Both these persons, and the present residents, anticipated much pleasure in a proposed family gathering, which should bring face to face, those who had been long separated, and, indeed, those, who were wholly strangers to each other.

At last, in the month of June, 1869, at the request of several of our citizens, an article was inserted in a warrant for a town-meeting, to be held on the third day of July then next, to see what measures the town would adopt for celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation. The meeting was held accordingly. It was a large, and an intelligent one. The subject was discussed in a free and an earnest manner, and there was, we believe, an unanimous feeling in favor of the proposed celebration. There

was, of course, a difference of opinion expressed, as to the manner of conducting it; but, upon a full interchange of opinion, the following record expresses the result, which was aimed at, with an entire unanimity:

At a meeting of the inhabitants, legal voters of the town of Westfield, holden July 3, 1869, Jehiel Abbott, moderator, it was—

Voted, That the town celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

Voted, That a committee of twenty be appointed by the chair, to report to the town, at an adjourned meeting, some plan for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, and report the names of any necessary committees.

The chair appointed the following named gentlemen, to act as that committee, in accordance with the preceding votes:

Hon. William G. Bates,	Samuel Fowler, Esq.,	William Noble,
Col. David Moseley,	George E. Knapp,	John B. Bancroft,
Henry J. Bush,	John Fowler,	Dr. James Holland,
Silas Root,	Frederick Fowler,	Reuben Noble,
Lucius F. Thayer,	Joseph M. Ely,	Henry B. Lewis, Esq.,
Maj. George Taylor,	Hon. Thomas Kneil,	Charles H. Bush.
Lyman Lewis,	David Drake,	

At an adjourned meeting, holden July 17, 1869, it was—

Voted, to accept and adopt the report of Hon. William G. Bates, chairman, which was as follows:

REPORT.

At a meeting of the committee appointed by the town, to consider and recommend to the town what measures shall be adopted for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Westfield, which meeting was held at the office of William G. Bates, on the evening of the 9th and 10th of July instant, it was—

Voted, 1. That in the opinion of this committee, the interest and the honor of the town demand, that the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Westfield should be celebrated and be observed as a holiday, by our present inhabitants, on Wednesday, the first day of October next; and that those citizens, who have emigrated herefrom to other and distant states, and also their descendants and families,—indeed all, who trace their life-blood from this then westernmost frontier post of civilization,—be invited to revisit the place of their ancestry, and mingle with us here in a most interesting reunion.

Voted, 2. That a committee, consisting of the following persons, be appointed by the town, which committee shall have authority to fill vacancies, to appoint sub-committees in those of their own numbers, or of other persons, to arrange and superintend the order of the celebration, and to appoint some suitable person to prepare an historical address: to solicit, from the many very eminent citizens, who have heretofore gone out from us, personal reminiscences and communications, scatter abroad to them an invitation to our hospitalities, and provide the entertainment proper for the occasion.

Voted, 3. That, in addition to the contributions, which we are assured will be made by hospitable and zealous citizens of the town, towards the expenses of this interesting jubilee, we recommend, that the inhabitants of the town, in their corporate capacity, in aid of individuals, authorize their selectmen to draw their orders for such sums as may be necessary for defraying the expenses of the same, not exceeding five thousand dollars. For the committee,

WILLIAM G. BATES, *Chairman*.

Names of the committee appointed by the adoption of the foregoing report:

William G. Bates,	Dr. James Holland,	Elijah Owen, Jr.,
Maj. George Taylor,	Hon. Edward B. Gillett,	John Gillett,
Col. Silas Root,	Henry J. Bush,	Thomas Cowles,
Capt Frederick Fowler,	Henry Loomis,	Samuel Horton,
Col. David Moseley,	Horace Ensign,	Samuel Fowler,
Joseph M. Ely,	Henry Hubbard,	Lewis R. Norton,
Cutler Laflin,	Frederick Bush,	Darwin L. Gillett,
Reuben Noble,	Elihu Gaylord,	Hon. Henry Fuller,
George E. Knapp,	Lucius F. Thayer,	George Green,
John B. Bancroft,	Henry B. Smith,	L. B. Blood,
Hon. Thomas Kneil,	Hiram Fowler,	Joseph Woolworth.
Dr. Jehiel Abbott,	James C. Greenough,	

Voted, That the inhabitants of the towns of Southwick, Russell and Montgomery, which formerly constituted portions of the town of Westfield, be cordially invited to unite with us in making that day memorable, which is endeared to the citizens of all those towns by so many soul-thrilling associations.

Voted, That the moderator nominate three persons from the committee this day appointed, who shall be a finance committee, to audit and approve all bills, incurred in carrying out the proposed celebration, and that the selectmen draw their orders for no bills, unless approved by the finance committee, or a majority of the same.

Cutler Laflin, Col. David Moseley and Reuben Noble were chosen such finance committee.

Voted, That the town invite Hon. William G. Bates to deliver the address on the occasion of the celebration.

At an adjourned meeting of the town, holden August 28, 1869, it was

Voted, To amend the vote whereby the town voted to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, on Wednesday, the first day of October next, so that the time shall be fixed to Wednesday, the sixth day of October next.

Voted, To excuse Hon. Henry Fuller from serving on the committee on the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

WILLIAM H. FOOTE, *Town Clerk.*

A true copy of record—Attest,

WILLIAM H. FOOTE, *Town Clerk.*

After the adjournment of the town-meeting, the committee held a session, and appointed the following sub-committees, to arrange and carry out the parts of the general programme. The committes were thus constituted:

COMMITTEE ON TENT AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Frederick Bush,	L. R. Norton,	Samuel Horton.
L. F. Thayer,	Henry J. Bush,	

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

George Green,	J. R. Gladwin,	J. G. Scott,
H. B. Stevens,	H. M. Miller,	E. B. Smith.

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING.

Cutler Laflin,	D. L. Gillett,	J. C. Greenough.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

William G. Bates,	Joseph M. Ely,	E. B. Gillett,
David Moseley,	Samuel Fowler,	G. L. Laflin.
James Holland,		

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Thomas Kneil,	Samuel Fowler,	C. K. Sanborn.
H. B. Smith,		

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION OF GUESTS.

N. T. Leonard,	L. B. Blood,	J. M. Moseley,
H. Hooker,	D. L. Gillett,	M. Loomis,
C. A. Jessup,	George L. Laflin,	David Lamberton.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION.

L. F. Thayer,	Henry Pease,	Arthur Crane,
John M. Moseley,	Charles F. Fowler,	W. H. Atkins,
Andrew Campbell, 2d,	G. Knapp,	Albert N. Brass,
W. H. Foote,	E. B. Smith,	E. W. Dickerman,
W. A. Johnson,	C. I. Snow,	Emerson Jessup.
A. C. Rand,	L. H. Beals,	

COMMITTEE TO ARRANGE THE ORDER OF PROCESSION AND EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

Cutler Laflin,	Thomas Kneil,	Frederick Bush.

COMMITTEE ON SENTIMENTS.

William G. Bates,	Thomas Kneil,	J. W. Dickinson.
E. B. Gillett,	M. B. Whitney,	

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

Cutler Laflin,	Reuben Noble,	David Moseley.

The following gentlemen were appointed officers of the day:

PRESIDENT.

Hon. James Fowler.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Maj. George Taylor,	Dr. Jehiel Abbott,	Reuben Noble,
J. M. Ely,	Dennis Hedges,	James Noble, 1st,
Silas Root,	Hon. E. B. Gillett,	A. B. Whitman,
Thomas Ashley,	Hon. Thos. Kneil,	F. Fowler,
N. T. Leonard,	Hon. M. B. Whitney,	Alonzo Allen,
Oliver Moseley,	Hiram Fox,	Elijah Ensign,
Franklin Arthur,	Hon. David Moseley,	Hiram Owen,
Ambrose Day,	Henry B. Smith,	Roland Parks of Russell.
Elihu Gaylord,	Col Orrin Parks,	Octalony Moore of Montgomery.
Samuel Drake,	Dr. J. W. Rockwell of Southwick,	
Seth Cowles,		

MARSHAL.

Major Frederick Bush.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

Samuel Dow,	A. F. Powers,	J. M. Moseley,
Andrew Campbell, 1st,	L. B. Walkley,	F. D. Bush.

TOAST MASTER.

Hon. Thomas Kneil.

The committee upon invitations, issued a circular, of which the following is a copy, which was also printed in the *Western Hampden Times*, and the *News Letter*, the two village papers published in Westfield, which notices were sent by mail to every known family who had formerly lived in Westfield. A request was also published, addressed to the inhabitants of the town, and the friends of any of them, to furnish the committee with any additional names of persons, to whom they might wish to have invitations sent, the intention being to extend the summons to every former resident, wherever situated. The following is a copy of the invitation:

The Second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town occurring during the present year, it has been decided by vote of the town, to celebrate the event, and to circulate the notice as widely as possible among the former citizens and their descendants.

All such are cordially invited to meet with us here, on the sixth day of October next, and participate in the exercises, with the assurance of a hearty welcome, both public and private. Every effort will be exerted to make the occasion interesting and profitable, and the stay of our guests agreeable; and it is hoped that the gathering of those who have wandered to great distances, and have been long separated, will warm the heart and quicken the feeling of common interest and union.

WILLIAM G. BATES,
DAVID MOSELEY,
JAMES HOLLAND,
JOSEPH M. ELY,
SAMUEL FOWLER,
EDW. B. GILLETT,
GEORGE L. LAFLIN,
Committee on Invitations.

Westfield, 1869.

Editorial notices of the meeting appeared in each number of the papers, inviting a general attendance, and also requesting information of the names and residences of former inhabitants.

The following is a copy of the invitation, which was sent or given to each guest from abroad:

1669 1869

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Westfield, Massachusetts,

October 6th, 1869.

To .....

Your attendance and participation in this Festival is respectfully and cordially requested.

The presentation of this note will secure admission to all the exercises, including the collation.

An early reply is especially solicited.

WILLIAM G. BATES,
Chairman Committee on Invitations.

The committee arranged the following programme for the exercises of the occasion, which was published and widely circulated by bills, and in the newspapers:

PROGRAMME.

1. Forty guns will be fired, and the bells of the several churches rung at sunrise.

2. The Procession will form in front of the Woronoco House at 9½ o'clock, A. M., and march up Elm to Franklin Street, thence to Washington, thence to Court, through Court to the church, in the following order: 1. Platoon of Police. 2. Cavalcade. 3. Gilmore's Band. 4. Returned Veteran Corps. 5. Firemen. 6. Town Authorities. 7. Teachers of Normal and Public Schools. 8. Committee of Arrangements. 9. Reverend Clergy. 10. President and Orator of the Day. 11. Invited Guests. 12. Citizens of other Towns. 13. Citizens of the Town.

Maj. F. Bush was Marshal, and Col. L. B. Walkley, S. Dow, A. Campbell, 1st, A. F. Powers, J. M. Moseley, F. D. Bush, aids to the Marshal. At the church the order of exercises was as follows:

1. Voluntary on the Organ.
2. Voluntary by the Choir.
3. Address by the President, Hon. James Fowler.
4. Invocation by Rev. H. Hopkins.
5. Reading the Holy Scriptures by Rev. J. H. Mansfield.
6. Original Hymn by the Choir.
7. Address of Welcome by Hon. E. B. Gillett.
8. Reply by J. B. Eldredge, Esq. of Hartford.
9. Reading of Original Poetry.
10. Singing by the Choir, "Two Hundred Years Ago."
11. Oration by Hon. William G. Bates.
12. Music by the Band.
13. Prayer by Rev. E. H. Richardson.
14. Doxology.
15. Benediction.

On the Saturday preceding the memorable day, a storm of rain commenced, and continued through Sunday and Monday. The rivers rose to an unprecedented hight. The levee, on the south side of the Great River, was overflowed, and carried away by the current, and the water rushed through the streets and gardens in the meadows, northerly of Franklin Street, carrying off fences, property, and, in some cases,

buildings, in its terrible inundations. Alarm bells were rung, and the people congregated to rescue property, secure buildings, and to save life. The railroads were partially submerged, and portions of them were swept away. The transportation of freights and passengers was arrested, and many of those, who had signified their intention to unite with us, and who had traveled long distances for the purpose, were compelled to stop in their journey hither; and,—finding that the means of conveyance were not seasonably opened,—to return, disappointed, to their homes.

In very many cases, this was a severe disappointment. Persons from "down East," who had come as far as Boston, and from the West,—from western New York, from Ohio, from Illinois, and the Mississippi,—were thus arrested in their course. Some of them returned at once to their homes; others procured other modes of conveyance, and by circuitous roads, arrived during, and after the exercises. Some set forth on foot, and with many a weary mile of travel, reached town in season; and many more waited for the cars, and came when the cars came, too late to join their friends in the celebration. Arrangements were made, however, for a reunion. On the evening of the 6th, an invitation was extended for a meeting at the house of Mr. Bates; and, on the evening of the 7th, the large and elegant house of Mr. Lucius F. Thayer was thrown open for all the inhabitants of the town, whether of the present or the past.

An unfortunate incident also occurred, in defeating the arrangements, in part, for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. We had engaged Gilmore's Band

of Boston, to take part in the exercises; the members made an effort to reach their place of engagement, but they were compelled to return. A part of the entertainment for the guests at the table was also engaged to be forwarded from Boston and New Haven; but, from the same cause, we were disappointed in its reception.

It will readily be supposed, that though the rain, on the morning of the 6th, had abated, and the sun shone forth with new brilliancy, yet that doubt hung over our councils, in reference to the proceedings of the day. The committee were hastily convened for an ultimate decision; some few persons favored a postponement to the next, or a future day; but a little consideration determined the conclusion to go forward; and, although we could not do all that was desired for the pleasure of our friends, it was determined to do all that we could, to make the occasion a pleasant one. Accordingly, at 10½ o'clock, an hour later than the announcement of the programme, the procession was formed, and marched to the First Congregational Church. The partitioning doors, which separated, ordinarily, the auditorium from the chapel, were raised, and the whole building was closely filled, from front to rear, with an appreciative audience.

The following extracts are taken from the editorial account of the celebration, published in the *Western Hampden Times* of October 6, 1869, with a few verbal alterations, made by the consent of the author:

In this country where everything is comparatively new, where many populous cities were mere hamlets a score of years ago, a town two hundred years old

may be considered to have attained a respectable degree of antiquity; and it seemed fitting that this birthday of our venerable town should be honored with more than a passing mention; that we should pause in our activities, and give a retrospective glance along the way whence we have come from a precarious beginning to an assured and growing prosperity; that we should make this an occasion for rekindling our altar-fires, for fanning into new life the smouldering embers of old friendships, and for the reuniting of sundered ties; an occasion for calling home the scattered sons and daughters of old Westfield, to return and sit once more at their mother's feet, and revive the love that once they bore her; to forget all bitterness, and meet as in a common home, on the level of a common brotherhood.

To this end appropriations were made by the town authorities, a committee of arrangements appointed, and various measures instituted to render the day enjoyable. Cordial letters of invitation were sent to all emigrants from Westfield, known to the committee, and weeks ago the mustering of the clans commenced. So widely had time diffused the old stock, that representatives came from every part of the country; from western prairies, southern savannahs, and even the Pacific States.

Old men and women, long exiled, came to take the last look of the old place; many a young matron, who went away a bride, came proudly carrying her children with her; in many a household happy tears were shed as the "boys" came home, whose feet had so long been strangers to the threshold; on the street were witnessed sudden greetings and hearty hand-

shakings, and middle-aged men smoothed out their wrinkles and grew young again, as they laughed together over their boyish "scrapes," or recounted the flirtations of the old Academy days; some, alas, came back to green graves and desolate homes,—perhaps, to find the very homestead had vanished before the march of improvement; but here, as nowhere else, could they "walk in soul" with those gone before, and, although they could not but sigh over Time's mutations, grateful for the love still left them they grow happy in the joy of others. One and all seemed imbued with a desire to enjoy to the utmost, this, the only centennial anniversary which they would ever know.

Up to Saturday night last, all preparations for the jubilee went on successfully; during that night, commenced the unprecedented storm that has desolated so large a portion of our beautiful town, leaving in place of faultless highways, well-kept gardens and trim lawns, gullied roads, broken walks, piled up masses of rubbish and pools of foul water. This unexpected calamity has carried grief into many households, and a gloom has overspread the entire community; the blow is felt the more keenly that it fell in the midst of a general rejoicing over family reunions, or a happy expectation of the same.

The preparations for the celebration were in too advanced a stage to admit of its postponement; therefore, while many of the minor details by which we had hoped to enliven the entertainment were necessarily omitted, the main programme was adhered to.

The morning was ushered in by a salvo of artillery

and the merry clangor of bells,—an appropriate welcome to such a luscious, golden day, one of royal October's brightest gifts.

THE INVINCIBLES.

At eight o'clock the "Invincible Phalanx of Ancient and Honorables," headed by the last of the aborigines, made their merry march through the streets.—some of their costumes faithful copies of those of "ye olden time," others of a nondescript and ridiculous nature, which brought forth peals of laughter from the spectators; their big drum and ear-splitting fife furnished a fitting accompaniment to their laughable ride. At an early hour, the "green" presented an appearance of gayety quite unparalleled in Westfield annals. The big tent, with flying flags, shone conspicuous; members of the different committees were hurrying about, putting the finishing touches to their arrangements; crowds of people from the adjoining towns were gathered in bright groups upon the sidewalks, and a continuous line of vehicles reached far along the principal streets: nature still wore her summer green, somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, but brightened here and there by a scarlet branch, as if to show her sympathy with our festivities.

THE PROCESSION.

The company of Veterans, under command of Capt. Solomon, now appeared, their bayonets flashing in the sunlight, their tattered banners, every rent of which represented a struggle for freedom, carried as proudly as when, something more than an accessory to a gay pageant, they marched away with unflinch-

ing bravery, carrying our hopes and prayers with them. They took their place in the procession, which formed at half-past ten, in the following order:

1. Cavalcade.
2. Returned Veteran Corps.
3. Fire Companies.
4. Town Authorities.
5. Teachers of Normal and Public Schools.
6. Committee of Arrangements.
7. Reverend Clergy.
8. President and Orator of the Day.
9. Members of the Press.
10. Invited Guests.
11. Citizens from other Towns.
12. Citizens of this Town.

EXERCISES AT THE FIRST CHURCH.

After marching through the principal streets, they proceeded to the church, which fair hands had decorated most beautifully, the altar looking like a great tropical flower just bursting into bloom; from the marble font rose a gorgeous pyramid of blossoms; festoons of evergreens draped altar and organ, hung about the Rev. Edward Taylor's memorial tablet, and framed in the portrait of our lamented Dr. Davis; the seasons were typified by bunches of corn and grain hanging on either side of the organ arch.

After a spirited voluntary upon the organ by Mr. Bartlett, and a voluntary sung by a choir of nearly fifty voices, the honorable and venerable James Fowler gave a brief address as President of the Day; reciting various interesting reminiscences reaching back to the year 1800, illustrating and contrasting our feeble beginning and our present success. Among other statistics, he gave the following. In the year 1853,

the transportation business to and from the railroad was performed by one man and a single horse and wagon, and now between twenty and thirty horses are required for the like business of the road. The first coal yard established in Westfield was by Mr. Gowdy, in 1857; at that time so small was the consumption of coal, that in consultation with some of the leading men, it was doubted if he could make the business remunerative; now the consumption of coal is four thousand tons annually.

Rev. H. Hopkins followed with a few appropriate words of earnest prayer, the congregation joining in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Owing to the illness of Mr. Mansfield, the reading of the Scriptures devolved upon Rev. Perkins K. Clark of Mitteneague, who is a native of Westfield. The following original hymn was then sung by the congregation:

"Two centuries shrivel like a scroll,"
Touch'd by consuming fires;
And heart to heart, and soul to soul,
Sons meet their buried sires.

To-day the reverent pilgrim hears
Their sweetly chanted airs;
And, echoing through the vanished years,
Come back their holy prayers.

The Triune God, their only King;
Their law, His stern decree;
Nor angel on his swiftest wing
Could more obedient be.

Grateful, on Pisgah's mount we stand,
Proud of this natal day;
Behind, that grand triumphant band;
Beyond, a sun-lit way.

And, that an age may brighter shine,
And truth our worship hold,
Grant us, oh God, that faith divine,
Which made our fathers bold.

So the on-gath'ring age may come,
At the next century's nod,
And, in this loved, enchanted home,
Adore our fathers' God.

This hymn was the effusion of Mrs. Ellen Barr, a daughter of the Hon. Patrick Boise, late a distinguished lawyer of this town.

The next feature, in the order of exercises, was the address of welcome, by Hon. Edward B. Gillett. It was full of tender allusion, beautiful imagery and cordial greeting. We give the words substantially, but they afford a faint idea of that indescribable something (which is more effective than any mere trick of words, and which is indeed the heart beating through the words,) which characterized this speech.

MR. GILLETT'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Wherever out in the broad world the diverging paths of life may lead a man, or to whatever returnless distances its uncertain currents may bear him, or however long the years that intervene, if he has a heart in his bosom, there is always one dear and delightful image pictured upon it, shining bright and unfaded whenever the dusts of time are removed by the gentle hand of memory, or washed away by her tears; and that image is the picture of the home of his childhood. There, every spot is consecrated by some fond memory, by some youthful pastime, some first love, or some enduring friendship, or tender sorrow, or religious aspiration or reverential feeling; each bringing its tribute to reconstruct his early home; and to which, in all the sere and later years of life, the true heart never ceases to turn,

As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

The citizens of Westfield now resident here, some of them natives and "to the manor born," others persuaded to cast their lot here by the invitations of business, or the attractions of a pleasant home, or drawn hither and held by gentler bonds, thoughtful of these sentiments, and mindful that this year of our Lord is the two hundredth birthday of our goodly town,—mindful, too, how this vine which our fathers planted

has "sent forth its branches unto the river, and its boughs to the sea," —believed that they should be recreant to every filial and fraternal sentiment if they did not on this natal day, call the wandering sons and daughters back again to the old homestead, that they and we might rescue one day from the homely tenor of common existence, and together around the ancient hearth-stone fan the fading embers of old and pleasant memories, retrace the paths of earlier years, tell of all the pleasant ways in which our Father has led us, and together beneath His smile set up three tabernacles,—to the Past, the Present, and the Future.

In pursuance of these considerations, our citizens in town-meeting assembled,—that same democratic assemblage in which two hundred years ago the legal voters of the town, representing a half score of families, settled grave questions of policy and existence,—voted to set apart this day as a memorial occasion, and to issue friendly summons to all the absent children to be present and join with us in our festive joys and memorable honors. And now we are glad to greet so many. Most gladly would we have greeted more, but were the number far less, the occasion would not be without ample compensations. Scores of letters of response from all parts of the country, from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific sea, expressing the grief of those who could not be with us to-day, breathe such tender and hearty sympathy with the occasion, such pride that it is to be worthily signalized, such pleasure in not having been forgotten, and assurances of love, quickened and renewed, pledges of future solicitude in all that pertains to the interest of their old home, and regrets that they could not unite with us in laying the trophies they have won elsewhere, at the feet of their honored mother; and all so redolent of filial affection, that I am sure they will be sedulously preserved among the treasures of the town, even as an "alabaster box full of precious odors." To our absent friends, remembered and beloved, who are not "with us" but are yet "of us," we send cordial greeting.

To our honored guests,—Fathers and Mothers, and Brothers and Sisters: in the name and in behalf of my fellow-citizens, I offer you heartiest salutation; and welcome you to *our* home and *yours*. Even as though my hand thrilling with the warm pulses of all, was within your hand, I give you homefelt and heartfelt greeting. We are right glad to see you—glad to see so many familiar faces, as well as so many faces, familiar only as they repeat and perpetuate the features of kindred. We welcome you to all that is comprised in that best word of our language, *home*.

As you cast filial eyes over the old landscape, you will perceive that many places you once knew, you will know no more. But many things the hand of man can never change. Mount Tekoa still stands sentinel over our quiet valley. Our town is still "beautiful for situation." The same environment of blue hills defines our horizon-line of unsurpassed beauty. Our valley still nestles in the valley scooped out for it by the hand of nature below the sheltering hills, and enfolded by the shining arms of two rivers as they bend for mutual embrace. We welcome you to our town, improving, as we believe, in thrift, wealth, enterprise, and in moral and intellectual culture. We point to our schools, doing honor even to the commonwealth of Massachusetts; to our school-houses, those light-houses of interior New England, blazing with more than Promethian fire; to our Athenæum, over whose portals is inscribed the name of one munificent donor, and upon whose interior walls is suspended the portrait of another loyal son of Westfield, and a generous benefactor; to our churches, which lift their graceful spires, as if to point the soul to heaven and draw blessings down; to our pulpits, echoing with the earnest and concordant voices of a ministry, in whose presence we exclaim from Sabbath to Sabbath, as you and we did in the days of their predecessors revered and beloved: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation."

We point to our farms and fields, to our places of mercantile, mechanical and manufacturing avocations, all demonstrating that wholesome and uniform prosperity which has never been retrograde, or stationary. I know that the old Hampshire and Hampden Canal, which forty years ago you dreamed would prove to be the enchanter's wand by which to transfigure our town into a city, is among the "things that were," and its dead body lies among us, "extending full many a rood." But the genius of modern enterprise has sounded a resurrection trumpet over its grave, and to-day the "iron steed" tramples hourly over the very lid of its coffin; while above its track, invisible couriers on wings of lightning bring us within "electric touch" of our friends all over the world. To-day our railroads and telegraphs "box the four points of the compass."

Before leaving our homes you may look upon scenes awakening sad memories. In our church-yard and cemetery you will read the record of the "loved and lost," but you will also look upon the graves of patriots and heroes who gave their lives to their country in our great war, and bequeathed their memories to us; and over whose sacred dust, as the seasons return, we will scatter the flowers of gratitude and love.

We point also with pride to almost two hundred living soldiers, who attested their willingness, if the country had demanded the sacrifice, to lay their bodies by the side of their slain comrades in glory. But I will no longer indulge in these complacent utterances, although pardonable in our family gathering, but will hasten again and again, to offer welcome to each and every one. Ye fathers, with hair bathed in molten silver—ye mothers, with names dearer and holier than any earthly name—young men with vigor crowned, and maidens "fairer than the light,"—one and all, welcome, a thousand times, WELCOME!

J. B. Eldredge, Esq., responded felicitously as follows:

MR. ELDREDGE'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Chairman and Citizens of Westfield:—I need hardly say how much I regret that the duty of responding to the warm-hearted and eloquent welcome of my friend, who represents on this occasion the good people of Westfield, has not devolved upon one who could better command language fitting the occasion—upon one who had better learned the art of expressing *in words* the sentiments and emotions that the heart *feels*.

It is always pleasant to receive a *welcome* from friends and neighbors—to receive the smile and commendation of a *mother*, even though we feel that we have been wayward and disobedient, and have in some sense discarded her "*watch and care*." Hence those of us who have wandered away from our early home, in whose behalf I speak, are especially gratified at the more than generous—the affectionate welcome which your representative has given us—a welcome in keeping with the far-famed social and hospitable character of the people of Westfield.

It is one of the fortunate and happy eras of my life that I am permitted to be present on this occasion. I rejoice in what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard this day, reviving and reproducing as it does, the memories and scenes of my school-boy days which were mostly spent in this honored old town. *I have never ceased to feel my pulse quickened at the mention of the name of Westfield*, or to rejoice in the fact that I could be called one of her children.

But in addition to the fact that Westfield is endeared to me by many of the tenderest associations of my early life, I love and cherish her memory for many reasons personal to myself—for the geniality and social worth of her people for at least two generations which I have personally known—for the deservedly high character and benign influence of her schools and churches—and more especially for the fact that I

have here found the ever-cherished partners of my life-journey, the descendants, I may be allowed to say, of the best blood of New England—their ancestors on the mother's side, being the Rev. Edward Taylor, the first settled minister of the town, a tablet to whose memory is placed in yonder wall, and on the father's side, such men as the Rev. Richard Increase and Cotton Mather—names everywhere honored in New England. And in addition to this, I feel that it is not improper for me to say that I am peculiarly drawn toward this beautiful village, of which her citizens may justly be proud, by the fact that he with whom I was so many years associated in brotherly friendship and love, and whose social worth and personal integrity was an honor to the place that gave him birth, did here take so prominent a part and lend so willing a hand in founding an institution designed in the generations to come to mould the public mind, and in favor of a more general moral and intellectual culture, and to aid in planting deeper the seeds of truth and public virtue.

All these considerations and many others that I will mention, have moved me to be present on this occasion, and to participate in the mingled joy and sorrow of this present scene. For I need not tell you that this day and these scenes have their shady as well as their sunny side. As I walk about the streets of this lovely village, and call to mind the names and scenes of other days, I am most solemnly impressed with the fact that the friends and acquaintances of my youth are nearly all gone. I look in vain for a solitary one left of many of the prominent families of the town when I was a boy. I look in vain for the descendants or representatives of the Farnum family, the King family, the Sheldon family, the Hamilton family, the Mather family, the Morgan family and many others. But so it has always been with the generations of men. They flourish for a season, and then pass away to be no more seen on the earth! The lesson that we should learn from this impressive fact—which comes to us with especial force on such an occasion as this—is that the great purpose of life is to be faithful to all its duties, and that the daily obligation that rests upon us, is to—

> "So live, that when the summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust in Him who came
> To guide thee to immortal joys above."

Following the response of Mr. Eldredge, was read, by Mr. L. F. Thayer, the stanzas here inserted, written for the occasion, by Miss Fanny Buhler Bates, one of the daughters of the orator of the day.

We come, we come, this festal day, to join the joyful throng,
Who meet to pass the golden hours in mirth and happy song;
Away with care! let every heart with quickened fervor glow!
We tread the paths our fathers trod, two hundred years ago!

Still rush the restless rivers down to meadows fresh and fair,
And sing their songs through grove and field, and love to linger there;
Till, met at last, in gentler mood the mingled currents flow;
But where are they, who watched their tide, two hundred yearsago?

Still rise the mountains in their might, from plains that wave around;
And proud Tekoa lifts her head, with loftier honors crowned;
Still guardian hills encircle round the vale, that sleeps below;
But they are gone, who climbed their heights, two hundred years ago!

We come to press, with reverent feet, this memory-hallowed ground,
Where sleep the great, heroic dead, 'neath many a grassy mound;
To brush the dust from bygone years, and bid the record show
The honored deeds of those, who lived two hundred years ago.

We come to gather up the links of friendship's severed chain:
To wander back o'er life's long path, and find our youth again;
To grasp the hands of early friends, whose life-long faith we know,
And talk of all our fathers did, two hundred years ago!

We come to rest, a few, brief days, within our childhood's home;
To garner up a precious store, for weary years to come:
Along the old, familiar streets, to wander to and fro,
And think, our fathers walked these ways, two hundred years ago!

And they are met with us to-day, although we heed them not!
Unseen by any mortal eye, they hover round this spot!
No sound of gathering hosts is heard; but yet, we feel, we know,
Our fathers meet, where first they met, two hundred years ago!

To Him who guides our wandering feet, to walk these pleasant ways,
And brings us to our home again, we lift a song of praise:
We bless Him for these fruitful fields;—that peace and plenty flow,
Where spread a trackless wilderness, two hundred years ago!

We praise Him for our honored dead, who fought the fight so well;
Who reared, through toil and anxious care, the homes where now we
dwell;
We bless Him, that He nerved their arm, to vanquish every foe,
And smiled upon this lovely land, two hundred years ago!

The moments speed! relentless time his course will not delay;
We, too, shall fade and pass away, as dies this autumn day;
But children of the unborn years, with conscious pride will glow,
To tell of all their fathers did, two hundred years ago!

And as the pages of the past, are bright with deeds of fame,—
As glory crowns the honored dead, and shouts their loud acclaim,—
So may unfolding days and years recurring tokens show,
Our fathers builded not in vain, two hundred years ago!

The next performance in the order, was the singing of responsive hymns, entitled "Two Hundred Years Ago," and "Two Hundred Years to Come." It was a beautiful and effective performance. The hymns themselves were appropriate, and, of course, effective by their appositeness; but the interest in them was increased by the manner of their rendering, and by the harmonious tones of each of the responding choirs.

It should be known that, in the rear of the pulpit, is the place for the church choir, which is in front of the organ, filling the arch in the rear of the church, the front of the organ being thirty feet. In this choir, were placed a part of the singers, who had been effectively trained for the exercises; and in the front gallery of the auditorium, was the residue of the singers. We remark, in passing, that the singers who contributed so highly to the interesting parts of the performances, were some of the best singers of all the different religious societies of the town, and they were assisted by several amateurs, who volunteered their voices "in the service of song," upon this memorable occasion.

The several stanzas were responded to, stanza by stanza, by the different choirs; and though the church was crowded to its fullest extent, we have never noticed a more appreciative stillness. Every word of the hymns was distinctly enunciated, so that the affecting thought was impressed upon the heart, deepened still further into the soul by the thrilling harmony.

We insert the hymns below, as a part of the history of the day. Although they were not, as were the other performances, *home productions*, they were so incorporated into the grand scheme of the celebration as to become a part of it; and those surely, who heard them in their uttered harmony, will ever wish to preserve them as a part of a cherished record.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang
Two hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
Two hundred years ago?
The lip that smiled—the eyes that, wild
In flashes shone, bright eyes upon,—
O where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs
That were so long ago,
O where, O where, that were so long ago?

Who peopled all the village streets,
Two hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
Two hundred years ago?
The sneering tale of sisters frail,
The plot that worked another's hurt,—
O where, O where are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago,
O where, O where, that were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men sleep
Two hundred years ago;

Who, whilst they lived did ofttimes weep
Two hundred years ago?
By other men, they knew not then,
Their lands are tilled, their homes are filled,
Yet nature, then, was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
Two hundred years ago,
Two hundred years ago, two hundred years ago.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
Two hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
Two hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now,—
O where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh,
Two hundred years to come?
Two hundred years to come?
Where, where, where, two hundred years to come?

Who'll throng for gold this crowded street,
Two hundred years to come?
Who'll tread this church with willing feet,
Two hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its heart of truth;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be,
Two hundred years to come?
Two hundred years to come?
Where, where, where, two hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
Two hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep,
Two hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And others, these, our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,—
As bright the sun shine as to-day,—
Two hundred years to come,
Two hundred years to come,
Here, here, here, two hundred years to come.

The oration of Mr. Bates succeeded this heart-stirring performance. He announced, early in the address, in explanation of a want of continuity in it, that parts of it, in the different portions, would be omitted in the delivery. The omissions are supplied in the following pages of it; and many of the documents, bearing upon the early history of the town, the names and notices of some of the early settlers, the allotment of lands to them, and extracts from the records relating to the ecclesiastical history, and the proceedings of the inhabitants, are inserted in an appendix.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

BY

WILLIAM G. BATES.

Historical Address.

Fellow-Citizens of Westfield:—In the name of the inhabitants of this goodly town, I bid you all a cordial welcome. Whether you were born within its ancient boundaries, and still remain within it, blending all your associations with the things, which pertain to its peace, its welfare and its honor, and extending and interlacing your affections with those, who, with you, compose this incorporate brotherhood, in the great family of the Union, determined here to stand and fight the great battle of life, and here to fall, and rest from your well-done labors; or, whether, having forsaken all other towns or cities, states or territories, and renounced all allegiance unto them, you have adopted this, as your earthly home, here to abide, as one of its children, and to seek its peace and welfare, as long as God in his providence shall continue you here; or, whether, seduced by buoyant hopes, and brilliant imaginings of future good, you went out from this home of your nativity, and, with that striking peculiarity, which has become a distinctive feature of the Pilgrim character, you proceeded to form new settlements, to build up new towns, new cities, and new states; to extend the domains of civilization into unbroken solitudes, and to make the waste places vocal with the music of New England industry and enterprise; or whether, being the descendants of those pioneers in the march of improvement, and moving with them, and beyond them, to the then frontier states, and thence forward, over the plains, the rivers, and the mountains, which look down upon the golden shores of

the Pacific, in obedience to this kindly, but peremptory call of your old mother, you have come back to this her gladsome anniversary; or, whether, born in distant lands, and under foreign jurisdictions, and renouncing all allegiance to every foreign prince and potentate, you have fled from the impositions, the oppressions, and the turbulence of the old world, to enjoy here, the equal laws, the equal powers, and the domestic peace and quiet of our own country,—to each one, and to all of you, we extend the endearing address of "fellow-citizens," and bid you, in the words of the kindly Samoset, the Indian sachem, *welcome*, *welcome* to Westfield!

And, truly, upon what more interesting occasion, could this vast audience assemble, than upon this anniversary! It is but little more than two hundred years, since the first white man ever set his foot upon this rich alluvium. It is the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of this town! It is its two hundredth birthday! There may be future similar anniversaries, as century after century shall roll on their cycles; but there can be none for us, or for our children. When the sun of this day shall have gone down, the occasion will be forever gone, and more than three generations of men must pass away, before those, who are to come after us, and dwell in this "pleasant and well watered valley," and on these encircling hills, can again convene, upon a centennial day, to commemorate the heroic devotion of those, who here, in a savage wilderness, made glad "this city of our God." How peculiarly fitting then it is,—nay, how strongly do duty, gratitude, filial affection, and the throbbing of patriotic fervor go hand in hand with social pleasure,—that all who live here, all who have lived here, and all who trace their life-blood to those who formed, or who maintained and defended, this frontier settlement,—this most distant military outpost, on the advancing line of Christian civilization,—should step off, for a few days, from the wearisome treadmill of life, should pause awhile, from the engrossing whirl of the passing world, should come together from

the distant points, where our homes have been cast, in this vast country, should mingle, with one heart, like brothers, around the hearth-stone of our honored parent, and awaken new recollections of the times, which, in a peculiar manner, "tried men's souls." How fitting and proper it is, that this anniversary should be celebrated; that age and wisdom should honor it; that youth should be imbued with the feeling of homage, which is justly due to self-sacrificing virtue; that music should swell the chorus of gratitude, and that the solemn prayer should ascend to the great Ruler of the Universe, in the spirit of those words, which have become the honored motto of our commonwealth, that He, who brought the fathers of this nation hither, will sustain and protect those institutions, which, by them, were planted in His name, and for His glory.

Let us, then, go back to that eventful morning, than which none has ever ushered in a more eventful day in the world's history,—the 22d day of December, in the year 1620.

I do not propose to rehearse the labors, the trials, and the sufferings of the Pilgrims. Their characters have been painted by three almost more than mortal pencils. Choate, Everett and Webster have portrayed the heroism of their lives, with a luminousness, which would shine out, with distinctive brightness, in the most gorgeous halo of the world's eloquence. Their daily history, also, has recently been delineated, with an industry, an impartiality, and an ability, which will hand down the name of Palfrey to succeeding generations, as the historian of New England. But there are those remarkable features of the Pilgrim life, those distinctive peculiarities, apparently born in them, but, probably, called forth by the strength of their convictions of what was necessary to be done, in the nation-forming effort, which they had consecrated themselves to make, which became a part of their very being; and, descending to their successors, have become one of the constituent parts of the New England character.

There are, besides, in the record of their lives, examples of bravery, fortitude, courage, devotion, faith and hope, all sustained and kept alive by a determined holy purpose, which has given, to their times, the title of "the heroic age of the republic:" and it is proper to refer to them, in connection with the history of those, whom we have met to honor, as showing, that the founders of this town have done no dishonor to the heroes of Plymouth.

The long and distressful wintry voyage of over three months, was approaching its end. The May-Flower, a barque of one hundred and eighty tons, hardly of sufficient size for a coaster upon the shores of a summer sea, with its precious freight of one hundred and two souls, at last dropped her anchor in the roadstead of Provincetown, within the unprotected harbor of Cape Cod. Driven from their destination by the storms which had burst upon them, or led astray by the bad faith of the captain of their vessel, they proceeded to explore the unknown coast. Never, since Eneas sought for the site of a new empire in Italy, did greater consequences depend, than those, that hung upon their decision. But, it is to be observed, as illustrating the fixedness of their purpose, and the great and statesman-like views which pervaded their action, that, before they made the harbor, or dropped their anchor, they subscribed a written organization for the governance of the colony. It commences with the solemn phrase, which is usually the beginning of a last will and testament — "In the name of God, amen!" Reciting, that having undertaken, for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of their king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, they solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic, for the better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends proposed; and by virtue thereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, as

shall be thought most meet and convenient for the colony; unto which they each subscribed their names, and promised to it all due submission and obedience. This important compact was dated on the eleventh of November, 1620; and, after its execution, the anchor was cast, and preparation was made for the next day's holy rest.

With the Monday of the next week, the explorations began. They were informed, that Agawam, now Ipswich, had a good harbor and fertile lands; but, as it was so distant, they concluded to fix at Plymouth, their infant colony. The May-Flower, accordingly, cast its anchor in the bay; the Pilgrims were conveyed to the shoal-water in the pinnace; and, from thence, the women and children were borne upon the shoulders of men to the icy shore, with no shelter to cover them but the leafless branches, which waved above them in the stormy winds of heaven.

The next day was their first Sabbath, on the shore of New England; and, with a more than Jewish strictness, they observed the command,—"in it, thou shalt not do any work;" but, on the following day, they set out to erect a rude platform for their cannon, a storehouse of twenty feet square, for their provisions, and several rude huts of logs, embanked with snow, for their habitations. Scarcely, however, had they begun to secure themselves a covering, when disease followed close upon the steps of famine, exposure, and suffering. At one time, only seven of their number were able to attend the sick; and, of the forty-eight adult males, comprising the colony, twenty-eight of them were carried out to the hill, and buried, their graves being carefully leveled, that the savages might not ascertain the diminution of the colony. But, says the historian, their "courage and fidelity never gave out. The well carried out the dead, through the cold and snow, and then hastened back from the burial, to wait upon the sick; and, as the sick began to recover, they took the places of those, whose strength in the meantime, had been exhausted. There was no time, and there was no inclination, to des-

pond. The lesson rehearsed at Leyden, was not forgotten, 'that all great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.'"

At last came on, what, even to such men as they were, must have been a day of the sternest trial. They, on their election day, had re-elected their governor, John Carver, and enacted such laws and ordinances, as they "thought behooveful for their present estate and condition." They had become,—on the shores of New England, hemmed in by a wilderness populated by savages, on the one side, and by a boundless ocean on the other,—a regularly-organized commonwealth, under a written constitution, and with all the requisite forms and appliances of a free government. The only tie, the only link which connected them with the old world,—with the home from which they had departed,—was the small barque, riding at anchor in the harbor; and she was about to unfurl her sails, to the return-passage, and to leave them alone, on that desolate shore, forever. At this distant period, surrounded by all the comforts and enjoyments of life, and, in the midst of that tranquillity, repose and security, which alone can render life enjoyable, we can poorly estimate the intense strain, which was then brought to bear upon the resolution of those devoted men, at this crisis of the national life. We can, however, imagine some of the influences, by which their fortitude was tested, as the great thought,—whether they were "to be, or not to be,"—became the all-important question of their lives.

The terrible fact stood out before them, in all its astounding significance of peril, that nearly one-half of their colony, including more than one-half of the strong men, by whose arms they were to be defended and maintained, already slept in their undistinguished graves. But they knew, that they had died in a good cause, to which the dead and the living had alike been consecrated.

The picture of present and coming want was before them, in the scarcity of provision, and in the absence of

those needed delicacies for the sick and the invalid, which they had consumed during the distemper, which had brought so many of them to the grave. They feared, also, for the recovery of others of their number, especially of their estimable governor, who was suffering from the fatigue, the anxiety, the watchings and the famine, which he had undergone,—and, from the effects of which, he soon after died; and they felt, that when their barque should hoist its anchor, and "its snow-white sail" should fade away from their lingering vision, the last link would be dissevered, which connected them with the humanity of the world.

But, on the other hand, they knew the purposes for which they came, and they estimated,—they could not estimate too highly,—the consequences which hung upon their decision. Those great and good men, William Brewster, their elder, and Miles Standish, their valiant commander,—men, who, during the whole course of their distemper, had been "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water," and who, by night and by day, had performed the menial offices, which attend the couch of sickness, willingly and cheerfully,—were still with them, each of them endued with a resolution, an energy and a strength, equal to their day. There came also to their recollections, the solemn compact, which they had signed in the harbor of Cape Cod, binding themselves to each other, to establish and perpetuate a civil government, of equal laws, where they, and their successors might enjoy that inestimable right,—the vindication of which had called down upon them the persecutions of their government,—"freedom to worship God!" and, although one-half of the number, who put their hands to this first free charter of liberty, were, in this brief period, entombed in the soil of their new home, yet that land, but now consecrated to civil and religious liberty, became thereby the more endeared to them, by the precious dust of their kindred and compatriots, which was sleeping there.

Who can say what bright visions of future glory were

opened to their excited imaginations, as they reflected, that the very darkness of the night might be only a fitting prelude to a refulgent morning.

The winter had passed away. "Warm and fair weather" had come at length, and the birds, as their record states, "sung in the woods most pleasantly." Massasoit had become their friend and ally, and Samoset had uttered to them his salutation of "welcome Englishmen!" And, to their minds thus refined and sublimated by suffering, reminded day by day by each succeeding death, and by each new throb of anguish, more and more deeply of the constraint, which despotism had imposed upon their consciences, and was striving to perpetuate upon the consciences of their posterity, it is not to be wondered at, that wisdom should assume the character of enthusiasm; that the deductions of reason should swell into the inspired convictions of duty; and that, with the fortitude and spirit of daring which attach to those men, in whom a sense of right trampled upon, unites with a feeling of religious obligation, they should feel amid their hindrances, that trials, sufferings, and even death itself, were nothing, except so far as they were obstructions to the great scheme, to which God had consecrated them, for the evangelization of the world. Is it too improbable, too unnatural to be supposed, that the events, which the last two centuries have brought forth, should have been foreshadowed to their enthusiasm, in what seemed to them as a divine revelation; that they should have felt, that the state which they had planted, the institutions they had designed,—and designed too with a political wisdom, of which neither the learning of Greece or Rome ever dreamed,—"concealed from ages and revealed to them,"—were to be extended throughout the whole great continent; that, from their small cabined settlement, the march of civilization was to proceed through the unexplored forest, extinguishing the smoke of pagan sacrifice, and substituting therefor the worship of the true God; leveling the forests, and letting in the sun upon the sites of

thousands of future towns and cities, all glowing with the civil and religious liberty, which they had established, as man's inalienable birthright; and to extend, on and on, till the shores of a distant and unknown ocean, whitened by the sails of commerce, and studded with the beauty of thriving cities, should be the ports of a great highway, from which civilization, christianity, and the blessings of a free government were to embark and pass over to the great continent of the pagan world.

The eventful fifth of April, at last, came. The May-Flower swung, for the last time, at her moorings, in the bay of the first commonwealth of nations. They bade adieu to the crew, now also reduced to one-half of their number; the anchor was hoisted; the sails were spread; and, as their brightness faded out, in the eastern horizon, every undaunted Pilgrim, man, woman and child, was left on the inhospitable shore, with little else but their bright hopes, —glowing up from their sickness and their solitude,— that a grateful posterity would rejoice, in their successful labors.

Between 1620 and 1628 a number of efforts were made, by commercial companies, to establish colonies in New England; but the attempts were unsuccessful. But, in 1629 and 1630, a new colony was established at Massachusetts Bay, by men of the same principles, as were the men of Plymouth, under the lead of Winthrop and his associates. "It is," in the language of the governor, "by a mutual consent, through a special over-ruling Providence, and a more than ordinary approbation of the churches of Christ, to seek out a place of cohabitation and consortship, under a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical." Their vessel arrived on the twelfth of June, 1630; and, before the winter set in, they were recruited by a goodly company, consisting of about one thousand of well-conditioned, intelligent persons.

Such was the origin of the Plymouth Colony, and such was that of "the Massachusetts Bay." Such were the labors, the dangers and the sacrifices, by which were es-

tablished the institutions, under which we live. Such were the men, who were our ancestors, and the founders of this goodly town.

> "Such time, such toil required the Roman name;
> Such length of labor for so vast a frame."

This cursory narration of the history of the two leading New England colonies, their objects and purposes, the character of the colonists, their energy, determination, persistence, or, if you please so to call it, obstinacy,—but at all events, it was a resolution founded in the obligations of conscience,—renders it unnecessary to rehearse the details of their proceedings, from 1630 down to the era of the settlement and incorporation, which we have met to commemorate. It is to be observed, however, that there is one feature of their policy, which protrudes itself, as a remarkable peculiarity in the history of their colonization. Ordinarily, when emigrants have gone out from the parent stock, for colonial purposes, it has been to found a settlement for private purposes; to found a town, or, at most, a city. But, this was no part of the Pilgrim scheme, except, as it was auxiliary to the great plan of forming a NATION. They did not land at Plymouth to build up Plymouth, as a single town or city; or select the small peninsula of Boston, comprising a space of only seven hundred and fifty acres, to constitute within its limits, the colony of Massachusetts Bay. They came to form a STATE! Their intention was declared before their anchor was dropped on the shore of the new world; and their whole subsequent conduct, conformed to their declarations. That great instrument of civil government, which was so solemnly subscribed on board the May-Flower, and in which they pledged their mutual faith and their consciences, before their keel grated upon the sand, or a single foot had pressed the unknown shore, referred to the colony, then to be established, as the *first* colony, in the process of the work; and, scarcely had they rose up from their bed of sickness, when by explorations, and visits to distant parts of the wilderness, they took meas-

ures to plant second, third, and numerous other settlements, in all the eligible situations, which were thereafter to form, and augment their great prospective nation. And, after the colony had increased in population, by immigration and natural increase, although it consisted of not more than eight thousand persons, besides the chief capital, their settlements extended along the shores of the bay, in the vicinity, to the north-easterly part of the coast of Massachusetts; to the Kennebec and the Penobscot, and even to the mouth of, and to several points along, the shores of the Connecticut.

The enlargement of inhabited territory, proceeded still more rapidly in the younger, more wealthy and vigorous colony of Massachusetts Bay. Establishing its capital in the water-girt peninsula, it sent forth its pioneers to every coveted position, to which enterprise could push, or the love of adventure could wander. They rejected the use of the word *colony*, as their governmental title, and called themselves a "body politic," a "jurisdiction," and, in the end, a "commonwealth." They prescribed the necessary regulations of a representative government, and divided the thirty towns, in the jurisdiction, into four counties, which bear the names of four of the eastern counties of the commonwealth; and, when their charter was demanded of them, by the government of the parent country, they refused to return it, setting forth, though in the form of a petition, yet, in what in fact, is a manly protest, their right to its retention, and, under it, to the privileges of self-government.

And, yet, with all this encroachment upon the domains of savageism,—this emigration to isolated nooks and corners, in a boundless continent,—this establishment of trading posts, and settlements, and towns, at a distance of three weeks' travel from the center,—how few inhabitants were there, that constituted the hive, from which those busy peoples went forth! They went forth, not like bees, to gather, and return; but like bees, to swarm. Their purpose was to build up new hives of wealth and comfort;

and so eager, at times, was this zeal to build up, and propagate the germs of nationality,—that peculiar institution, which constitutes the most preservative feature, in a representative government, a TOWN,—that, in Plymouth, the anticipated evil was guarded against, by a legislative check. Why, in the year 1640, the painstaking historian, of whom I have spoken, estimated the population of Plymouth at 3,000, New Haven 2,500, Connecticut 3,000 and Massachusetts 15,000, making a total of less than 24,000 souls; and from that time, for more than a century thereafter, the increase of the colonies was only the result of their own natural growth.

Such men,—sons and daughters of Westfield,—such men as these, were your ancestors! Entertaining these ideas of civil polity, and impressed and possessed by that sentiment of the course of national progress, first to settle and establish, then to extend and embrace, and, finally, to strike their moving tents, and march onward to new enterprise, and more distant possession, the towns of Plymouth, Dorchester, and Massachusetts Bay pushed forward to Saybrook, to Hartford, and Windsor, and, ultimately, to Agawam, now Springfield; and, with scarcely a rest from the toil of travel, they moved onward, and rested upon the fertile meadows, and on the beautiful hills, and by the swift and bright waters of Woronoco.

The exact time, or extent of the first settlement here, is a matter of considerable doubt. The Rev. Dr. Davis, in his brief historical sketch of Westfield, fixes it between 1658 and 1660, grants having been made in 1658 to Thomas Cooper, in 1660 to Dea. Chapman, and in 1661 to Capt. Pynchon, Robert Ashley, and George Colton. He states, that a number of other persons, viz., George Phelps, Isaac Phelps, Capt. Cook, W. Cornish, Thomas Dewey, J. Noble, David Ashley, John Holyoke, John Ponder, and John Ingersol, received a confirmation of their grants of real estate, and took up their residence here in 1666. Dr. J. G. Holland, who appears to have made an extensive examination of the records, fixes

the first attempts at settlement about the year 1662. Both these authors state the interesting fact, that the first child born here, was Benjamin Saxton, in 1666, who lived to the age of eighty-eight years, and whose descendants are now among our present population.

Without any direct evidence of the fact, there are certain circumstances, which would seem to justify the belief, that the settlements commenced at Woronoco at an earlier period than 1658, and that they were more considerable, than those authors apprehended, in 1666.

Its local situation, its productive soil, its capacity for defense against an Indian foe, the abundance of fish, with which both its rivers were stocked, the large number of beaver, and other animals, whose furs made this place an important point in the commercial traffic of the colony, its well established name, appearing often in the colonial records, the establishment of trading-houses, and the contests and legislative provisions respecting them, and the progressive state of the settlement, at the time of its incorporation,—all these facts forbid the belief, that it had just started in its career of being, in the short space between 1658, and, more especially 1666, and the spring of 1669.

It appears, by the colonial records, that, in 1641, it was declared by the General Court, that the people of Connecticut had encroached upon the domain of the Massachusetts Bay, by permitting persons of theirs to establish a trading house "at Woronock." A characteristic letter was accordingly sent to them by the court, affirming their rightful jurisdiction, expressing their love of peaceful means of conciliation and settlement; but, at the same time, affirming, that they intend, by God's help, not to suffer what belongs to them, to be taken from them, or their posterity.

What would seem to be more convincing, if not conclusive evidence of the earlier occupation, is an entry upon the records of Massachusetts, in 1647, providing that Woronoco shall be a part of the town of Springfield, and

liable to all charges there, as other parts of the same town, until it shall be thought fit, by the court, to annex it to some convenient plantation. It was further provided, as follows: "Mr. Pinchin is authorized to make freemen, in the town of Springfield, of those that are in covenant, and live according to their profession; and Springfield, within twelve months, is to bring in a transcript of their land, according to ye law, in that case provided, and a true note of the time of all their births, burials and marriages." It was, also, ordered, that the trading houses, established at Woronoco, and all trading houses to be erected, shall be contributory to all public and common charges, "both in towne and county."

The controversy, relative to the right of jurisdiction over Woronoco, still continued. It was determined, in 1648 and 1649, that the dividing line of the two colonies should be run, in order to settle the question of title to Woronoco; and that Mr. Fenwick, on the part of the colony of Connecticut, should be present. But he failed to appear when it was run; "and so it was, that Woronoco was ordered to Massachusetts;" "but we shall be ready to greet our brethren of Connecticut in a new survey, so as they will be at the whole charge, in this, as we were in the other, and, withal, produce their patent as we have done." Fenwick, before that time had stipulated, that, "if he did not prove to the commissioners that his line, by an ancienter patent," "doth take in Woronoak," then our line to stand, and trading houses to be subject to our orders. As he failed to appear, it is probable, that "our friends of Connecticut" had ascertained, that their title was defective, as this was the last I have seen of the controversy, relative to the title to Woronoco. (Records of Massachusetts, vol. 3, pages 131 and 164.)

A petition was made to the General Court, in 1668, by Aaron Cooke, "in the name of the inhabitants of Woronoake;" and "they judged it meete to make such an addition of land to the petitioners, as may be to the contents of six miles square, so as they intrudeth not upon

any former grants to towns or persons." The town of Springfield was authorized to take "the furtherance of the work for a township." This grant was made on the condition, that a minister should be settled within two years, and the inhabitants were granted immunity from taxes for the county for three years. (Records of Massachusetts, vol. 4, p. 405.)

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Springfield, on the 2d of February, 1668, action was taken "uppon ye motion of ye inhabitants at Woronoco." They express their willingness to further their desire to be "a township of themselves." They hope that "the corte" will "order them to be a township; and that they, through the favor of God, may grow up into a comfortable society, and be a happy neighborhood to us and our friends and theirs." (B. 113, page 193, Town Records in Massachusetts Archives.)

On the 28th of May, 1669, in pursuance of the former proceedings, and especially of the vote of the inhabitants of Springfield, the General Court passed an order, which I insert in full, in a note hereto, as the act of incorporation of the town of Westfield.

This tract of land, nine miles in length, and of the average width of four and one-half miles, was of a size, insufficient to accommodate our progressive ancestors. There was a mountain on their western frontier, rough, precipitous and stony; and it was judged important for the interests of the new town, present and prospective, that they should have a right of access to it, for building-stone, pasturage, and other purposes. In compliance with their request, the General Court set off to them that additional territory, which is called the new addition, and which now forms the territory of Russell, and part of Montgomery; and, when the town of Westfield made sale of the new addition lands, they reserved, for the uses of the inhabitants of the town, forever, the right of quarrying stone from certain parts of the territory so sold.

Let us pause here a moment, and contemplate the to-

pography of this domain, which was thus set apart for the homes of our fathers! About midway from its north and south lines is a natural basin; and, from it, the river breaks through the mountain, that forms the eastern boundary, and rushes, at times, in a torrent of foam, into the great river of New England. From the point of its disembogue-ment, a range of hills, of a hight of about seventy feet, curves away from the mountain, like a circle from its tangent, and encloses within its folds, one of the most beautiful valleys in the whole country. In its length, from north to south, it is about three and one-half miles; from east to west, about two and one-half miles; and it is supposed to contain from two thousand five hundred to three thousand acres of meadow land. The two rivers, rushing down from the abrupt mountains, and entering the valley, at its north-western and south-western corners, and, uniting about two miles from the eastern border, embrace the site of the original town, and the present village, at their confluence. Here were situated those early trading-houses, which had been the subject of so much legislative diplomacy. Here was erected their log-house church, built "barn-fation with a bell-coney." Here was their fort; here their watch-house, for the service of which, every male person in the town, of the age of eighteen years, was enrolled, to guard the lives of the sleepers, from evening till sunrise; and here were laid out those house-lots, where they were to dwell, in watching and danger, till at last, advancing prosperity should give to them, and their posterity, a quiet and a peaceful home.

The allotments of lands to the settlers, were similar to those in other towns, which were exposed to Indian depredations; but, as this was the most distant and western post, and, from the large number of Indians, who resided in the vicinity, was peculiarly exposed to their hostile attacks, greater caution against surprise and attack was exercised, than was customary in settlements more contiguous to each other. The principal settlement was made near the Little River, at what is now the iron bridge.

The old fort was built of logs, over a large cellar, which was constructed and prepared as a place of refuge for the women and non-combatants, in the hours of warfare. A strong palisade, of about two miles in circuit, surrounded the settlement, which was constantly guarded: and, within it, were the dwellings of the people. Village lots were apportioned to each householder, in size, according to the number of his family, and, perhaps the local situation as affecting value; the quantity of land distributed being from one-half, to three-quarters of an acre, to each member of the family. The number of settlers being so numerous, and the land absorbed by this allotment being so extended, as to menace the security of the settlement, an arrangement was made, by a committee appointed by the General Court, in 1677, and subsequently sanctioned by it, for a consolidation of the people into a more compact community. By this arrangement, the proprietors of town lots in Westfield, near "their meeting-house," agreed, by a general vote, "to break their lots," and allow other persons, living more remote, to settle upon them, the persons so giving up their portions to the new occupants, receiving two acres in quantity, of town lots more remote, for every acre so relinquished. (Records of Massachusetts, vol. 5, p. 238.)

The site of the church, was the recent town-pound, on the bank of the river, near Maj. George Taylor's. The old fort stood near the bank of the river, as it then was; but the site has been carried away by the shifting encroachments of the stream. On the land adjacent, on the south side of the road, there are still to be found the remains of old wells, which were built for the uses of the early inhabitants.

The concentration of the settlement into a compact body, not in blocks of buildings, but in houses, situated upon small lots of one-half, three-quarters of, or an acre each, though sufficient, as a successful measure of defense, was yet of a greater, wider and more permanent benefit to, and influence upon the settlers themselves, upon their posterity, and upon the whole country, to which New Eng-

land people since have emigrated. It brought the whole population into one neighborhood; and thus made them, as well in fact, as in words, neighbors. It assembled them around the meeting-house and the school-house. It gave to them, not only by the proximity, but by the influence of example, the stimulus to give their attendance upon the means of education and improvement; it deepened the social feeling between their families; identified them with each other's interests; softened the roughness of the too austere and rigid, and checked the waywardness of the impulsive and heedless, by the attrition of antagonistic natures; in this way softening and smoothing down the asperities of life, and creating such a unity of feeling, in the midst of common objects, common desires and common dangers, as to give to each settlement the character of a family.

The effect, also, upon their material prosperity was not less salutary. The erection of their houses, each proprietor's upon his own lot, with its neat white palings, its well-kept yard and garden, its flowers, shrubbery and trees, improved, year by year, by the influence of example and rivalry, the homes rendered more attractive, and more dear by each improvement, and the effects, also, produced upon other villages by this example, have given to a New England village a peculiar beauty, which stands, as a distinctive mark of its early origin. No one, who travels over the distant parts of our own country, and contrasts the appearances of the different towns, and, sometimes, the different parts of the same town, will be at a loss to determine, by those appearances themselves, the sectional character of the inhabitants; at all events, he will know the source, from whence they emanated. We have not been apt to consider, as models of taste and refinement in architecture, or landscape-gardening, the warriors of the bow and arrow, the tomahawk and scalping-knife; but, it would seem, that we are indebted, for the rural beauty, which ornaments the hills and valleys of New England, to the aborigines of the wilderness.

The earliest parts of the records, both of this town and of Springfield, have become so much dilapidated, or have been to such a degree destroyed,—and judging from what remains of them, they were, in their best estate, too imperfect as a basis of a correct history,—that it is difficult to furnish an account, even tolerably accurate, of the population, the town officers, the names of the inhabitants, and other facts, which would be interesting and instructive to us, at the present day.

I find, however, the names of twenty-eight persons mentioned, as among the inhabitants of Westfield, at, or very soon after the settlement; the catalogue of which, with many other of the statistics, relating to the town, is more proper for a note, or insertion in an appendix, than for the body of this address.

It appears that the first mill erected in the town, was on the brook, in the easterly part of the town, formerly Fowler's, Ensign's, Pease's, and now Stebbins & Grisvold's,—the mill at Great River, at an early period called Weller's mill, and now Yeamans', not having been erected until long afterwards.

In 1671, Alquot and Wallump, two sachems of Pojassets, presented a petition to the General Court, alleging, that Lieut. Cooper had obtained from Amoakisson a deed of a tract of their own land, and praying for redress. The General Court promptly referred the matter to the Court at Hampshire, for inquiry and indemnification.

In 1674, Samuel Loomis was appointed as ensign, and in 1676, John Modesley as lieutenant to the "footte" company in Westfield.

In 1675, the taxes assessed by the General Court, to the following towns, were as follows: Springfield, £26, 5*s.*, 5*d.*; Northampton, £22, 2*s.*, 10*d.*; Hadley, £18, 10*s.*, 9*d.*; Westfield, £11, 16*s.*; and Hatfield, £8, 12*s.*

In 1679, John Maudesly and Thomas Noble presented a petition to the General Court for the allowance of the town returns, which was granted.

I find the following memorandum in the papers of my

father, the late Elijah Bates, and in his handwriting: "In 1661, a tract of land, being now the center of Westfield, was granted to Capt. Pynchon, Robert Ashley, and George Colton, on condition of becoming permanent settlers, by a committee of those settled in Springfield which was first settled in 1635. William Pynchon was one of the patentees in the colony charter, and removed from England in about 1629. The original limits of Springfield were twenty-five miles square,—now embracing ten incorporated towns." It was made on a loose slip of paper, as was his custom, and came to me by accident. I have not been able to trace the facts contained in it, to their source.

In the year 1667, one year after, according to Holland, its permanent settlement, and two years *before* its incorporation, in accordance with that sentiment, which pervaded the policy of the whole people, the first settlers proceeded to make provision for the public worship of God. Mr. John Holyoke of Springfield, who had become one of the settlers at Woronoco, was engaged, temporarily, to perform the duties of the pulpit. The church was erected on the ground near the house of Major George Taylor. Mr. Holyoke's services were continued only for a few months. He then ceased to labor in this vineyard, and retired from the ministerial profession.

Rev. Moses Fiske succeeded Mr. Holyoke, and preached here, as a candidate for settlement. He continued here from 1668 to 1671, when he left the situation, and was finally settled at Quincy.

Rev. Edward Taylor, in that year, commenced his labors, with a view to a settlement, and continued here until his death, June 24, 1728, at the age of eighty-seven years. His "table" still stands in the old burying-ground, with an inscription, characterizing him as "the aged, the venerable, the learned, and the pious pastor," etc.; and a marble slab has been placed in the wall of the First Congregational Church, with a suitable inscription thereon, by one of his descendants. His residence was adjacent

to his church; and he lived and died in the house near Major George Taylor's where the late Jedediah Taylor lived, until his death. His lands, at that point, and in other parts of the town, are now owned by his descendants. Age and its infirmity, at the close of his life, rendered him unable to perform all the duties of his pastorate; and the Rev. Nehemiah Bull was ordained, as his colleague, in October, 1726. He was a young man, kept a grammar school in the town, preached half the time, and died in 1740, in the fourteenth year of his ministry.

Mr. Taylor married in 1674, Elizabeth Fitch, the daughter of the Rev. James Fitch, the first clergyman of Norwich, Connecticut, and she is said to have been a highly educated and accomplished lady. One of his love-letters to her is extant, among the collections of the Historical Society of that state, a copy of which is published in the volume, containing an account of the proceedings of the bi-centennial celebration in that city on the 7th and 8th of September, 1859. It is there entitled "A Model Love-Letter;" and, truly, it deserves the appellation. While it displays the warmth of his love, and the intensity of his devotion, it also develops the character of his mind, and the engrossing and absorbing nature of his thoughts. I attach a copy of it, as an interesting note, in the Appendix. One of his daughters was the mother of President Stiles of Yale College. He lived with his first wife fifteen years, and after her decease he married a second time.

PROPOSAL TO ABANDON THE SETTLEMENT.—KING PHILIP'S WAR.

It proved to be fortunate for the town, as it was fortunate, also, for the settlements upon the river, that such a man as Mr. Taylor was called hither. He soon became connected with an event, where the interests of this section of the colony became involved, which required his energy, his talent and his foresight to conduct to a successful issue. In the year 1675, commenced the King Philip war. The other wars of this country, in which so many

of our youth have been sent forth to the post of suffering and danger, have borne heavily upon the town; but the war which desolated New England, just one century before the great revolutionary struggle, was one, not for the change in form of government, or for the maintenance of charter rights, merely, but a conflict for life itself.

Philip was the son of Massasoit, the first friend of the colonists, from the time of their landing, until his death in 1662. He had been brought up with them in peaceful relations; and, after his accession to the chieftainship of his tribe, he continued the amicable treaty arrangements, which his father had established. But he was endowed with a different character from that of the peaceful old chief, from whom he sprung. He had seen the growth of the colonies, until the white men in New England, equalled the number of the aboriginal inhabitants. He saw their advancing superiority; and, in that advance, he foresaw the downfall of the Indian power. One desperate effort must be made to sustain his supremacy.

With the feeling, doubtless, of the East Indian prince, who undertook to drive the English from the plains of the Carnatic, he composed his differences with all the neighboring tribes, allied his foes to his own people, with a common purpose, and then proceeded to visit with fire and sword, the settlements of the colonists. Their advances and their retreats were marked with desolation and death. The industry of the people was at once paralyzed. The implements of labor were laid aside, or used only in connection with the weapons of warfare. The labors of the day were protected by armed men, and strict vigilance gave to the repose of the night its only security.

It was in the frontier settlements, that the war was especially terrible. Deerfield, Hadley, Northampton, Springfield, Westfield and Hartford, were each so widely separated, as to be of no assistance to each other in a hostile attack; and, yet, they were near enough to behold the flames of ruin, and to feel the terror and distress, which arose from the savage devastation. So impressed with

the insecurity of the inhabitants of these several towns, was the central government at Boston, that they issued a letter of advice, which was, in effect, an order to the colonists, to desert the settlements, and unite themselves with the inhabitants of other towns, for more efficient protection. Their letter of March 20, 1676, contains the announcement of their purpose, and the letter of the Secretary of the Council is still more definite. It concludes with the following significant intimation:

"If you people be averse from our advice, we must be necessated to draw off our forces from them, for we can not spare them, nor supply them with ammunition." As showing the spirit of the times, and the courage and resolution of the men, I append the extract, I have spoken of, and the corresponding portion of the report of the committee of the town of Westfield,—Isaac Phelps, David Ashley, and Josiah Dewey, as drawn up by the Rev. Edward Taylor.

As will be perceived by the records of the town, the orders of the Council were received with a feeling of indignation, in which their neighbors of Northampton, joined; and, such was the strength of the opposition, that the order was revoked, and thus the most distant and exposed towns became their own defenders.

No organized attack was made upon the town, during the war, by the savage foe. It was rather a series of predatory incursions by scattered parties of the tribes, for the sake of plunder and devastation. The buildings of Mr. Cornish, Mr. Ambrose Fowler, John Sackett, Walter Lee, and others, were consumed, and several persons were shot, and carried away captives. On one occasion, Noah Ashley, returning from his work at Pochassuc, encountered an Indian near the Bancroft house. Ashley had the draw, and the Indian fled; but his blood was traced in the path of his escape. The spot has since been called "Indian Plain."

The operations of husbandry, at this period, were carried on under the protection of arms. The loaded musket stood upon the threshing-floor, and beside the ditcher

and the mower; and, when the field was distant, an armed sentry was present, to give timely alarm. All night, sentries kept watch in the turret of the watch-house, and patrolled the palisades, to guard the sleeping inhabitants from savage atrocities. There was, in fact, the realization of that terrible picture, drawn by the graphic pencil of Ames, in his celebrated speech upon the British treaty, and which classical taste has enrolled among the choicest specimens of eloquence.

It is impossible to contemplate the circumstances, in which they were placed, and the unanimously decided and manly resolution they adopted, without admiration of their courage, their fortitude, and their foreseeing wisdom. We are too apt to associate bravery only with the exploits of the battle-field. We do not reflect, how much surrounding causes have to do with personal exposure; that often, under a greater fear, the coward seems to be courageous in the face of danger, and to fight, with the desperation of a brave man. But, in the case of our fathers, there was nothing to sustain them, but their own fortitude, inspired by their own high hopes of the future. It was no holiday warfare which was impending! They were not called to meet a disciplined army in hostile array, in which those who should fall would be embalmed in the records of their country, while the survivors would be crowned as conquerors, or, at the worst, duly exchanged, as prisoners of war. It was, in terrible truth, a war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt! The result was to be, literally, "victory or death!" not a death by the sword or the ball, but by the tomahawk and scalping-knife; by the "torch and burning pine!" not a death to them only, but a death of extermination of all their kindred! a death so beautifully described by Campbell, in the language of the sole survivor of an Indian ambush:—

"He left, of all my tribe,
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth;
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth.
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!

All perished!—I alone, am left on earth!
To whom nor relative, nor blood remains,—
No! not a drop that runs in human veins!"

Nor, can we fail to admire, also, the heroism of those, who were left almost alone in their homes of precarious safety, when the stalwart men of the settlement went forth to war. The infirm, and those of immature age, were their only defenders. It was for them to protect the families against a stealthy foe, whose war-whoop was followed, at once, by the torch and the tomahawk, which, too often, awoke, and silenced a whole settlement. They were the guardians, who, from the summit of the watch-tower, were to watch, and listen through the long days, and the longer nights, for the approach of the savage, and to patrol, during the same periods, along the poorly-constructed palisades. In the meantime, the anxious mothers were snatching their broken slumbers, in the embraces of their terrified children, their rest disturbed by dreams of danger, and visions of disaster. No historian of the times has hitherto essayed to describe the agony of those, who watched and prayed for the friends, who had gone forth to conquer, or to die. The imagination, only, can conceive the intensity of their distress. And, when the welcome signal of their return was given from the watch-tower, and their voices were heard advancing through the arches of the forest, as the appalling thought rose up before them, that some of their husbands were sleeping in undistinguished graves, and the mournful question was presented to each anxious mother,—"Has my home been made desolate?"—whose imagination is vivid enough to depicture the poignancy of their agony.

The result justified the wisdom of their decision. The war was scarcely ended, before prosperity dawned upon the new town. Thrift followed upon their industry. New colonists increased their population. Houses were built, and lands cultivated at more remote distances. The school-house was removed to a more eligible situation. The church accommodations became too contracted for

the worshipers, and the meeting-house itself too homely for the taste of the people. In 1696, it was voted, to build a gallery on one side of the meeting-house; and, in 1697, the selectmen were directed to repair, and paint the meeting-house, so as "to make it comley and comfortable, as speedy as may be," at the expense of the town.

Beside the mills, already established, in the same year, they granted to Thomas Root, Lieutenant Root, Nathaniel Bancroft, and David Ashley, Jr., liberty to get up a grist-mill over the West River, at the place called "the Half-Mile Fall." They also became disgusted with the old-fashioned mode of collecting the people at worship, by the beat of drum, and purchased a bell for the meeting-house, at a cost of two hundred acres of land, in the south part of the town, and on the west side of the Simsbury road.

It seems, that the meeting-house, thus erected, was not sufficient for the wants of the increasing town; and afterwards, on the 17th of November, 1719, a meeting was called for the purpose of erecting a new one. Considerable difficulty was experienced in fixing upon a site; and, at last, a committee, consisting of Deacon Nathaniel Munn, Lieutenant John Mirick, and Benjamin Lennard of Springfield, were appointed to fix the site. On the 24th of the same month, they made their report as follows:

"*Gentlemen* seeing God in his providence hath Called us acording to your desiers to consider your surcomstances and where may bee ye Convenientest place for you to set your meeting-house, our Result is on the North-west corner of Capt. Maudsley's lot by the medow gate.

BENJAMIN LENARD,
NATHANIEL MUN,
JOHN MERICK.

This report was not satisfactory; and, at the meeting of its presentation, another reference of the subject was made to Col. Samuel Partridge. He reported, that having, with the assistance of Capt. John Ashley, and Lieut. Adijah Dewey, viewed the several places, viz., one near "the cyder-press," which he judged was too far westerly

"for Convinieneey of the people's meeting at ye present;" also, the "nor-west corner of Deacon Root, diseased's lot," "which was too near ye dwelling-houses;" also, "the lot where old John Satchet lived, too much to the south end of the town, and the old meeting-house, much more; and Capt. Maudsley's pasture, too near Samuel Root's barn,"—

"Therefore I have matnerly vewed the knowl on Capt. Maudsley's lot on the North side of ye way behind his housing Close to ye high-way I hereby determine to bee the place for erecting and seting up ye new meeting-house this I deliver as my positive opinion upon the premises. SAMUEL PARTRIDGE."

This decision was the final one. An objection was made at the next May meeting; but the town confirmed it, and, on the sixth day of June, 1720, it was voted, that the raising should commence on the eighth day of the same June, at two hours by sun, by the beat of drum; and that every male citizen of the age of seventeen years should attend, day by day, till the work was done, on pain and penalty of three shillings per day, without a satisfactory excuse.

The meeting-house was paid for by the town, and seats were allotted to the inhabitants, according to the dignity of the pews. The pews, nearest to the pulpit, were, by vote, the first in dignity; and the scale of dignity of the inhabitants was compounded of age, and their ratable assessment on the tax-list,—one year of age, being equal to two pounds of assessment. Committees, from time to time, were appointed "to seat the meeting-house," and this was done, sometimes yearly, and, at others, as changes in the population required.

The salary voted, from time to time, for the support of the minister, in addition to the generous allotments of land, was extremely liberal. Mr. Taylor received at first £50, and, subsequently, in 1686, it was raised to £80. When Mr. Bull was settled, he was given a lot of three acres in town, and ten acres in common; and there was also allotted to him thirty-six acres in the division of the outer commons. His salary, at his settlement was £100,

with occasional gratuities, at one time of £10, at another of £20, and, at still another time, an allowance of £125 was given him, to aid in the payment of his debts. His desire for an increase of salary, seemed to increase with the abundance of the people. In 1734, it was raised to £150; in 1737 to £180, and, at a subsequent meeting, in the same year, £20 was voted him in addition thereto. The conduct of Mr. Bull gave great dissatisfaction to the town. At a meeting, November 30, 1738, a committee was appointed "to discourse with him" on the subject; and Thomas Ingersol, Esq., Matthew Noble, John Gunn, John Lee, Ensign Mosley, Samuel Kellogg and Nathaniel Bancroft were chosen such committee. The following vote, which is at least temperate in its terms, is spread upon the record:

"That the Rev. Mr. Bull's conduct, and treatment of the people of this town, is matter of grievance to them."

It is to be supposed, that, as Mr. Bull died the following year, his offenses were probably, in some measure, attributable to his disease. At all events, his salary of £240 was voted to him for the next,—which was the last,—year of his life. He was graduated at Yale College in 1723.

I find in the town records, of February 23, 1725–6, the following vote, which is of rather doubtful construction:

"*Voted*, That the town will Give Mr. bull 50lb for preaching for a year ensuing one half Day Each Sabbath, and to rise proportionally according to his preaching,—and after this year is ended to Give Mr. bull a Reasonable Salary for his servys in the minestry from year to year as Long as he shall Carry on the service aforesaid."

Inasmuch, as the period of time was fixed by the vote, and also the amount of preaching to be "carried on," on each day during the time, it might admit of a question, whether the proportional advance of pay for the preaching, was not to depend upon the quality of the sermons, and not upon their increased number.

The Rev. John Ballantine, a graduate of Harvard Col-

lege, succeeded Mr. Bull, in 1741. The church and the inhabitants, having by concurrent votes agreed unanimously thereto, Deacon John Shepard was appointed "to take the advice of the neighboring ministers, and to repair to the Rev. Mr. Holyoke, President of Harvard College, and any other reverend gentleman, qualified to give voice and counsil," in reference to a candidate. In accordance with his report, a call was given to Mr. Ballantine. The town voted him £500 in a house and home lot, purchased of Rev. Mr. Bull, as a settlement, and £200 in bills of credit, or silver money, as a salary. Mr. Ballantine died in 1776, in the thirty-fifth year of his ministry.

Mr. Ballantine was succeeded by Rev. Noah Atwater of Hampden, Conn., a graduate of Yale College, in 1774. He was ordained November 21, 1781, and died January 25, 1802, in the twentieth year of his ministerial service. For a few years, he was a tutor in Yale College, and is reputed to have been an excellent scholar. It is said, that he never repeated the same sermon to an audience, and always was prepared with his two sermons for the Sabbath, on the previous Tuesday evening. He kept an advance supply of twenty sermons. This systematic method in his labor, gave him much time for his parochial and social calls. It gave him an opportunity, also, for those scientific observations, upon the phenomena of nature, which he was accustomed to record, and which were placed in the hands of the late President Dwight. He was an early riser, always rising before the sun in all parts of the year. It is said that he kept up his acquaintance with his classical studies, and occasionally instructed young men, in preparing for college.

Leaving, for the present, the order of the ecclesiastical succession, I revert to the period in the history of the town, about the beginning of the last century. A portion of the lands of the town, had been distributed as house-lots, to the different early proprietors, in quantities, according to the number of the members of their respective families. Equitable distributions of land were also made

to the proprietors, both in the inner and outer commons; and contracts for sales were also consummated of large tracts of out lands, or lands in the new addition, to various purchasers. In the year 1731, January 10, the divisional lines were established between the inner and outer commons. A strip of land, two miles in width, across the northerly end of the township, was set off as the northern common; and, on the south side of the Little River, a line from the mouth of Munn's brook, to Two-Mile Brook, and thence to Four-Mile Brook, and thence to East Mountain, divided the south common, from the center, or inner common. At the town-meeting, on that day, it was decided to divide the outer common lands, not sold, among the people, and grants to one hundred and seven householders were made at that time, in quantities, ranging from 12 to 515 acres. Without incorporating the list of names, I may remark, that the Ashleys, Shepards, Maudsleys, Banerofts, Fowlers, Taylors, Ingersolls, Kelloggs, Sackets, Nobles, Roots, Deweys, Taylors and Phelps were the largest grantees.

On the 28th of January, 1733, it was voted to divide certain portions of the inner commons. This was to be done, in proportion to the lists of the estates of the different proprietors. The number of persons, to whom the lands were so distributed, was one hundred and six. At the same time a distribution of small tracts of land of five, ten, fifteen and twenty acres was made to twenty-three persons, by way of charity. The names of all these grantees, the lists of each man's estate, which gave his proportion to the land, and the number of acres granted in the outer common to each person, will be an interesting table in an appendix, as an historical document.

In the year 1724, April 25, Captain John Ashley of Westfield, in consideration of his bond "of £460, three barrels of sider, and thirty quarts of rum," procured a deed to himself, Colonel John Stoddard, Captain Henry Dwight, and Captain Luke Hitchcock, a committee of the General Court, of land on the Housatonic River, which

comprises the present towns of Sheffield, Great Barrington, Egremont, Alford, Mount Washington and Boston Corner. The deed is signed and sealed by twenty-one sachems,—Conkepot, the head, or perhaps the Lieutenant-General Sachem, the man whose name the Konkapot River still bears,—leading the signatures. Some of the names are beautifully euphonious; and one of them, we suspect, from his name,—Worenocow,—must have been a former citizen, perhaps the sachem of Woronoco.

In 1735, John Ashley, Esq., of Westfield, by a like appointment of the General Court, purchased of the Indians a tract of land, from Westfield to Housatonic, now Sheffield. It was a strip two miles in width, and twenty-six in length; and there was, at that time, but one house, west of the village in which we now live.

OLD FRENCH WAR.

This town was not backward in the defense of the country, in the old French war, and in the war of the Revolution. It sent forth, upon each occasion, brave officers and soldiers, some of whom shed their blood upon the field, and others of them returned to the esteem of their fellow-citizens.

Among the victims of the French war, Dr. Israel Ashley, the son of one of the prominent first settlers of the town, deserves an honorable mention. He was a graduate of Yale College in 1731, and a physician of great ability. He was a surgeon of a regiment, and died at Stillwater, N. Y. He was the father of the late Dr. Israel Ashley, also a graduate of Yale College, who died in 1814.

Eager Noble was also in the old French war, enlisting at a very early age, and, at its close, removing to the foot of the mountain in West Parish, the first, and for many years, a solitary but a laborious tenant of the wilderness.

THE REVOLUTION—GEN. SHEPARD.

Among the soldiers of the Revolution there stands out upon the canvas that honorable, honored, Christian sol-

dier, General William Shepard. He was the son of Deacon John Shepard, one of the family which settled in the town in 1700. He was born in 1737. At the age of seventeen, he enlisted as a soldier; at twenty he was a lieutenant in the army of General Abercrombie; and at twenty-two, he was one of the captains of General Amherst. During his six years of service in that war, he fought in the great battles of the contest; and, when peace returned, he laid down his armor, and resumed the implements of agriculture. When the revolutionary struggle broke out, he at once repaired to Roxbury, with the commission of lieutenant-colonel, under the command of Washington. He sustained a prominent part in the retreat from Long Island, and was wounded in the action. In 1780, with the commission of general, he was attached to the army of La Fayette, and remained with it until the close of the war. His reputation for bravery was established in twenty-two battles, and his sound common-sense, and his sympathy for suffering were displayed, not only in his military career, in the revolutionary army, and at the head of the forces in this county, in the Shays rebellion, but, during the course of a long and useful life. With none of the adventitious aids to advancement, which usually raise men to posts of dignity,—with but an imperfect education and no elocutionary power,—yet his strong, active appreciation of the fitness of things, his power to—"hit it on the head at the first trial,"—his character for bravery, uprightness, and intelligence, commended him to the confidence of the people; and, as a representative of the town, a senator of the county, an executive councilor of state, a member of Congress, repeatedly elected, an elector of president of the United States at two elections, a commissioner of this state, and also of the United States, to negotiate with the Indian tribes of the Penobscot, and "The Six Nations," he fulfilled the expectations of those, who honored him with their confidence.

One remarkable fact in the life of General Shepard, was,

that he lived and died a man of small property. Poverty itself is not a proof of honesty, of industry, or of a deserving reputation, but, too often, of the want of them. Of him, however, it may be said, he was a hard-laboring, industrious, frugal man, of no expensive habits, either in camp or in his family; and yet he was possessed only of a moderate competency. When we consider how long he was in the camp of Washington—his companion in all his great battles, and one of the commanders under Gates, at the capture of Burgoyne; how long he was in Congress, and in the commissions under the state, and the United States government, in the negotiation of Indian treaties: and what opportunities he was afforded for the amassment of money, which opportunities he spurned, we may well conclude, that the town of Westfield furnished one general officer, whose example should be held up, as a bright example, for other general officers to follow.

HIS CONDUCT IN THE SHAYS REBELLION.

At the breaking out of the rebellion of Daniel Shays and his fellow-conspirators against the majesty of the laws of his country, Gen. Shepard was again called from his retirement. It was a fitting place for a man of his bravery, his firmness, and his humanity. How beautifully his conduct contrasted with the decision and energy of that great captain, who, at a period but a little later, was upon the tide, which, taken at the flood, soon bore him on to universal empire. When the mob of Paris, in their want and famine, cried for bread, and took up arms against the government, the cannon of Napoleon thundered, and order reigned in Paris. Blood flowed, power was felt, and submissive suffering waited a constrained period, for a new opportunity of redress.

The spirit which actuated that great captain was policy, not feeling! It was a conviction, that a rebellion was to be quelled at once, by force,—not by reason. France, at that time was a despotism; and in a despotism, the best preventive of anarchy, is force.

But, in the Shays rebellion, the array against the government, however foolish and wicked, was prompted by real suf-

fering. The universal people sympathized in the grief, though they abhorred the remedy. Gen. Shepard well knew the feeling of the people; he knew what such sufferings meant, for he had felt them in his own person; he knew that the rebels had fought with him for the establishment of the government, and he hoped, by moderation, but by firmness,—the exhibition of force, and not by the deathly exercise of it,—to disperse the assailants.

When the crisis at last came, and it was necessary for law or for rebellion to triumph, with a kindly regard for the lives of the assailants, which they attributed to fear, he sent to them a friendly caution; and, when they still pressed on, with their outnumbering squadrons, even then he delayed the dreadful catastrophe. First came

> "Cannon to the right of them!
> Cannon to the left of them!"

And when they still continued in their obstinacy, and forbearance ceased to be compatible with humanity, then

> "Cannon in the front of them
> Volley'd and thundered!"

Happily, his compeers in arms—happily, the government, also, tempered their course with mercy. The rebellion was quelled, and the great mass of these misguided men became quiet, peaceable, patriotic citizens.

The records of the town do not afford the means of furnishing the names of those, who, like Gen. Shepard, went forth to war, at the breaking out of the Revolution. On receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, an alarm was given, and a company of 70 men, under the command of Capt. Warham Parks, Lieut. John Shepard, and Richard Falley, repaired to the scene of action. Mr. Russell Dewey, better known by the title of Adjutant Dewey, a neighbor of Gen. Shepard, was in the army during the war, except for a short time of sickness. There was a strong friendship between the two men, who lived together as neighbors to a ripe old age. Capt. Parks, was afterwards commissioned Major General, and died in the year 1800.

Gen. Shepard died at the age of 80 years, in the year 1817. A large concourse of people attended his funeral. A sketch of his life and character was given in the funeral sermon by Rev. Isaac Knapp, and by the Rev. Dr. Davis, in his historical sketch of the town of Westfield. Dr. J. G. Holland, and a recent writer in *The Times*, a Westfield newspaper, have delineated some of the leading incidents of his life. Upon his retirement from the army, he connected himself with the church, and held the office of deacon therein, for a period of twenty-eight years.

We now resume our notices of the ecclesiastical history of the town. After the death of Mr. Atwater, the Rev. Isaac Knapp of Norfolk, Conn., a graduate of Williams College, of 1800, who, for two years, in 1802, and 1803, was a tutor in that institution, was ordained, as a pastor, November 16, 1803. In the year 1835, in consequence of his failing health, the Rev. Emerson Davis was ordained as his colleague. Mr. Knapp died at the age of 73 years, in 1847.

The administration of Mr. Knapp was remarkably quiet and peaceful. He was a man of no sharp points, either of character or doctrine. Never, in society, or from the pulpit, did he utter anything to offend the feelings of his people, or to array the slightest element of opposition to himself. Unlike most clergymen, he extended his observations from the studies of his profession, to the world around him. He was a shrewd judge, both of men and of things. He knew the wants of his people; he appreciated the interests of the community; and few men were more ready to afford more valuable suggestions. A council to settle a difficulty, between him and his people, was unthought of! There could be no difficulty; and, if a difficulty were to be apprehended, the oil would be poured upon the waters, in anticipation, before the slightest breeze stirred.

Mr. Davis was a native of Ware. He, too, was a graduate of Williams College, and was of the class of 1821. At his graduation, he became the usher, and then the preceptor of Westfield Academy. During the year 1823, he was appointed a tutor in Williams College; but, in 1824, he be-

came the permanent preceptor, where he remained, until his settlement, in 1835, as the colleague of Mr. Knapp. He continued to officiate, as the pastor, until his sudden decease, June 8, 1866, from a disease of the heart. He was a large, strong man, of active and temperate habits, an early riser, one who spent much time in the open air, and who traveled, from family to family, over the widely extended range of his large congregation. During his whole residence here, Dr. Davis took a deep interest in the cause of education. He was appointed, at its organization, as one of the members of the Board; and, until his death, he labored for the interest of the cause, as though he had still continued a member. He was an extensive scholar. He had a habit of picking up, and recording facts, which few men have the taste, or the industry to do; and, during his ministerial labors, his sermon was often the medium of exhibiting philosophical facts, as illustrating biblical and evangelical truth.

Dr. Davis was eminently a kindly and social man. He mingled extensively in society, was well acquainted, not only with his parishioners, but with the people of the town. He was a partaker both of their joys and sorrows, and was always ready to lend a helping hand in distress, difficulty, or danger. He was, in deed and in name, a friend; and when his sudden death struck upon the ear of the people of the town, each one felt that he had lost a friend. A large concourse convened at his funeral, and the impressive ceremonies of such a solemnity, were deepened by the regrets, which seemed to hang, like a pall, upon every heart.

The successor of Dr. Davis was the Rev. Elias H. Richardson. He was installed on the first day of May, A. D. 1867. There is an implied contract between the society and the pastor, arising from an immemorial usage, as to the duration of the settlement, which is considered as imperatively binding upon the parties. Since the settlement of the first pastor, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, every one of all the successive pastors have devoted their lives to the duties of the office. Here they were settled; here they labored; and here they rested from their labors; nor have I discovered in the rec-

ords, except in the nervous higgling of Mr. Bull, in relation to his salary, a trace of controversy between pastor and people.

Of Dr. Davis it is worthy of record, that, in more than one instance, he has intimated to the parish, his wish, that the amount of his salary should be reduced. We can imagine cases, where exorbitant contributions embarrass the popular preachers in the trouble of investments. But his salary was small. His hospitalities were abounding; and though his habits of life were frugal, yet his taste frequently led him into somewhat lavish appropriations. All he wished his people to provide for him, was a respectable support; and any excess of such necessity, he was anxious to refund to them. No wonder that such a pastor was beloved by his people! And no wonder that he was more than "a popular preacher,"—a popular *man!*

In the year 1856, the large number of members of the society, and the comparatively small size of the meeting-house, induced the majority of the society to agree to colonize. Measures were accordingly taken to form a second Congregational society, and church, in connection with it, which was an offshoot from the parent stock. For a time, the new society worshiped in, what is now called, Music Hall; but the desire of possessing a permanent and exclusive place of worship, induced them to erect their beautiful church edifice. Parochial societies, like individuals, or like other corporations, are stimulated by rivalry; and the parent society soon found, that a meeting-house, which was thought by some, large enough and good enough for the whole congregation, was too small, and too poor for it, after the exodus of the colony. Accordingly, a new effort was put forth; and, side by side, two large and commodious church edifices arose, differing in form, but beautiful in their adaptations, an honor to each society, and to the town itself.

The Second Congregational society, has been fruitful in the number of its religious teachers. The Rev. Francis Homes was obtained, at the time of its organization in May, 1856, and continued with it for a period of about one year. The

Rev. Joel H. Bingham was its first pastor, installed in June, 1857; and after a period of six years he was dismissed, and removed to East Boston.

The Rev. George Bowler succeeded Mr. Bingham, as the pastor. He had been, for several years, a clergyman of the Methodist church; but he was examined, and accepted the call of the Second Congregational society, and was settled in April, 1863. During a portion of the war, he held a commission of colonel in the service; and, after his dismission, in February, 1865, he removed to the eastern part of the state, and resumed his connection with the Methodist denomination, in which he continued, until his recent decease.

For the space of a year or more, the society was without the services of a settled pastor. They made repeated experiments, but no one seemed to come up to the general acceptation. At last, by general consent, they extended a call to Rev. Henry Hopkins, who accepted it, was ordained, and from June, 1866 until the present time, has continued to be their pastor.

The Baptist society was organized, and a church formed as early as 1784. They had two church buildings; one in the north part of the town, near Montgomery, and one near the Little River, or Fort River, as it is sometimes called in the records. The latter building was sold, and a commodious church was erected on Elm street. Recently this building, also, has been sold, and a spacious and beautiful edifice has been erected on Elm street, at a cost of $32,000, including the site. The pastors of this church have been Revs. Adam Hamilton, Azariah Hawks, Caleb Green, David Wright, Andrew M. Smith, T. Bestor, A. Colburn, Charles Van Loon, William Carpenter, J. R. Baumis, John Jennings and E. Jerome, the present pastor.

The Methodist society, consisted, until a recent period, of but few members. Their numbers, however, have rapidly increased. The church, which they erected on Main street, became too small for their wants, and they now worship in a large and commodious building on the north-west corner of "the green." Its present pastor is the Rev. John H. Mans-

field. Recently it has purchased a parsonage, for the use of its pastor.

There is also a small society of the order, at West Parish, under the charge of Rev. Samuel McLaughlin. They have a small, but commodious church and parsonage, and, like the central society, it is extending its numbers and usefulness.

As the system of that society is to make annual, though, at times biennial changes of their pastors, the number that have officiated in the Methodist church here, is somewhat numerous. While it belonged to the Granville circuit, it was in charge of Elder G. Roberts, Joshua Taylor and T. Dewey, circuit preachers. It was then located at West Parish, or Hoop-pole, as that district was then called. The society in the village was organized in 1812, and the pastors in charge, have been successively Rev. P. Townsend, W. Smith, B. McLouth, J. Hascall, Mark Trafton, H. V. Degen, M. Raymond, G. F. Cox, J. H. Twombly, Dr. William Butler, Mark Trafton a second time, Daniel E. Chapin, George W. Bowler, H. W. Warren, Daniel Richards, W. G. Lewis and its present pastor.

Like the First Congregational society the town has also been shorn of its original proportions. Samuel Fowler, who, with his brothers John and Ambrose, were among the first settlers of the town, settled in the south part of it, at a place then called Poverty. The plain on the north of their settlement, is still called "Poverty Plain." Benjamin Loomis, and Mr. Olds settled in the westerly part of the town, and families of the name of Moore, in the extreme south part, which was then called Moore-town. In 1779, the south part of our territory was incorporated into a town, by the name of Southwick. A meeting-house was erected, soon after the incorporation, a mile south of the village; and upon its being burned in 1823, a new and commodious edifice was erected, in 1824. The Rev. Abel Forward of Simsbury, a graduate of Yale College, in 1768, was ordained October 27, 1773, and died in 1786. He was the father of the late Joseph Forward, Esq., and has left there a numerous posterity.

Montgomery was, also, in part, constructed from the original territory of Westfield. It was taken from that portion of the new addition, which is situated on the north-easterly side of the Westfield River. The date of its incorporation, as a town, is November 28, 1780. A church was organized, January 30, 1797, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Seth Noble, a son of Thomas Noble, of Westfield. He was installed November 4, 1801, and dismissed September 16, 1806. He was not a man of a liberal education, but was a man of talent. It is related of him, that he was residing in the town, which is now the city of Bangor, at the time of its incorporation; and, at the request of his parishioners, he went to Boston, to procure the act. The petitioners desired, that the name of "Sunfield" should be applied to it; but the reverend gentleman was particularly fond of the old tune, "Bangor;" and he caused Sunfield to be struck out of the act, and Bangor inserted, as commemorating two objects of his love,—his music, and his devotion.

Montgomery is situated wholly upon the mountain. The land is rough and broken, and adapted chiefly to the pursuits of agriculture. Like the other agricultural towns, in Massachusetts, which are situated at a distance from a home market, its population is gradually decreasing. Many of its inhabitants have emigrated to distant states, and some of them are now residing here.

Russell was incorporated February 25, 1792. Its territory consisted of that part of the "new addition," of the town of Westfield, which lies on the westerly side of the Westfield River. The population of the town has been, also, on the decline. But, still, its water-power, its proximity to the railroad, and the abundance of its wood and timber, have contributed to increase its amount of property, notwithstanding the decrease of its population.

Nothing more highly marks the high state of moral feeling, among the early settlers of the town, than the provisions that were made for the moral and religious improvement of the people. The early "calls" that were made to the clergy, the immediate supply of a successor, when death removed an in-

cumbent, and the liberal salaries, which were paid to them, in those days of labor, privation and poverty, were in the highest degree to their honor.

The public school was maintained by annual appropriations, for all the children of the town, between four and fourteen years. It was kept by a man, except that liberty was given to establish a school in the eastern part of the town, to be kept by a female teacher, for those children, whose immature age prevented their travel to the town school, and a sum was allowed for the expenses. The salary of the teacher varied from £38 to £50 per annum, and the school was kept six months during the year, the instructor being usually competent to instruct in the dead languages. The first school in the town, kept by a female, was under the charge of Widow Catherine Noble, at thirty-five shillings per week. Mr. Isaac Phelps, one of the first settlers of the town, and frequently its town officer, was a frequent teacher of the school, and was also the Rev. Mr. Bull.

WESTFIELD ACADEMY.

In the latter part of the last century, the attention of the people was directed to the establishment of an academical institution. With a commendable promptness, the town voted a sum of £600, or $2,000, towards its endowment; and on the 17th of June, 1793, an act was passed, incorporating Gen. William Shepard and others, as the Trustees of Westfield Academy, "to be and continue a body politic, by the same name, forever." The friends of the new institution contemplated, and so did the Legislature, that the funds were to be increased, as a means of future usefulness; for the act provided, that the trustees might hold lands, or other estate, to such an amount, that the annual income should not exceed $2,000.

It appears, also, by the records of the trustees, that a sum, exceeding $1,000 was also subscribed, and secured to the institution, in 1797, by citizens of the town. In response to a petition of the trustees, the Legislature granted them a half township of land in Maine, which was converted into the funds.

On the 1st day of January, 1800, the academy building, erected at a cost of $5,000, was dedicated by religious observances; a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop; an address was delivered by the Hon. Samuel Fowler; and a formal presentation of the key of the building was made by him to Mr. Peter Starr, the first preceptor.

It would be a pleasing retrospect, if we were to pass over the first two-thirds of the present century, and record the names of those, at whose feet, from time to time, we have sat for guidance and instruction: if we were to recall those early companions, with whom we strayed, and played, and perhaps toiled along the paths of learning—companions dear to us then,—of whom we felt, "very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother,"—but oh how doubly dear now, as one by one they have faded from our sight, leaving us more and more alone, like a city, which sits solitary, and yet is full of people —in the world but not of it, among men yet not of them, and sighing for the unselfish friendship of those, who made our young hours happy: if we were to estimate the effect, which the establishment of the institution has wrought upon the material interests of the town, its moral influence upon the people, and the heightened tone it has given to its intelligence, and its virtue: if we were to consider, what a result has been produced upon the world at large, by more than nine thousand people, who have gone out from it, to all parts of the civilized globe. But the topic is too vast for the occasion. I may say, however, in regard to it, as a part of the history of the town, that the proximity of other institutions, endowed by enlightened liberality, with ample funds, enabling them to provide more numerous teachers, more extensive apparatus, and more commodious boarding accommodations, inaugurated a rivalry, against which, this almost un-endowed institution could poorly struggle. The buildings and grounds, which had come down to us, were accordingly sold. The estate of the academy is invested for increase, until, by accumulation, augmented, as I trust it will be, by future benefactions, it shall again spring forward into a field of usefulness. My fellow-citizens, I say now, in as full faith as I said to you on the 31st

day of July, 1857—"Westfield Academy will never die! It was born to be immortal! It was incorporated to *be*, and *continue* a body politic *forever!*" and if this generation shall pass away, with a deluded apathy to its interests, it will find, in a generation, perhaps now unborn, friends, who will rally around it, with the zeal of its first founders, and rejoice with exceedingly great joy, in its returned prosperity.

I cannot refrain from enrolling in the text, the munificence of two of our citizens who have passed away from us, and who have left names, which are destined to live in succeeding generations.

Samuel Mather was born in Westfield. He was the son of Capt. John Mather, and his wife Sophia, a descendant of the Rev. Edward Taylor. His father was the son of Samuel Mather, a physician, and formerly one of the associate judges of the old local Court of Common Pleas.

After the decease of his parents, he removed to Hartford, and resided with his sister Cynthia, the wife of the Hon. John B. Eldredge. He had been a hard-laboring, thrifty farmer. He had added to his patrimony by his own accumulations, and was in those easy circumstances, where he was removed from the necessity of laborious exertion. During his early life, he had felt the want of a good library; and, with a taste for substantial reading, he became a frequent visitor to that noble institution, for which the city of Hartford is indebted to the liberality of Wadsworth. Although removed from the town of Westfield, his heart was still here! and he conceived the design of aiding in the formation of a public library in Westfield. In furtherance of his suggestion, an act was passed, incorporating "the Westfield Athenæum." The corporation was organized, and immediately he paid over to the treasurer thereof, ten government bonds, of one thousand dollars each, amounting to about $11,000.

Inspired by a similar feeling, Hiram Harrison, also a native of this town, determined to co-operate with Mr. Mather, in his great object. He too had been brought up, with but limited advantages. Notwithstanding that he had, by his talent for business, and the assiduous application of all his

energies to an extensive and complicated business, accumulated more than a sufficient competence, he still felt the want of that mental culture, which is necessary to form the character of a complete man; and he determined to aid in the provision for the education of the people, in useful science, and elegant literature. For this purpose, he purchased the land, and erected the building, which now stands on the north-east corner of the public square, and which he conveyed by deed to the proprietors of the Westfield Athenæum in fee. The cost of the land and building was about $11,000.

The intent of Mr. Harrison was to provide a place for the reception of books, and a place, also, for receiving the publications, that should be placed therein. It was the design of Mr. Mather to ensure the keeping that place open for reading and the use of books, and of having it, on each day in the year, warmed and lighted, for the accommodation of the people. Accordingly, he provided, that the principal sum of $10,000, should be left entire; and the interest only should be devoted, first to the warming and lighting of the rooms, and for the salary of the librarian; and then any remainder might be appropriated to the general uses of the institution.

The people of the town, for the most part, showed, by their conduct, their appreciation of these benefactions for them, and their posterity; and a subscription was made up to the amount of $10,000 for the purchase of books, maps, magazines, and the periodicals and newspapers of the day.

Some of the old residents of the town, who have been prospered in their own places of residence, at a distance from their old home, have yet remembered the embarrassments of their youth, and have sent back their benefactions to aid the future men and women of this country, in their pursuit of learning. The names of the donors are enrolled in the records of the institution, there to remain, as perpetual memorials of individual enlightenment and individual liberality.

The catalogue of our benefactors to the contributions of science, would be incomplete without the addition of another

name, which, also, will be held in the affectionate remembrance of future generations. Mr. Stephen Harrison, an elder brother of Mr. Hiram Harrison, was born and bred in the town, and had acquired a competency, by his systematic agricultural labor. He had seen the advances that scientific experiment had given to manufacturing industry; that the elements had been called in, as the substitutes of human strength; and as he contemplated the numerous applications of the truths of science, to almost every object around him, and reflected, that but a small progress had been made in that science, which is the art of all arts, he felt a natural desire, that the revelations of matured learning, should be infused into common knowledge, and that mind should be made to direct the energies of those operations, which are to feed and clothe the world. He accordingly bequeathed the sum of $5,000 to trustees, as a fund for instruction in scientific agriculture. The income was incorporated with the funds of the academy, in carrying out the design of the enlightened testator; and an arrangement is now in progress, for a course of scientific study, in connection with the academy, and the State Normal School. All honor be to those men, whose enlightened philosophy appreciates the true purposes of wealth, and whose benevolence turns away from the absorbing cry of avarice, to the higher calls of Christian duty.

"The evil that men do," said Shakspeare's wily orator, "lives after them! The good is oft interred with their bones! So let it be with Cæsar!" So let it not be, so it will not be, so it can not be, with the deeds of Mather and the Harrisons. So it can not be with those, whose beneficence is expended in the promotion of human good. Every volume carried home from the alcove to the fireside, for the delights of learning; every half-hour in its quiet halls, where the wise of all ages speak to us from their illuminated pages; every annual return for the increase and the perpetuation of the blessings, which their benevolence originated, will be each their reminder and their jubilee.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The interest of the town, in the cause of education, was manifested at a recent period, in the establishment of the State Normal School here. When the present system of educating the teachers of youth, for the business of their profession, was at first inaugurated, it was looked upon, by many sensible persons, with fear and distrust. The early schools languished; and such was the indifference to its welfare, that it became necessary to remove one of them to a new place, where the friends of education were more decided and pronounced in their opinions. To the honor of this town, it may be said, that Westfield never doubted. Experience had shown them the value of educated labor; and they believed, that the educators of mind should not be novices. For the purposes of its reception and establishment here, they made liberal offers and appropriations. The Board of Education accepted the propositions, and Westfield became the seat of one of the state institutions. It soon became necessary to erect a building; and, acting in connection with the center school-district, a building was put up, large enough for both the normal and common school. The former soon absorbed the whole building. It still went on and prospered; and, at last, an addition, equal to the whole original structure, was made to it. And now a new feature has been introduced. It is proposed to educate teachers in all the branches of common, and high school learning; and, for that purpose, a new story, covering the whole building, has just been completed, and the school has now commenced under new auspices of extended good.

And now, as we approach the close of these more formal and serious ceremonials, to commence upon those observances, where are to mingle "the flow of soul, and the philosophy of pleasure," let me press upon your consideration, the important question,—what is to be the future of this town, when one and two centuries shall have passed away? Is it destined to fall back in the march of improvement, and to be outstripped by other towns, whose slow advances we have de-

rided? Is it to linger, listlessly, along the by-ways of ease and pleasure, contented to receive what chance may throw into its lap, without a wish to extend an individual effort for the public weal? Or, are we, with that enlightened forethought, which comprehends public welfare, public honor, and public reputation, as an index of private advancement and private character, and with a concerted determination to enrich, elevate and improve it, in its natural and moral prosperity, to rush forward in the race of progress, and seize upon the victor's garland?

Let us never forget that we are the guardians of its present, and its future prosperity. It is for us to cast its horoscope; and coming events will bring it forward to that advance, where we cast it. Our fathers, surely, provided for us a goodly heritage. They cast our lot for us in pleasant places, on the swift, gliding streams of Woronoco.

Here, still, are the broad meadows, that nature fertilizes, with her more than annual inundations. Here are those broad plains, than which no other soil produces so valuable cereals. Here are the forest-waving mountains, which shelter and embosom this most beautiful valley, and which our fathers coveted for building purposes, two hundred years ago! Here are those health-giving streams, which still afford an unlimited power for prosperous industry. Here are the public schools, that stand as monuments of municipal wisdom. Here are the churches of all denominations, central and beautiful, with pastors, in harmony with the people, and in concord with each other: and here, amid all the blessings that were ever showered down upon any people, we may enjoy, to the utmost fulness, what the exiles sought, and for which our fathers fought,—"Freedom to worship God!"

Note.—In the preparation of the address, I have had occasion to refer frequently to the books and papers in the archives of the Commonwealth, in the department under the charge of Hon. Oliver Warner, the Secretary of State. He has afforded me every facility of access to them, and has furnished me with copies of those which are inserted in the Appendix.

I should, however, have been embarrassed in researches, without the aid of that diligent antiquarian, Mr. Pulsifer. His thorough explorations and his accurate knowledge have brought many papers to light, of the existence of which few, if any persons were cognizant.

The Dinner.

The Committee on Entertainment had secured the mammoth tent of Prince & Co. of Boston, measuring 200 feet by 80, for use on the occasion, and had it pitched in Broad street, at the south end of the park. Tables were arranged, and plates set for one thousand persons or more, and each plate had an occupant. Messrs. Fowler & Noble of Westfield, and E. C. Barr & Co. of Springfield were the caterers. The flood had very seriously interfered with their arrangements, causing vexatious delay, so that the dinner which was to have been served at one o'clock, did not come off till three, and some articles on the "bill of fare" did not come to hand at all. Our excellent caterers, under the circumstances, could do nothing better than throw themselves upon the patience and good nature of their guests, which they found in abundance, unquenched by the flowing waters. One could learn from them what strong determination and persistent effort can accomplish under adverse circumstances.

The exercises in the church being concluded, the procession re-formed and marched around the park to the tent, filling up the ample space within the enclosure. The tables presented a very neat appearance. They were highly decorated with flowers from the gardens of S. Dow, Esq., and Mrs. Judson Rowe.

and if all the articles called for by the "bill of fare" were not at hand, still there was an abundance to satisfy the sharpened appetites of the vast throng, and to spare. Norman T. Leonard, Esq., in the absence of Mr. Fowler, presided. A blessing was invoked by the Rev. Edward Jessup of Brooklyn, N. Y., a native of the town. After an hour of successful onslaught, a fearful scene was presented.

The dinner ended, the true symposium commenced. As a rule, unstudied after-dinner speeches have a certain mellowness and bonhomie about them, as if the flavor of the viands already was incorporated in their words, and those of to-day were not exceptions.

Hon. Thomas Kneil opened the ball by proposing as the first toast:

"The President of the United States."

It was expected that Gilmore's band would be present and play "Hail to the Chief," but it was not able to reach the town. The Hon. H. L. Dawes was invited to be present and respond to this sentiment. The following dispatch, which was read at the table, explains the cause of his absence:

PITTSFIELD, Oct. 6, 1869.

Hon. E. B. Gillett, Westfield:

The floods rage between me and thee, and I am disappointed.

H. L. DAWES.

The second regular toast was then announced:

The Governor of the Commonwealth.

To which Hon. Horatio G. Knight of Easthampton, member of the governor's council, ably responded.

He regretted that neither His Excellency the Governor, nor His Honor the Lieutenant Governor were present to make a fitting response to the sentiment that had just been offered. The former was not ex-

pected; the latter was doubtless detained by the great freshet, which had interrupted the lines of travel.

While sitting in the church, with that great congregation, composed mostly of the sons and daughters of Westfield, and while listening to the eloquent and instructive addresses there made, and the delightful music there performed, he almost regretted that he was not a native of the town, and did regret that he had never been a member of Westfield Academy. He then felt, and now, at that table, felt almost as an intruder at a great family festival. Living so near to Westfield, in an adjoining county, it had been his privilege to make the acquaintance of many of her prominent citizens; but he had known little concerning the history of the town. He had many reasons for respecting the town, and feeling a lively interest in its prosperity. All he had heard and seen on that occasion increased that respect and interest.

Westfield, with its churches, its schools, its manufactories, and its productive farms, has occupied, and will continue to hold a conspicuous place in this noble commonwealth. Such towns make the state a noble one, make us proud of it, and constrain us to repeat with loving hearts, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

He thought it would not be proper for him to occupy more time, and concluded his remarks by thanking the committee for their invitation to attend the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of their good old town, and expressing the earnest hope that the future history of Westfield might be even more glorious than the past.

The third regular toast:

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—prosperous within her own borders, she sends forth her children to form new States and Territories, and imbue them with her own thrift and industry.

Responded to by the Hon. Charles R. Ladd of Springfield, formerly a member of Westfield Academy. Mr. Ladd said:

Mr. Chairman: The day, with all its peculiar duties and enjoyments, belongs of right to the citizens of your beautiful and thriving town, and to the children from other places—near and far away—whom they have invited home. You, sir, know very well that I am not one of the family, either by birth or adoption. Consequently I am here to-day without an invitation, and only as a spectator of these interesting exercises. I hoped to meet many friends who, with me,

were members of the old Academy, nearly thirty years ago, and also to see the estimable and honored gentleman who was then its popular principal, and who is now doing good service for the cause of education in a neighboring State. But I have wandered through your streets, seeking familiar faces almost in vain, and have experienced that strange sadness which sometimes possesses one, when he feels that he is alone in the midst of a multitude of people.

Your generous hospitality gave me a place at these well filled tables, and I can do no less than to express my heart-felt thanks to the citizens of Westfield, for this very substantial kindness, and to ask their indulgence while I add a few words in response to the sentiment last announced.

My honorable friend, (Mr. Knight,) who has just spoken so eloquently upon the same topic, has left me but little to say.

Sir, the prosperity of Massachusetts is not a myth, but is an existing, palpable fact. It is felt and known on every hand, and almost throughout the world. It is seen in the crowded streets of her cities, and in the rural homes that dot her hill-sides and her valleys,—on every river and streamlet that can turn a spindle, and her numerous lines of railroad that bear the products of her industry to business centers, beyond her borders. Though her commerce languishes, it is not dead; and though her stubborn soil yields but a moderate reward for the labor expended upon it, it adds something at least to the grand total of her annually increasing wealth.

Her schools and colleges and other institutions of learning, were never so well patronized, or so efficiently and successfully managed. Life and activity—a cheerful and contented spirit prevails everywhere; and best of all, intelligence, Christian morality and business integrity, stand prominently forth as the characteristics of her people. It would be pleasant to trace these results back to their causes, but time and your patience would fail me. It is sufficient for the occasion to say that they had their origin in the colonial and provincial periods of her history, and that the church and the common school system are entitled to a large share of the credit of making Massachusetts what she has been in the past, and what she is to-day.

In my earlier years I could not understand why she was called a commonwealth—as if in contradistinction to other states in the Union. Perhaps the prophetic vision of the fathers saw in her high destiny, the leader in all benevolent and Christian movements for the benefit of the human race, and the bright exemplar for the guidance of the nations in the organization of a free republic. That she is the founder of

states, is sufficiently exemplified in this great gathering of the scattered children of a single town. I know not how many states and territories are represented here; but statistics abundantly show the fact, that all over the land—in the deep forests of Maine and the everglades of Florida, on the prairies of Illinois and the mountains of Montana, on the cotton plantations of the South and the ranches of the Pacific coast—the children of the Old Bay State are found by scores and hundreds. And wherever they go, they plant the civilization, the institutions, and the morals of the commonwealth, by the side of their homes.

In this fact we cherish an honest pride, and upon it, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian rests his strongest hopes for the future of our country.

Fourth regular toast:

The Founders of Westfield—They selected their township with wisdom; they defended it with bravery; and the pleasant scenes in which their children dwell, are the monuments of their enterprise and refinement.

E. V. B. Holcomb, Esq., of Chicopee, Westfield-born and bred, responded as follows:

Mr. President:—It gives us sincere pleasure to return to our native town to participate in these interesting, instructive and pleasing bi-centennial exercises; to return to our native town,—old Westfield,—the home of our youth and our boyhood, to meet here so many returned sons and daughters, friends and acquaintances of former days; to grasp the friendly hand, and again look into these faces, after years of separation; to talk over old times and sayings, and note the improvements of her enterprising citizens in her manufacturing, her mechanical, her agricultural and educational interests, which so eminently mark her progress and give her distinction. Our different callings have led us in various directions and pursuits of life. Engrossing as they have been, they have never blotted from our memory the home of our nativity; neither have we ceased an active interest in her prosperity, her growth, and her welfare. We have seen, with great satisfaction, the public spirit of her citizens, manifested in the development of those enterprises, which are useful to mankind, and which we behold in the many neat and comfortable dwellings, the broad and well kept walks and streets, stores, and good farms, the stately churches and fine school-houses, which so elegantly adorn and beautify our good old home; monuments of your liberality, good taste, culture and refinement, showing that the stirring

people of the town have nobly carried out the wisdom and policy of the founders of this ancient town; and the bravery of her many sons, who stood for the defence of our country and government, immolating their lives for freedom's sake, for the sake of the Union, and the right in our late war, show that able and brave soldiers were reared here, and ready to emulate the spirit of their fathers.

We are happy to greet so many aged people here to-day, the fathers and mothers of a former generation, linking the present with the past, recounting to us the growth and prosperity of the town; long may they live, "their last days being their best days."

Many who started in life with us are not here to day, they have fallen by the way; they are missed, but not forgotten. This memorable bi-centennial day we welcome as one of the happiest days of our lives; forever will it be fresh in our memories; and thankful are we to the wide awake people of old Westfield, for inaugurating and executing, with such marked success, the events of the day. Thanking a kind Providence for all his many blessings, and permitting so many to meet and participate in this celebration, we close by offering the following sentiment:

The sons who have gone from old Westfield—Proud of the town and home that gave them birth, of its agricultural, manufacturing, educational and mechanical prosperity, her churches and school-houses, her success and her history; may they never do anything to bring dishonor on her fair name.

The fifth regular toast:

The returned Sons and Daughters of Westfield—We welcome back "the old familiar faces." Let them tarry with us till they study well the lessons of their childhood, before they take a new departure.

Rev. Dr. S. R. Ely, of Roslyn, Long Island, responded, he said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am happy to meet and greet you on this rare and interesting occasion, and esteem it a privilege to express (however feebly) the feelings and emotions which are awakened by the scene before me. The occasion is rare, inasmuch as it occurs but once in a hundred years—it is our first and last gathering of the kind. It is a joyful occasion, because it is a return to the place of our birth—to the home of our childhood, after long years of absence—a coming back to meet the few who began life with us, and who became the more dear as their numbers diminished.

"O home of my boyhood, my dear native home,
I love it the better wherever I roam."

This is a beautiful spot, on which the hand of God has been most lavish of his gifts. To the west rises those rock-ribbed hills, that look to-day just as they looked in my childhood, queer and beautiful; standing just where they stood when the voice of God spake them into being To the north stands Mt. Tom and his little brother Holyoke in all their grim, sullen grandeur, like two old sentinels looking forth upon the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. From the east we catch the first beams of the rising sun, and from the south comes the pure, fresh breeze from the ocean, modified a little by its passage over hills and plains. It is indeed a charming spot—ever dear to our hearts—ever fresh in our memories, into whatsoever lands we may have wandered. There is a single thought, to which I trust I may be permitted to give utterance. It is the ministry of this place. The town was organized two hundred years ago to-day. The first church organization of the place was ten years later, and the first clergyman of the place, regularly ordained and installed, was the Rev. Mr. Taylor. The next was the Rev. Mr. Bull, whose successor was the Rev. Mr. Balantine, and the fourth link in the ministerial chain was the Rev. Mr. Atwater, the fifth the Rev. Isaac Knapp, and the sixth the Rev. Dr. E. Davis. Without pausing to individualize or dwell upon the gifts and excellencies of these devout men, it is sufficient for our purpose to know that they all magnified their office. They have all finished their course with you—their graves hallow the ground where slumbers the dust of your fathers—not one was allowed to suffer from penury, or forced away in age. This simple fact speaks volumes in your and their praise. As we survey the labors of these sainted men, we cannot fail of discovering the mighty influence which they exerted over the minds and morals of our fathers—over all that pertained to their welfare in the life that now is, and that which is to come. In regard to the other churches of our common Lord and Saviour I can say but little, from the simple fact that they have come into existence since I have left this place. They probably had their struggles, trials and discouragements in their infancy, but they have now attained a strong and noble manhood, and as members of the great body of Christ, are exerting an influence in common with their sister churches, which tells not only upon the present generation, but which will tell upon generations yet to come.

And now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen of Westfield, permit me to express to you my gratitude, and the gratitude of all your guests to-day, for the honor you have done us on this occasion, and the eloquent,

cordial, touching welcome with which we have been received. This is the last gathering of the kind in which we shall ever mingle—but thanks to our Father, there is another gathering in which we and the great host of the good who have preceded us shall meet; a gathering on the fair banks of the River of Life, where we shall be exempt from the toils and partings incident to us here; until then, honored friends and kindred dear, farewell!

George Stowe, Esq., of New York, son of the late Deacon John H. Stowe of Westfield, was now called upon for a song. Mounting a chair, he sang "The Home of my Boyhood" with a vim and abandon, that elicited shouts of applause.

Sixth regular toast:

The President of the Day—Venerable in years, ripe in virtue. His path like that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

The infirm health of Mr. Fowler had compelled him to retire before this sentiment was read, and the company were deprived the pleasure of hearing his response.

Seventh regular toast:

The Orator of the Day—Distinguished and accomplished in his profession, beloved and respected as a citizen, he honors his native town by his able and interesting address on this occasion.

Mr. Bates said in reply, substantially as follows:

There are some people, Mr. Chairman, who pretend to contemn the opinion of the world. They affect to consider, that all their conduct proceeds from the best of motives; and, that what they do, is done in the best way; so that, if the world censure them, the world is mistaken, and they are sorry, not for themselves, but for the errors of the world. There is another class, who pretend, that they are of independent thought, uninfluenced by, and regardless of the conduct, or the estimate of others; and, generally, such persons are of such character, that, as between them and the world, there is no love lost. I belong, Sir, to neither of these classes. I do value the opinion of my fellow-men, and, especially of my townsmen,—of those, who have lived with me, in the town, where they and I were born and bred; and, therefore, I

value the sentiment, which has been given, and I feel grateful for the manner in which it has been received.

I do not consider it as a mere formal compliment. I know that this assemblage appreciates the effort, which has been made to group together the memorials of our forefathers, the early and brave settlers of this town; and they are glad, that even so much has been done, as I have been enabled to do; and my regret is, and it is a sincere one, that I have not been able to accomplish more, to spread before you a record, more worthy of them, and of the occasion.

And here, perhaps, I ought to stop. I see your chairman thinks so. I read, what he would say, in his eye, and his face. He is saying to me, in his silence, which, it is said, is often the most expressive eloquence, "You have been honored with an appointment of your townsmen, to deliver an historical address. You have delivered it! For more than a mortal hour, have you kept a large audience in the church, obliged to listen to your lucubrations. They could not go out, without disturbing the order of the proceedings, and endangering their dinner, and therefore they stayed, in constrained patience. You were assigned an honored seat on the dais, next to the chairman. You have received the usual complimentary toast to 'the orator of the day;' and the company have, good-naturedly, made a show of approbation. And yet, after all this has been done, you get up, like a clergyman, who preaches all the afternoon, to tell his hearers what he said in the forenoon, to say, what you ought to have said, or to repeat what you have said already." I do confess, that I do not see how I can stand up under these heavy objurgations. I feel that I must yield to them, and especially so, when I see around me so many distinguished persons, from all parts of the country, whom we all would be glad to hear. But I cannot sit down, my friends, without assuring you, that the words of welcome that our lips have uttered, our hearts feel! You have wandered away from the Woronoco, over many higher and loftier mountains, over many broader and deeper rivers, than those which glide, and, at times, rush through the valley, which our mountains encircle. And some of you have passed over to the Western shores of this broad continent. But, we are glad to see you back again, upon the hearth-stone of our race. We are rejoiced to have you *see us*: to have you see what we have done, and what we are now doing. And, when you leave us, as you will too soon do, for the happy homes where you now dwell, we would have you carry with you the abiding conviction, that the fires, which our fathers lighted here, in a wilderness, shall be kept by us, ever brightly burning.

Eighth regular toast:

Russell—The youngest child of Westfield—born when its mother was 123 years old; and in Russell was begotten Reuben whose surname is Chapman. By this birth Russell became the mother, and Westfield the grandmother of the judiciary of the commonwealth.

Official duties prevented the attendance of the chief justice. We publish a letter from him in the appendix.

Ninth regular toast:

Southwick—The eldest child of Westfield—born when its parent was a hundred years old, but not weaned till a lusty youngster of ten.

To which Mr. S. S. Fowler of Southwick replied briefly.

Tenth regular toast:

Montgomery—Our second child. Like a bold eaglet she looks down from her mountain perch upon the parent nest.

Eleventh regular toast:

The Fathers of Westfield—Distinguished for their strong common sense, their unswerving integrity, their love of simple customs, and for their success in every worthy undertaking.

Rev. Ambrose Day responded substantially as follows:

I had thought the arrangements made for this occasion, were generally pretty judicious, but I come now, where the wisdom of the programme is not so apparent. The old men of the town are not here, and if they were, I might not be their representative.

But, sir, of the old men of the town,—where are they? I look in vain for them here to-day, and with solitary exceptions they are gone—gone to be with us here no more. They have taken their departure to another land, some of them so recently that their presence had been anticipated at this gathering, and we feel a sort of disappointment at not seeing their faces among us. In contemplating the fathers of the town, we are forcibly reminded of the anecdote of the little maid, who when inquired of, how many children there were belonging to the family, replied "Seven." When asked where they were, she answered by giving the locality of five of them, and added, "and two are dead."

When it was objectingly asked, "Then there are but five of you, are there?" she still insisted, "Yes, we are seven." So we too must make the same claim, *yes, we are seven.*

With this definition of the "old men of the town," we say they were, as a class, a worthy set of men. They had not all the advantages we enjoy. They could not have come their hundred miles this morning, and been present at this festival, but they were men of sound common sense. Social and kindly in their intercourse, sober, industrious and frugal in their habits. Young America was not at a premium with them. Indeed he was not then grown. If born, he had not attained the proportions he has since assumed. Having but lately acquired deliverance from a foreign dominion, they had found themselves in a kind of social and political chaos, and they felt themselves engaged in rearing a superstructure for themselves and their posterity. That superstructure we have to-day, in the institutions they established, and in the character, intelligence and enterprise of their descendants here assembled, or wherever they are scattered over the lands. The schools they planted, and other institutions they organized, are yielding to us an exuberant harvest of social, civil and religious blessings. Their names and their doings are to be held in grateful remembrance. I will only add, honor to their memory, and peace to their ashes.

Twelfth regular toast:

The Women of Westfield—Wives and Mothers, nowhere truer. They have been rendered illustrious by the character of their sons and daughters; Maidens nowhere lovelier.

This was responded to by Rev. E. H. Richardson. He said:

I think the sentiment eminently just, except that its different parts were a little too much restricted in their application; for, in the first place, what is declared of the wives and mothers is equally true of the daughters and the maidens; and what is declared of the maidens, is true also of the wives and mothers. They are all alike true, yet no more true, than lovely. Go where you will—the wide world over—and more of all that, which serves to render the female presence a charm and a sanctification, you will not find. Now we feel this to-day. These wives, mothers and daughters are not only the embellishment, but the inspiration of the occasion. These decorations, by which the church was so beautifully adorned, were the thoughts of their mind, and the work of their fingers. The songs of the day

have thrilled us more deeply, have inspired us with better sentiments, than perhaps any words, which for months have been addressed to us. How much of the material of the excellent commemorative address of the day owed its existence to what the women of Westfield have done; and those warm words of welcome, could a higher praise of them be spoken, than that they expressed the heart of the whole assembly—of the mothers, wives and daughters of Westfield. I can not pass by the hymns, or poems that were read. Why, just look back over the day,—so much of it as has passed,—and take away from its pleasures and improvement that part, contributed by the female mind and heart, and what would remain? The effect wrought upon the festivities of the day by this bi-centennial flood, would be as nothing to such a depletion. Of the congregations, which assemble upon the Sabbath in this town, I think three-fourths of each are composed of women. Without them the social meetings in these churches would be a farce. Two-thirds of the membership of these churches is composed of women. Three-fourths of our Sabbath School teachers are women. Of all the reforms of the day, what the women contribute is the main element. Of the positive forces of the day and the hour, they are the greater part.

And what the women of Westfield are to-day, have we a doubt but that they have always been? In looking over the ancient records, we do not indeed find written the names of women. Not a speech or address from a Westfield woman is there in print. I do not think that either from pulpit or rostrum by a Westfield woman, an oration or address was ever delivered. From the very tombstone of many a one of them, the very name has been obliterated. Yet have not the mothers of this town, though not by speech, expressed themselves? And as regards monumental commemoration, unto whom has been erected that, which is more enduring, or more to honor? The women of Westfield have been the wives and mothers of the men of Westfield. *All* of *history* is of them. To review the past, to review all that ennobles, and blesses the present, is to review them. Have we not the pledge that, what the mothers have been, the daughters are now? Young men—you who are here to-day, not with a mother, not with a sister leaning upon your arm—a word to you. Learn to estimate the treasure that you have. God made woman to be beautiful, to clothe herself in garments of beauty. He made her also to beautify. A beautiful maiden is the most beautiful object that an angel ever thought, or that God ever made —I believe—and yet, to say of any true woman that she is beautiful, is saying too little. Young man, the resemblance of her ancestors, of

her mother is upon that maiden, and there is beauty in her, as well as upon her. There is determination in her, fortitude, patience, helpfulness, womanly devotion, piety, love, trust. Believe it of her; confide *in her;* be worthy of her. Let the men of Westfield be worthy of the women of Westfield, and the honor of our future is secure.

Thirteenth regular toast:

The colors of the 10th Regiment—Their tattered folds recall the days, when "stormed at, with shot and shell, they led the columns of the gallant 10th to victory."

Capt. P. Solomon of Westfield replied. He said:

I had not the honor of following through the many hard-fought battles, the flags you have just toasted. My lot was in other fields sustaining its counterpart. The loyal soldier of our late war loses none of his enthusiasm in responding for the "Stars and Stripes." They are all alike to him—have the same meaning—no matter to which of our brave regiments they were entrusted. I regret my inability to follow in detail the history, and awaken reminiscences of the perils and struggles, through which your brave sons carried this tattered banner, in the severest conflicts against disunion, and how, when peace crowned the efforts of patriotism, they brought it back in victory, more beautiful though torn, than when sound in all its parts. Then its destiny hung in the balance: now it is assured! It is to us a pleasant coincidence, that the same strong arm and stout heart that bore it in the fiercest din of battle without a fear or a waver, through every struggle of the Army of the Potomac, from Fair Oaks to Petersburg, is with us to-day, and carried "the dear old flag" in the procession this morning. As color sergeant he held it up in bold defiance when comrades fell around it, and every corporal of his guard fell a victim to the rebel fire. Adam Swan of "Company K" must be forever remembered and associated with the flag you honor to-day.

No wonder that Westfield looks back with pride upon the past, and rejoices in the fullness of her heart, that the trusts confided to her by the commonwealth (always first in war for liberty and equality) were not misplaced. How inspiring to the soldier is your sentiment, loyal, patriotic and fresh as in the dark days of our country, when friends were plenty, but not too numerous; and now, when the good work has been done, neither the peril nor the dear old flag is forgotten. Are Republics ungrateful when such people are at the foundation of our government? Emulating the noble principles which gave our flag its

birth, deeming no sacrifice too great for its maintenance, we will march in the van of civilization, holding it aloft, as a glorious beacon of hope, to which all may steer; and under its folds securely anchor. And as surely as we follow in motive and deed, the lofty examples taught by the ancestry of American liberty, so certainly will our children follow us; generation will follow generation, each vieing with the other, to bequeath its share and interest of its own priceless inheritance.

Fourteenth regular toast:

The Westfield Atheneum—The memories of Samuel Mather and Hiram Harrison. The Atheneum is their monument. May it be imperishable.

Mr. Eldredge of Hartford replied, handsomely referring to the lives and characters of Messrs. Mather and Harrison as signal instances of what may be accomplished by faithfulness, perseverance and purity of life, and recommended with earnestness that the young men of Westfield strive to imitate their virtues and good qualities.

Fifteenth regular toast:

Our brave Soldiers—For the dead—our tears. For the living—our prayers. To all—our gratitude.

Mr. E. B. Smith was called upon to respond which he did in a manner worthy of the brave men commemorated.

Sixteenth regular toast:

Our Public Schools—The fathers founded and fostered them. We hold them in trust, a precious memorial of wisdom of the past, and blessed pledge of the stability and progress of the future.

Replied to by Rev. H. Hopkins, substantially as follows:

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen: The declining sun and this dissolving audience forbid that I should respond as fully as I had intended to the sentiment just read; but it would be inexcusable, if on this occasion no distinct historical reference were made to the connection of our system of public education with the men of two hundred

years ago. The inhabitants of this place at that time,—some of whose names have been spoken to-day, formed a part, and were a sample of the old puritan colonial commonwealth. I may be permitted then, simply to read two or three extracts from the early colonial records, which reflect the brightest lustre upon the fathers. As illustrating their spirit, take this prayer, uttered before the civil court of Massachusetts in 1645, by John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians: "Lord! for schools everywhere among us! that our schools may flourish! that every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives! that before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation in the country." I should like to further illustrate this point, but forbear. As early as 1635, free schools were commenced in Boston, and in the year 1647, the General Court passed the following memorable order, for the promotion of common education: "It is, therefore, ordered by this courte and authority thereof, that every towneshipp within this jurisdiction, after that the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty howsholders, shall then forthwith appointe one within theire towne, to teach all such children as shall resortes to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or mothers of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supplye, as the major porte of those who order the prudentials of the towne shall appointe. And be it further ordered, that when any towne shall increase to the number of one hundred families or howsholders, they shall sett up a grammar school, the mothers thereof being able to instruct youths so far as they may bee fitted for the university." It was thus that our fathers founded our public schools.

Cotton Mather says of the University of Cambridge which they founded in 1636, when there were only five thousand families of them, that it was "the best thing they ever thought of." But in the light of the developing history of the country, the most discerning minds of our time declare the best thing they ever thought of was the common school system.

Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his reports to the board of education, after describing the scattered, enfeebled, endangered and suffering condition of the colonists, says: "It was then, and amid all these privations and dangers, that the pilgrim fathers conceived the magnificent idea of a free and universal education for the people. As an innovation upon all pre existing policy and usages, the establishment of free schools was the boldest ever promulgated since the commencement of the Christian era."

Mr. Bancroft writes, "In these measures, especially in the laws establishing common schools, lies the secret of the success and character of New England. Every child, as it was born into the world, was lifted from the earth by the genius of the country, and in the statutes of the land, received as its birthright, a pledge of the public care for its morals and its mind;" and Judge Story says, "The truest glory of our forefathers is in that system of public instruction, which they instituted by law, and to which New England owes more of its character, its distinction and its prosperity, than to all other causes. If this system be not altogether without example in the history of other nations (as I suspect it to be in its structure and extent), it is, considering the age and means of the projectors, an extraordinary instance of wise legislation, and worthy of the most profound statesmen of any time. At the distance of centuries it stands alone and unrivalled." Such are, in brief, the facts, and such are the testimonies concerning them. Let me remark in passing, as a matter of the highest significance, that the free school system of our country owes its origin, not to political philosophers, or to mere philanthropists, but to men whose distinguishing characteristic was their religious faith, and who sought to put fully into practice in the new commonwealth they had founded, the principles of the Holy Scriptures.

The early settlers of this town were many of them descendants of the Pilgrims, and as a community, inherited their principles and their usages. I can only stop to say, that the town record on this subject has been more than good from the first. Free public schools have ever been sedulously guarded and generously fostered, while the Westfield Academy, practically for many years an adjunct of the common school system, gave the place a wide and well deserved educational fame. Our normal school, which we believe to be the best in the land, is a testimonial not only to the wisdom of the state, but to the public spirit of this community.

"Our public schools* we hold them in trust." It is a matter of proud record, that our schools have more than kept pace with the advancement of our material interests, and their condition on this bi-centennial day is a matter of public congratulation, in which I may say that you, sir, have an especial right to share. If time permitted, I should like to speak of our schools as they now are. We hold them in trust, too sacred to be touched by a demagogue, too precious to be rudely handled by any political manager for any party's ends. They require the patient and faithful watch and care of our best men and women, and they will demand increasing liberal appropriations of our money. But, fellow-

citizens, these free public schools are fundamental in our social and political economy, and whatever their real interests demand, we will gladly give. If we can but produce among us noble men and women, who shall bless and honor us, we may well afford to sacrifice all other products, for they are worth nothing except for this. If we fail in this, nothing else has value. Whoever seeks to overthrow the common school system of our country, is an enemy to the common good, and is to be resisted always, at all hazards, and to the end.

I wish to say, sir, in conclusion, that in these days the beneficent end of our system of public instruction can not be fully reached, unless attendance on the schools be made in a greater degree compulsory. The times are ripe for broader and more stringent legislation on this subject. The education given by primary instruction should be the lowest requisite for full citizenship, and this education should be demanded by the state. In short, sir, we have need to reproduce, in its spirit, one of the earliest legislative acts of the Massachusetts colony, which was as follows:—"Forasmuch as the good education of children is of singular behoofe and benefit to any commonwealth; and whereas parents and masters are too indulgent and negligent of their duty in that kind,—It is therefore ordered by this courte and authority thereof, that the selectmen of every towne, in the several precincts and quarters where they dwell, shall have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbors; to see first, that none of them shall suffer so much barbarisme in any of their familyes, as not to endeavor to teach by themselves or others, theire children and apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capitall lawes." From "so much barbarisme" in any of our "familyes," may "the courte and authority thereof" defend us.

Seventeenth regular toast:

The Westfield Merchants—Past and present.

L. F. Thayer, Esq., responded substantially as follows:

I really think it rather severe, Mr. President, that I should be called upon to respond to the sentiment, the Merchants of Westfield; and I have no doubt that when the sentiment was read, that many here expected to see some dignified merchant of ripe age and experience, rise to respond, instead of myself who am but a boy, in comparison with others who have gone before me on the same path.

When I declined to respond to this sentiment, on the ground that I

could hardly consider myself much of a merchant, I confess I was somewhat taken aback by our worthy orator, who very kindly remarked that he thought I was as much that as anything else, which some sensitive minds might have construed to mean more than was flattering.

Had I been called upon to respond to the sentiment "Jack at all trades," I should have been just at home, and there is no telling how good a speech I should have made. But I confess that I am a little puzzled here, for my memory extends not back to the good old time that existed, ere that daughter of Massachusetts, called the state of Maine, embodied in her statutes certain laws, which the indulgent mother thought so good that she followed her daughter's example, and went and did it too; I say I do not remember those glorious old times, when free from civil law, our worthy vice-presidents carried two jugs to the grocery for their molasses, having one filled with the common article in use at the present day, and the other with an article refined from the same material, and purified from all that was unpleasant, and in those days familiarly called Santa Croix. I do not remember the scenes in the old store on the west side of the green, where round the fire on winter nights, they used to gather, and as the glass went round, discuss and settle those knotty questions which wearied their brains by day; and it seems to me that if some of these worthy gentlemen by my side, who in their earlier days may have happened to have witnessed some of those scenes, would tell the story, it would be vastly more pleasant to sit and hear it, but it is always the way, those that do know, won't tell. But, coming down to more modern times, I do remember the little shop that stood where Mr. Colton's store now is, and where Jonathan Taylor, with his genial face and kindly smile stood sentinel; and the store on the east side, where the worthy proprietor systematized his business to a nicety. I remember, and who does not, the old store on the north side of the green, where Samuel Arnold, or as we boys used to call him, Uncle Sam, kept his various wares, and sold his goods for the best price he could get, and preached and prayed free to all who would listen; his prayers for the rag-shag and bob-tail from hoop pole, will never be forgotten by those that heard them. Uncle Sam was a genius in his way, and many were the tricks the boys sought to play upon him, but rarely did they outwit him. I don't suppose there exists in the state to-day, a store where such infinite variety of goods could be found as was stored in that old trap, for nothing could be mentioned or called for, which the old man did not have. I remember of two young men making a bet on the ground that one asserted that nothing ould be called for that he could not produce; and when the trial came,

the opposing party walked very blandly up to Mr. Arnold, and inquired if he had any second-hand pulpits for sale, which was certainly rather of a rare article to find in a mercantile house; but the man was a little surprised when the old gentleman, in his most winning manner, asked him to just step up stairs and see if the one he had would suit him. As the party that was invited had no particular use for the article, he did not buy, but paid the bet.

But it is late, and I must not weary you. I will not mention the names of those (some of whom are with us to-day) who have gone out from us into broader fields, and have lined their nests with gems and gold. I will not speak personally of those, who at the present time are laboring from early morn till late at night to minister to the wants of our growing town; and let me tell you as one that knows, that there is no harder life than that you merchants lead, and from personal knowledge and acquaintance with most of them, I know them to be earnest and honest men. I will not close without mentioning with kindly feelings, the names of Col. Hooker, Hiram Harrison and Jasper R. Rand, names that embodied all that was good, and true, and generous in human life; few names in the mercantile history of Westfield were as widely known as theirs. But they, with others we have known, have passed away, but will never be forgotten, for the good deeds of their lives, quarried from generous thoughts and noble impulses, have builded for them monuments nobler and richer than art can rear.

Eighteenth regular toast:

The Press—The great regulator and educator of human society.

Mr. Porter C. Bliss, a reporter for the "New York Times," and a recently released prisoner of Lopez, in South America, was introduced to the audience by Mr. Leonard the presiding officer at the table, as one who had suffered much in consequence of his recent connection with the diplomatic service of our country in Paraguay. He also presented him as a gentleman of rare attainments in antiquarian lore, and as a kinsman, both being descended from John Leonard. That individual resided in Springfield, his house standing on the site now occupied by the block of Messrs. Homer Foot & Co. He had fourteen child-

ren, the eldest born in 1641, with whom and their descendants, many families in this vicinity have been and are connected. Like many of the early fathers, he fell by the hands of the Indians.

Mr. Bliss responded to this sentiment as follows:

I am surprised to be called upon, as this is my first appearance in Westfield. I was descended from a Springfield family, and, in listening to the glowing eulogies of Westfield to-day, I have thought that if my ancestors had been aware of its superior advantages they would have emigrated in a body, in which case I should have been born here; in this way I might establish a connection with Westfield. In looking up the genealogy of the Bliss family, recently, I have ascertained that no member of it was ever imprisoned or hung, so I must consider myself the first scamp in the family; two years ago began for me the time that "tries men's souls," and mine was tried and condemned. I commend the courage of the town in continuing the celebration in the midst of untoward circumstances; I find some comfort in the law of compensation. I have it from good authority, that, while our deluge was at its height, Niagara river fell one hundred and sixty feet.

I hardly belong to the regular press; I am not a member of the press gang, but only of the flying-artillery; I can say, however, that this is a most im-*press*-ive occasion, and I will com-press my remarks and close.

Nineteenth regular toast:

The State Normal School—May the growth of the School in the future, as in the past, like the recent enlargement of the building, be in an upward direction.

Mr. Dickinson replied for the State Normal School, in the following felicitous manner:

I suppose this festival belongs to those who can claim it by the right of birth. Although I was born not many miles away, I can not claim Westfield as my native town, and yet I have a feeling towards it similar to that expressed by the foreigner, who said that he loved this country so well, that he had concluded to make it his native country. I have come to love Westfield, first, on account of its physical beauty. I do not think there is a town in the commonwealth in which nature has bestowed her favors more generously and judiciously, in so far as physical beauty is concerned, than in Westfield. We have here quiet walks

and shades; extended plains and sloping hills; and all those variations of hill, and valley and forest, that constitute a beautiful landscape. I find that all who live here for a time, love to return after an absence, and revisit old places, that have been to them in former years the occasion of so much pleasure.

But I love the town especially on account of her educational institutions. Years ago, before the common school system of the commonwealth was brought to its present state of perfection, before the day of high schools, when there was no grading of the lower schools, with reference to the high schools, there was an educational institution in this town whose influence was felt throughout the county; an institution in which the whole community was educated. It is the province of education to mould the character and regulate the conduct. The Westfield Academy with that good man, whom we all remember with as perfect a memory, and whom we all love with as fresh a love, as though he had but just left us for his place in the upper world, at its head, deserves a perpetual remembrance from this whole community, for what it has done for the town and county. The academy has fulfilled its high commission, and in the very place where it stood, has sprung up an institution that is destined to complete that grand system of public schools, of which the town has reason to be proud. The normal schools of the state are a part of her great system of public schools. The normal of Westfield has for its object the preparation of teachers for the common schools of the state.

Whatever may have been the success of this school in the past, pardon me for saying that its teachers have always performed an amount of faithful work, that the teachers of no other school can easily exceed; and we now have the great satisfaction of experiencing the most hearty support by our friends in the town, and by our patrons abroad.

The gentleman whose address on this occasion has given us so much satisfaction, was one of the earliest and most effective supporters of our normal school. We have occasion continually to feel that the school is among its friends. Encouraged and supported, we have three times outgrown our accommodations; and if this encouragement and support shall continue in the future as in the past, we will outgrow our accommodations again. So that whoever of you shall be present at our next bi-centennial celebration, shall see a school-house in the valley, and a boarding-house on the hill yonder, containing 250 pupils and boarders, furnished with all the facilities and accommodations necessary for the most complete and comfortable preparation for the great work of common school-teaching.

Twentieth regular toast:

The Westfield Academy—Though dead, it yet speaketh.

It was most fitting that Mr. William Goldthwaite, so long connected with this institution should be called upon to respond, which he did in most felicitous speech, of which we regret no notes were taken.

Twenty-first regular toast:

The prosperity of Westfield—The first step in its progress was in the path of learning. Let education follow its course and stimulate its future.

Mr. J. G. Greenough's reply was as follows:

After alluding to the fact that he was attached to Westfield by her educational institutions, and was afterwards adopted as one of the sons of Westfield, Mr. Greenough proceeded to notice the elements of the future prosperity of our town. Among these he called attention to the advantageous position of Westfield, accessible from the sea-board by two direct lines of railway, and equally fortunate in its connections with a wide territory to the west of us. He remarked that the two streams that here hollowed out our broad alluvion from a less productive plain, here also by their upper courses and numerous tributaries, made openings for roads that diverge from our village as from a natural center; so that the resources of a wide territory are naturally the resources of Westfield. Passing from the natural advantages of the place, Mr. G. remarked, that the elements of the future prosperity of Westfield, were to be found in the educational institutions, rather than in her natural resources. He remarked that Athens, upon her rocky site, eclipsed in fame and influence, all the wealth and splendor of ancient Rome, and that the glory of New England was not so much her material as her mental products.

He closed with fitting allusion to the union of feeling and of action which had characterized the people of Westfield in every good work, and expressed the belief that, what Westfield had so worthily begun, she would nobly perfect, until she should be, in her educational institutions, second to no other town in the state.

Twenty-second regular toast:

The Business Men of Westfield—Their thrift and enterprise have produced the means by which our public improvements have been originated.

Mr. H. B. Smith commenced by stating the old adage, that any one who could earn a living in Westfield, could get rich elsewhere, and so he had concluded to split the difference and make up all personal deficiences by trading chiefly with outsiders. He remarked upon the good and great things accomplished by our predecessors, and closed with some pertinent remarks to the young men of business of Westfield.

Twenty-third regular toast:

The Westfield men, who are honored business men of other places.

Mr. Calvin Day of Hartford replied briefly; but to the point.

At this point, the following letter was read from Rev. H. Bingham of the Sandwich Islands, expressing sympathy with us in our festal gathering:

NEW HAVEN, October 6, 1869.

WILLIAM G. BATES, Esq., Westfield, Mass.—Dear Sir: We are disappointed as to a timely conveyance to Westfield. At the very last available hour, I forward the portrait of Mrs. Bingham, formerly Miss Sybil Moseley of your town. Even the express company will not send it *to-day*.

This friend of the heathen was an honor to the town that gave her birth and education. She was a sagacious and successful teacher in Southampton, Mass., Sharon and East Windsor, Conn., Canandaigua, N. Y., and Honolulu, Sandwich Islands; she was a true, affectionate and faithful missionary, *wife*, and *mother*, unflinching in toilsome and hazardous *missionary pioneering*, and patient in suffering to the end. "She hath done what she could." I trust her rest is glorious.

Oh! that the Lord of the great harvest would send a competent number of laborers of like spirit into his harvest; and that all nations may be soon led to acknowledge the supreme sovereignty of Christ, as truly and fully as the Hawaiian people have gladly and gratefully done.

Yours truly,

H. BINGHAM.

The Rev. Hiram Bingham married Miss Sybil Moseley, daughter of Pliny Moseley, in 1820, and sailed

with her, with the first corps of missionaries, to the Sandwich Islands. After spending the greater part of their lives in the service, they returned here, on account of her ill health, and she has since died. He married afterwards Miss Naomi Morse, daughter of Jacob Morse of this town. Mr. Bingham has died within a few months.

The toasts to the farmers of Westfield found no response.

Mr. George Stowe sung an original song, bristling with most effective and resounding elocution, which elicited great applause. We give the words entire, but the elocution we can not give:

BI-CENTENNIAL.

Tune:—"Co-ca-che-lunk."

I.

We are gathered 'round this table
On this Bi-Centennial day;
Each and all should now be able
Here to have their little say;
Noble ones and *Blood* relation,
Not excepting *Snow* and *Thayer*,
Gathered here from every station,
Fear not any *Fowler's* snare.

Chorus.—Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelaly,
Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelay;
Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelaly,
Hi! O chicachelunk-chelay.

II.

All your *Abbott*-ship may feel, sir,
Quite submissive to our fates,
Just down there we go to *Kneil*, sir,
And up there we go for *Bates*.
Years ago we made our pledges,
Kept them when was no mishap,
Here and there a *Bush* or *Hedges*,
Knight or *Day* we had a *Knapp*.
Chorus.

III.

Smiths are num'rous everywhere, sir,
Here are *White* and *Black* and *Brown;*
Johnson with his organs rare, sir,
Tunes his pipes in many a town:
We'll unite in *Stevens'* chime, sir,
We'll press *Gillett's* friendly hand;
While we have our *Morse* on time, sir,
Isn't it time for Gilmore's band?

CHORUS.

IV.

We have *Shepherds* without *Crooks*, sir,
We have *Farmers*, *Young* and old,
'Tis recorded in the books, sir,
We the *Champion* cattle hold;
Here's one *Foote*, and by the *Powers*, sir,
Fuller measure give who can;
No *nine Taylors* such as ours, sir,
Are required to make *one man.*

CHORUS.

V.

Silver street had its own *Stiles*, sir,
Bulls once dwelt where now grows *Rice;*
Farther on, within two miles, sir,
Horton's Miller toll'd the price;
Where's the family of *Lord*, sir?
Royal names don't seem to stay,
One exception,—'pon my word, sir,
We have Jo-*King* here to-day.

CHORUS.

VI.

'Mongst the *Boise* there was a *Ladd*, sir,
We this day have heard his voice;
All about the *Field* are glad, sir,
Moore than *Little* we rejoice;
Hours of *Bliss*, of joy and pleasure,
We upon this *Green* have pass'd,
Grant we may those mem'ries treasure.
While the "*Sands* of life" shall last.

CHORUS.

VII.

Deeply we regret, this day, sir,
That the flood-fiend, far and near,

Has kept scores of friends away, sir,
We'd rejoice to welcome here.
By the flood, if this *Hull* town, sir,
Post and *Root* had been laid bare,—
All the *Gates* and *Barrs* thrown down, sir,
We *At-water* would not swear.
CHORUS.

VIII.

Waters *Rising* have subsided,
We will *Lay* aside our fears,
And by friends this day be guided,
Till the "*Dewey* eve" appears.
Now I've had my little say, sir,
I have had my little blow,
Now for Westfield I do pray, sir,
Three good cheers on her be-*Stow*.
CHORUS.

WESTFIELD, MASS., October, 1869.

The following verses were composed for the occasion, by Mrs. J. M. Loomis:

BI-CENTENNIAL.

We meet, a landmark here to place,
O'er records old to linger,
And snatch the grace of ancient race,
From Time's corroding finger.

To take the pilgrim staff of friends,
Our hands the need supplying;
Love's service tends to blessed ends,
Who gives nor takes denying.

To roam the vales and climb the steep,
And wander on together,
Love's tryst to keep till shadows creep,
And hands unclasp forever.

The dear old mother, missing each
Lost step, with precious savor
Bids flowers teach in subtle speech,
Of her unending favor.

Thus breath of rose recalls the grace
Of one, so well that sleepeth;

And lilies trace the tender face,
For which a mother weepeth.

We banish every care to-day,
All thoughts but true and tender;
The mystic ray that lights our way,
No poet speech can render.

Through Memory's land, with footsteps fleet,
Our hearts within us burning;
What perfumes sweet where press our feet!
No sense but ours discerning.

Ye Olden Tyme! with forehead bare,
We give thee reverent greeting!
Thy haunted air holds visions rare,
From fond souls never fleeting.

Old winding paths of other times,
With June's wild roses wasting
Where fragrant vines distill their wines
To finer sense than tasting.

Where busy *mart, sweet shrubs and grass
As in the old time morning,
Trip lad and lass through dewy pass;
To drive the cows at dawning!

For grass-grown way and simple heart,
Rude altars served for pleading;
Nor asked a part in piles of art,
Only God's service heeding.

This from a dame, whose honored lips
Lend words such grace and sweetness,
Though story heard of song of bird,
Will lack the song's completeness.

Two hundred years! 'tis noontide light
In hoary old world's story;
When mailed knight, with armor dight,
Went forth in quest of glory:

Antique to us, and humbly taught;
Dim down time's vista beaming,
The simple thought, so quaintly wrought,
In lettered stones is gleaming.

*The villagers formerly used the "Green" as a cow pasture.

Aye! humbly taught, for ruthless deeds
Claim royal minster's splendor;
For kingly deeds how few the meeds
Most meet to kings to render.

The starry heavens for every one,
Peasant nor prince divining;
The blessed sun his course doth run,
Nor heed for whom he's shining.

We'll walk the paths of sweet content,
Where happy birds are singing;
None e'er lament, who pitch their tent,
Where peace's soft bells are ringing.

This simple pilgrim shrine we set;
Unwritten by the sages,
Where storms shall fret and soft dews wet,
A way-mark for the ages.

WESTFIELD, Oct. 6, 1869.

The following was contributed by Miss Sara M. Kneil:

Lo! glad we come with happy hearts
That loud thanksgiving raise,
To greet the past in days that are,
And walk in ancient ways.

We bid our feet in reverence pause,
Lest treading holy ground;
We listen for the song and speech
That bear the olden sound.

We look once more on faces dear,
We clasp again firm hands,
And pledge anew the friendship, love
Makes strong, with golden bands.

One home to-day,—one mother ours;
While all the arches ring,
The children of her ardent love
United praises sing.

Though distant far, and absent long,
Our hearts are still as one;
The truer love, the stronger faith,
Proclaim a loyal son.

As in the sunshine of to-day,
The centuries' path we trace,
We mark how end and progress show
The Lord's abundant grace.

Through all our hearts with one accord,
A common gladness runs,
That brave and wise the fathers were,
And *we* are called their sons.

Our heritage so large and fair—
Its wealth is never told,
It lies not in our goodly lands,
Nor yet in counted gold.

In memories of the bravest lives,
In deeds of noblest men,
In teachings of the true and just
To-day renewed again.

We widely boast of honored store,
And ask for naught beside,—
The most of wealth, the best of good,
Are ne'er to us denied.

May He who loves his children well,
Grant now the help they crave,
That, still untarnished, they transmit
The gift their fathers gave.

The centuries meet!—may all the good
And honor *two* have known,
Be welcome gifts to greet the third,
And her with blessings crown.

O bygone days! O days to come!
May yet your paths be one,
And children's children crown the work
The fathers' hands begun.

WESTFIELD, Sept. 29, 1869.

The following sentiment was volunteered by a worthy son of Westfield, residing in the city of New York, who was unable to be present, William L. At-

water, Esq., cashier at A. T. Stewart's. A letter from him will be found in the appendix.

By an Emigrant son of Westfield, and an active member of a new York "Can't-get-away Club."

GOOD HIGHWAYS.

They have been declared by high and almost universal authority to be the index of the highest civilization. It follows that those, who make good roads and keep roads good, are the most civilized of men, as well as benefactors to the world of travelers. It is therefore eminently proper to commemorate one, who for many years was Westfield's most efficient Commissioner of Highways, giving a large part of his time and counsel as a voluntary service. He had a settled prejudice against stones, large or small, obstructing or throwing discomforts in the pathway of life. I offer the memory of ELIJAH BATES.

FIRE-WORKS.

The display of fire-works under the direction of the Executive Committee, in the evening, on Moseley's Park on Main street, was finer than is often seen outside the limits of a large city, and certainly surpassed anything ever witnessed in this vicinity. The whole affair was a decided success in spite of the water-soaked land, and the tardy arrival of railroad trains. Much of the success however, was due to the interest taken, and the exertions made in its behalf by Mr. A. T. Rand, formerly of this town. The people who densely thronged the streets leading to the place of exhibition, were courteous and kind; and notwithstanding the thick darkness which brooded over us, in the absence of the usual gas-lights, unfortunately extinguished by the freshet, the good nature and pleasant humor of the crowd, who were jostling each other to find standing room, was very noticeable and enjoyable; and if disaster and disappointment bring such results, we shall welcome them hereafter.

The exhibition opened with the burning of colored lights, which revealed the large pieces prepared for the delight of the multitude. Silent and still they stood, like spectres awaiting the magic touch which should wake them to life. Then followed a fine display of rockets, Roman candles, mines, etc.

The first large piece was the "Harp of Iris," displayed in changing colors, after which came shell fired from a brass mortar. These burst in the air with a heavy explosion, scattering stars of every color. After more rockets, fired singly and in groups, also Roman candles, colored lights, etc., came "a moving star," which at first fixed, soon commenced revolving with increased velocity till it exhausted itself. After another plentiful bombardment of the sky, by rockets, Roman candles, etc., the "Yankee Windmill" appeared, reminding one of the mills seen on the seashore for pumping water. This was followed by "Spider Legs," a very comical contrivance, which reached its feet and legs ever forward in its revolutions.

At about this time the cry of fire was raised, and the surging of the multitude seeming to those employed in exhibiting the works, to be in the direction of the burning house, they brought the exhibition to a close by firing the "grand architectural piece," some seventy-five feet in length, and thirty feet in height. This consisted of a base almost ten feet in height, on either side of which reclined the representatives of Forest and Civilization. The latter with whip in hand, having a local significance. On the pedestal the word "Woronoco," was brilliantly set forth. Above these principal figures were—1669—1869; above that, in arch, the word "Westfield," thirty feet in length, sup-

ported by a full battery of Roman candles. On either side of the central piece were columns surmounted by coronets, discharging stars and colored lights. This piece as seen before the exhibition, by the colored lights, was really very fine, but in the grand finale exceeded even the anticipations of the most expectant beholders.

SOCIAL PARTY AT THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM G. BATES.

Invitations were extended to the guests of the town to assemble at the dwelling-house of Mr. Bates, on the evening of the 6th; and preparations were made for their reception. A large concourse of people went to the brow of the hill on Main street, to witness the fire-works,—an exhibition which others failed to witness, on account of the fatigues of the day. It was expected that there would have been a general attendance at Mr. Bates'; but, after the close of the pyrotechnic display, the fire alarm was given, and the buildings of Mr. W. C. Holcomb, at the foot of Pine hill, in Court street, were found to be in flames. The vivid brightness of the illumination called away a large portion of the people to the scene of the disaster; and when the conflagration was subdued, the greater part of them returned to the houses of their kindred. As it was, quite a pleasant and agreeable company assembled, enjoying the pleasures of social converse, and partaking of the hospitalities which were provided. Every one seemed to enjoy to the full, the whole of the exercises, and to rejoice in the happy thought, which had inspired the convocation. The storm, the disarrangement of the plans, the retardation of the assembling of old citizens, the keeping back of so many old friends, whom we, and our

guests alike, desired to meet and welcome, was something of a damper upon the exultation of the party; but, in the meeting itself, of so many old and valued friends, so long separated, and whom many never expected to meet again; the meeting of them here,—AT HOME! the inspiring thought, which had been called forth by the performances, and by the pervading spirit of the occasion, seemed to render the day one, almost, of unalloyed happiness; and it was the remark of more than one of the guests, who had traveled many hundreds of miles to greet his kindred, that he should go back to his own happy home with the remembrance of having passed one of the happiest days of his life.

Thus terminated the sixth day of October, A. D. 1869, a day long to be remembered by thousands of our present and former citizens. For ourselves, we felt proud of our town. We had felt gratified before, at the unanimity of our citizens in inaugurating and carrying forward the celebration; but we felt a new enthusiasm, when we found what a feeling of gratified enjoyment had been inspired by its liberality, in the hearts of so many of its returned sons and daughters

RECEPTION AT CAPTAIN LUCIUS F. THAYER'S.

A fitting and most pleasant feature of the bi-centennial celebration was the social gathering at the residence of Lucius F. Thayer, Esq., on Silver street, Thursday evening, the 7th inst. The railway trains of that morning and during the day brought many persons who were not able to be present at the festivities of the preceding day, owing to the interruption of travel caused by the storm and flood, and Mr.

Thayer, true to a prompt, generous and wide awake nature, decided to open his capacious mansion and invite all such, and as many others as chose, to come to a social re-union. The result was one of the most agreeable gatherings of the occasion. Old friends and acquaintances were happy in reviving the sweet memories of youthful days. The school boys and girls of days long past, whose locks were silvered over, whose forms were bent and whose steps were not as elastic as of yore, then lived their childhood days over again, and seemed to warm with youthful fire and animation as the exploits of the past came up in review. Fire-works which had not been used the previous evening, owing to the alarm of fire, were displayed on the lawn in front of the house. Roman candles, sky rockets, shooting and revolving stars, wheels, etc., etc., contributed to the general joy, and made the hours short and felicitous.

Among the hundreds present, it may be invidious to mention the names of any, as at best we can give but few. Yet we recall, with pleasure, the radiant faces of Joseph W. and Reuben King, Esqs., of Illinois, who fill honorable and influential positions in their adopted State, representing as they do, one of the most ancient families of the town; of the stately and thoughtful Frederick Sacket, Esq., of Chicago, who, starting in life as a humble mechanic has carved out for himself a position at the bar in that city which can be filled only by talents of the highest order; of the genial and sunny Henry W. Bates, Esq., of New York, with wife and sister, Mrs. Warner, children of Elijah Bates of fragrant and precious memory; of Rev. Dr. S. Ely, of Roslyn, L. I., of fine physique and cultured mind who gave us a neat and chaste speech

at the dinner table; of D. B. Mosely, Esq., the accomplished editor, and his brother, the publisher of the *Religious Herald*, Hartford, Conn.; of Rev. John Cadwell with a life of successful toil as a Christian minister; and of E. M. West, Esq., a wealthy banker of Illinois, who had allied himself to the "ancient and honorable" Atwater family by marriage and was here to represent it as well as himself. And so we might go on, but time and space forbid. They came and they have gone, but the memories of the occasion still linger in refreshing sweetness.

Appendix.

INCORPORATION OF WESTFIELD—MAY 28, 1669.

Springfeild, Att a Towne Meeting ffeb. 2d, 1668. Uppon ye Motion of ye Inhabitants at Worronoco This Town being willing to prmote & further their desire of being a Townshiip of Themselves, (amongst other graunts to them did &c) Doe leave the Inhabitants there to themselves to mannage their own matters, or as the Honnord Genle Corte shall further Order: And we hope the Corte will see cause to Order them to be a Townshiip & that they through the favor of God may grow up into a comfortable society, & bee a happy Neighbourhood to Us & Our ffreinds & Theires.

This is a true Coppy of the Town Ordr vizt., soe much of it as is concerning the releasing of Woronoco from Springfeild.

Taken out of ye Town Records

By mee Elizur Holyoke *Recorder.*

(B. 112, P. 193.)

There being a motion made to this Court in ye behalfe of ye Inhabitants at Woronoake belonging to Springfeild, That they may be a Townesliip of ymselves: Springfeild being willing theretoe as appeares by Coppy of an order of that Towne under their Recorders hand heretoe anexed. Leaving Woronoak to ymselves & referring ym to this Court: This Court (therefore) Doth hereby Grant them to be a Townesliip, & allows them all Priveledges according as other Townes have in this Collony, And that ye Sd Towne be called Westfeild:

The magists have past this their brethren the Deputys hereto consenting.

28 May 1669. Edward Rawson *Secty.*

Consented to by the Deputyes,

William Torrey *Cleric.*

(B. 112, P. 193.)

"THE BOUNDS OF WESTFEILD."

SPRINGFEILD; Aprill 14th 1670.

Wee whose names are here subscribed being a Comittee appoynted by the Town of Springfeild for ye laying out of the quantity of Six miles Square graunted to Westfeild by the Honnord Genll Corte have attended the said Work and therefore doe hereby declare how Their said quantity of land shall lye, that is to say the said quantity of land is laid out to them five mile broad at ye Northerly end thereof extending from a pine tree marked at ye East Mountayne to a white oake marked at ye West Mountayne, & it runneth in length Southerly Nine Mile that is to say from the said Pine tree holding the course of the South South West poynt uppon ye Meridian compass: And at the Southerly end of their Nine Mile their limitts are ffoure miles broad Westward: And the Ledge of Mountaynes is to be the bounds between Springfeild & Westfeild: wthin this tract of land their is conteyned the quantity of about three Square miles of land granted before by Springfeild to Westfeild, & about the quantity of Two square miles in reference to the farmes of the Worthy Major Atherton deceased & Capt. Clapp.

ELIZUR HOLYOKE GEORGE COULTON
SAMUELL MARSHFEILD ROWLAND THOMAS.

The Deputyes approve of this returne sd Honor'd magists Consenting hereto.

WILLIAM TORREY *Cleric.*

The Magists Consent hereto.

EDW. RAWSON *Secrety.*

[Massachusetts Archives, vol. 112, page 201.]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT, }
BOSTON, Aug. 28, 1869. }

A true copy,

OLIVER WARNER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WESTFIELD RECORDS BETWEEN 1658 AND 1669, INCLUSIVE.

The extracts and dilapidated leaves show the following grants of land, and the names of the following persons, as inhabitants, at the dates mentioned:

1658, December 17—A grant to "Ensigne Tho. Cooper" on the north side of Woronoco River.

1660, March 13—A grant to Dea Sam. Chapman, "20 or 30 acres" on the east side "of the second brook, that is this side of Tho. Cooper's," running from the river to the hill.

1661, February 19—A grant to Capt. Pynchon, Robt. Ashley and Geo. Colton, the forfeited land of Jona. and John Gilbert, of the "low lands between the river and the hills."

1667, January 9—Grants confirmed to Geo. Phelps, Isaac Phelps, Capt. Cooke, Mr. Cornish, Moses Cook, Thos. Dewey, Thos. Noble, David Ashley, Mr. John Holyoke, John Osborne. At the same time, Capt. Cooke, Thos. Dewey, John Williams, John Sacket, John Ponder, David Ashley and Mr. Cornish were appointed to view and apportion the fencing, &c.

1667, March 2—Thos. Noble, David Ashley and John Root petitioned for an addition of two rods in width, each, to their house-lots west of "Indian fort."

On petition of Geo. Fyler, a house-lot of 6 acres was granted him "next to John Root's, or next but one," and an addition of 2 rods in breadth, on that side of the river by the Indian fort. Also 5 acres at Fort meadow. "The 35 acres of land on the north side of Woronoco River "above the cellars," still undisposed of, next to Geo. Fyler's former grant, it is given to Walter Lee, Ambrose Fowler, Geo Saxton, Jona. Alvord."

1667, March 12—The inhabitants, living "at the cellars," requesting it, Geo. Phelps and John Williams were appointed to lay out a highway across "the wett meadow under the hill," "to the pyne playnes."

John Bancroft was granted 30 acres, and a house-lot, on the Fort-side.

Dr. Davis speaks of a design to call the town "Streamfield," on account of the number of its streams and rivers. The Record of 11 August, 1668, speaks of a meeting at "Streamfield;" and it was

1 "Voted unanimously that we will looke out for a minister to carry on the worke of God in this place.

2. It is voted by all the inhabitants and planters present that they will allow to a minister the sum of forty pounds for the first yeare.

3. It is voted that the said sum be raysed for the present (until the company are settled here together and so long as they shall agree) vpon the lands.

4. It is voted that wee looke at our selves as free and at liberty to seeke out according as God shall guide vs for a Minister to carry on the worke of Christ here."

1668, August 27—A grant was made to "Jedidiah Dewey 15 or 16 acres of land viz the remaynder of Weller lott, & a home lott."

Also to Israel Dewey 8 acres on the Fort side.

1668, Jan. 21—It was voted, "that Mr. Fiske's continuance in the ministry be earnestly desired."

"Also that wee will & doe ingage suitable mayntainance according as God shall inable us for the future & for the present what is already ingaged viz 40. £ for the 1st. yeare." They also voted "to disburse 40 £ for building a house for the minister, & that the meeting-house be set on the Fort-side."

1668, March 18—A division of the territory was made into three parts, and *lots* were cast for it. In the first division, the lands were *allotted* as follows: 1. Thomas Gunn; 2. David Ashley; 3. John Ponder; 4. Sergeant Stebbins; 5. *Mr.* Joseph Whiting; 6. Wm. Brookes (alias Israel Dewey); 7. Thomas Bancroft; 8. Hugh Dudley; 9. Isaac Phelps; 10. George Phelps; 11. Thomas Rootes; 13. Thomas Noble.

There were grants also made to other persons in 1668 and 1669, viz.: to John Sacket, John Ingersoll, Fyler, Capt. Cooke, Josiah Dewey, John Osborne, (the latter was near his house), Mr. Fiske and Thomas Handchitt.

A grant of Sackett's creek was also made to *Mr.* Whiting and David Ashley to set a mill on to grind corn, and the land about it for a pasture; and for their encouragement 100 acres for them to choose not less than three miles from the meeting-house.

I have been thus particular in making these extracts, as they tend to establish the opinion, stated in the address, on page 49, in reference to the progress of the settlement here, at the time of the incorporation of the town. It thus appears that grants were made to 34 persons, and all of them but three, are elsewhere named in the records, as living here, or having other permanent establishments.

It seems, also, that, in January, 1667, a committee of seven persons was appointed to view and apportion the fencing, &c. We should consider this, as "a committee of the whole," if the people of Woronoco were not more numerous, than is stated by Dr. Davis and Dr. Holland.

REMONSTRANCE OF WESTFIELD AGAINST ORDER TO ABANDON THE SETTLEMENT—APRIL 3, 1676.

The following letter is the one referred to in the address, from the committee of the town of Westfield, in reply to the intimation or "the

orders in council" to remove from town, and concentrate the population of the vicinity, at Springfield. The copy is accurately made by Mr. Pulsifer, of the Secretary's office.

"Westfeild letter
3 Aprill Rec'd
28 Aprill '76"

Honrd Councill: We Presume a Second time to trouble ye Worships with a few lines, ffor having cast orselves, upon ye Honored Counsells concerning or abiding here, or removing hence & for that End having faithfully represented our State unto you we were in Expectation of hearing yr advice. But at last perceiving yr thoughts by ye Order you gave unto Maj. Generall Savage the wch in pt we have attended upon, viz., to gather op ye mindes of or town respecting or remoove where we made such an offer as this to any that should come to vs, that we would deny orselves to accomodate between twenty & thirty families of or Present tillage land if so many would come to vs & that during ye continuance of ye troubles: yo which in a town meeting was judged by all that we could do; But when or Commitee, came to Consult with or Neighbour towns, although singly, & apart it was generally thought strange that Springfield should be judged a better, & more Convenient place for ffortification than Westfield, they rather was silent, or moving for or remove to Springfield. the wch was & is altogether against or inhabitants, insomuch that there is not a man among vs hath any ye least inclination to remove that way, & in that there is an intimation of such a thing in yr Honrd Order to ye Generall, as if Springfield &c: was fittest for ffortification, with great respect vnto ye Information we cannot but take ye boldness as to intimate ye grounds of or thoughts to ye Contrary, as, 1. Its Situation lying on both sides of ye great River Connecticut, whose East Side is voyd of habitations being but a very few left, & those a great distance asunder those on yo West side being scattered above a mile up & down some of which are hid with brambles, & as for its tillidge ground ye most being a great distance from ye town & not cleare from brush in some places of it & to it, in so much as an indifferent person cannot but judge (as we suppose) yt ye Danger is double in mannaging ffield imploym'nt: to what ors is. 2. Its Preparation, It is a Place (with griefe of heart be it spoken) most of ye East side in ashes, vnbuilt & vnfortified vnlese some few houses. 3. Its Providentiall Dispensation. It hath been sorely under ye blasting hand of God, So that it hath but in a lower degree than ordinary answered ye labour of ye Husbandman, & sometimes his labour on it is wholely cast

away, now these thoughts are very discouraging vnto all thoughts of or removall thither, for to remove from Habitations to none, from ffortifications to none, from a Compact and plain place to scatter'd, from a place of lesse danger in ye ffield to ye more, from a place under ye ordinary Blessing vpon ovr Labours to one vsually blasted, seems to vs such a strange thing that we finde not a man amongst vs inclining thereto, wherefore being by ye Honord Councill at Hartford, vpon address for strength from them, yt wth their own necessities could not dispence with, adviced not to desert ye place as yet, we are determined to draw in or out Garrison houses, and to Contract or ffortification into ye Compass of about 70 rods long, ye wich or thoughts are to ffortifie strongly and to keep with five flankers, and for this end ovr earnest suit is that you would allow vs, if, it may bee a garrison of thirty souldiers, we are not without hope of gaining some Corn for our families as yet. But if you cannot allow any, then or present thoughts are that if we cannot have a safe Convoy from ye town to some place downward, it is judged that we had better abide here in or ffortification thus strengthened, and that although we have no help from abroad, with respect to or own safety than to go to Springfield. It grieves vs that we should object so much against Springfield for ye Worshipfull Maj'r Pynchon's sake, But we judge there is a better way for his safety than this, & although we would do much for his sake, yet we cannot adventure on this ground into such great hazzard as appears. Here are some young men with vs its said would inlist themselves in Country service to garrison if they could be admitted, whom necessity will force from vs if it cannot be.

Ffurthermore, we are at ye Present altogether incapacitated for any removall, by reason of ye awfull hand of God upon us in Personall visitations, for here came a souldier sick of ye Bloody fflux, and dying amongst vs in Capt. Cook's family, hath infected ye ffamily therewith in somuch that he hath lost a son of it, his Wife lies at ye point of Death his youngest son is very weak of it, and he him selfe is almost brought to his bed by it, & there is another ffamily in his house hath it. We hope yr Worships will Pardon or teadiousness, & give or arguments a Patient hearing for surely it is against vs to say as we do, if great danger did not stare us in ye fface. The Good Lord Sanctifie, and deliver vs. We remain

Yr Servants, & Suppliants
in the name of the Towne.

Isaac Phelps,
David Ashly,
Josiah Dewey.

Westfield, 3, 2*m*. 1676,

We had a garrison all winter of about 30 souldiers, but we have no incouragment of them, & many are withdrawn & all of them Since yir Capt, is returned shew hard to get off & by one after one they are come almost to twenty, & we cannot have any promise, nor incouragemnt of any.

PETITION FOR A GRANT OF THE NEW ADDITION, 6,000 ACRES. JANUARY 12, 1736.

To His Excelleney Jonathan Belcher, Esq., Capt. Generall and Governor within & over his Majestie's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, the Honorable the Council, & the Honorable the House of Representatives in Generall Court Assembled.

The Humble Petition of Thomas Ingersole, Representative of the Town of of Westfield, Sheweth :

That he is directed by his principalls the Town of Westfield, to Shew to your Excelleney and Honorrs, that the Bounds of their Township West & North-westerly, as they now Stand, are to the Top or ridge of the mountain which is verry uncertain In that in some places the Top or Ridge Can't be known. In some other places the Ridge or Top Is a Mile West of the Ridge In other places and therefore verry Crooked and uncertain. Now May it please your Excelleney and Honours the Case so Stands that the Bounds of the said Town of Westfield may be made Certain By Granting to the Proprietors of said Town the Land Between said Bounds and the Township granted to the proprietors of the Town of Suffield and the land laid out to the Heirs of James Taylor Esq deceased the Land contained Between which Bounds is about six Thousand acres and is in some places a mile and Half wide and in some places but a few Rods and then your Petitioners prays they may Run a Line from the South West Corner of Northampton town bounds to the Nor East Corner of Suffield proprietors bounds then going a Long that Township Round the Land laid out to said Taylor's heirs to the South East Corner bounds and then running a Parralel line with the South line of sd proprietors Township East 22 D: G. south to the said Township of Westfield the Lands Contained within wich is very broken Land fit for Nothing else but Herbage now your Petitioners has these reason to offer to enduce this Honble Court to grant sd Land.

And ye Inhabitants of said Town are settled on Intervel Meadows and there is almost no feeding Land In said Township for the Cattle and sheep to feed on.

2ly the people of said Town have alwayes yed Leved fronteers in the West part of this Province and suffered much by the Indian Wars.

3ly It will Render the Bounds of the said Town Certain, and prejudice no Town or person.

4thly the Petitioners Will Engage that the Grantee shall make and maintain for Ever a Good Cart Way where the Road now runs or near that To the said Township Granted of the proprieters of Suffield which will be a Considerable benefitt to the publick there being three Towns Westward now Setled or Setling and four more Lately Granted westward to be Setled In a Short Space which Rode is the publick and Common post Rode always before Used to Albany And your Pettition Shall as In Duty Bound Eaver pray.

THOMAS INGERSOLE.

In the House of Representatives, July 3d, 1736. Read and Ordered that the prayer of the petition be granted and the Lands therein delineated and described be and hereby are accordingly given and granted to the proprietors of the said town of Westfield their heirs & assigns respectively provided the Grantees do forthwith or as soon as may be open and Constantly keep in repair hereafter a good & safe Cart way over the granted premises in the road that leads from Westfield to Housatonnoc commonly called the Albany Road provided also this Grant does not prejudice the grants latety made and laid out to the Heirs of the late Treasurer Mr James Taylor deceased at the pond called ten miles pond, the said Grantees concluding not to hold the same, but it is to be esteemed and looked upon as among the upper Housatonnoc Equivalent; and also that part of the Grant of seven hundred acres of Land to the heirs of the late Reverend Mr John Williams of Deerfield deceased which may or does fall within the lines of the prayed for premises according to the plat lately passed and confirmed by this Court; and also that this grant does not exceed the quantity of six thousand acres of Land exclusive of the said provisos and does not interfere with any or former Grant. C Add-Provided also That the Grantees do, as soon as may be, lay out two hundred Acres of the granted premises for the present minister of the said Town his heirs and assigns, two hundred acres for the ministry and one hundred acres for the school forever and return a Plat of the Premises and the Sequestrations before mentioned, to this Court within twelve months for confirmation.

Sent up for Concurrence.

J. QUINCY, *Speaker.*

In Council January 12, 1736.
Read and Concurred with the amendment at C.
Sent down for Concurrence.

J. Willard.

In the House of Representatives, January 12, 1736.
Read and Concurred.

J. Quincy, *Speaker.*

15. Consented to.

J. Belcher.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Secretary's Department,
Boston, September 25, 1869.

A true copy from Book of "Ancient Plans, Grants, &c.," vol. 3, page 99.

Attest, Oliver Warner,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Plat returned and accepted by the General Court June 10, 1737, 5,879 acres.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF OUTER-COMMONS, JULY 10, 1731-2.

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres.
John Phelps,	285	David Dewey,	69
Job Moadsley,	190	Charles Dewey,	69
David Ashley, Jr.,	230	Isaac Dewey,	49
Dea. Shepard,	375	Ensign Kellogg's heirs,	185
Jona. Shepard,	29	Joseph Sacket,	91
John Shepard, Jr.,	38	Samuel Bush's heirs,	145
Joseph Dewey,	109	Thomas Gunn,	58
David Noble,	38	Matthew Noble,	125
James Noble,	38	Joseph Root,	206
Jed. Dewey's heirs,	122	Samuel Lee,	89
Nehemi Loomas,	187	Mark Warner's wife,	40
Benj. Loomas,	15	Joshuah Root's heirs,	159
Nathaniel Bancroft,	163	James Saxton,	149
John Ponder,	55	Ebenezer King,	89
Capt. Ashley,	515	Widow Mary King's heirs,	49
Deliverance Church's heirs,	48	Elias Weller,	219
David King,	72	Abiah Williams,	30
John Bancroft,	215	Nathaniel Williams,	199
John Gunn,	265	Heirs of Nathaniel Williams,	99
Jonathan Ashley,	413	John Sacket, Sen.,	324

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres
John Root,	187	Deacon Noble,	200
Moses Root,	144	Thomas Noble,	79
Benony Sacket,	81	Edward Martindale,	36
Thomas Ashley,	173	Thomas Pixley's heirs,	89
Rev. Mr. Bull,	36	Samuel Noble,	76
David Moadsley,	399	Thomas Dewey,	125
Samuel Root,	139	Daniel Bagg,	174
Consider Moadsley,	324	Daniel Bagg, Jr.,	84
Aaron Gunn,	298	Sargeant Luke Noble,	155
Daniel Gunn,	163	Mark Noble,	199
Stephen Kellogg,	298	Benjamin Sexton,	62
James Dewey,	149	Heirs of Eben Pixley,	50
John Fowler, Jr.,	190	Thomas Ingersol,	135
Abraham Fowler,	55	James Ashley,	163
Jacob Fowler,	40	Luke Noble, Jr.,	98
Isaac Fowler,	99	Captain Dewey,	174
John Lee,	187	Abijah Dewey,	69
John King's heirs,	54	Haines Kinsley,	265
Thomas Ponder,	64	Abel Cadwill,	30
Samuel Loomas,	159	Nathaniel Lee,	49
John Moadsley,	384	Samuel Fowler, Jr.,	299
Thomas Handchet,	99	Daniel Old,	10
William Sacket,	199	Samuel Kellogg,	40
Samuel Sacket,	80	Isaac Stiels,	30
William Loomas,	125	Ephraim Stiels,	20
Dea. Ashley,	287	Nathaniel Ponder,	60
Isaac Phelps,	89	Samuel Bush, Sr.,	60
Aaron Phelps,	49	Ransford Old,	20
Ebenezer Bush,	199	Israel Dewey's heirs,	98
Samuel Fowler, Jr.,	173	Joseph Taylor,	98
Samuel Handchet,	182	Jonathan Phelps,	98
Nathaniel Phelps,	.37	Samuel Old,	12
Jonathan Fowler,	199	Eldad Taylor,	265

January 28, 1733–4. It was voted "to divide the rest of the land in the inner-commons, which is not disposed of in said scheeme," excepting what land is given to Sundary persons by way of Charraty, which are as followeth.

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres.
Rev. Mr. Bull,	10	Phillips Freeman,	10
Matthew Noble,	10	Joseph Egliston,	10

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres.
John Hains,	20	Nathaniel Egliston, Jr.,	10
Ephraim Stiels,	10	John Root, Jr.,	10
Isaac Stiles,	10	Charles Cootses' heirs,	10
Hanford Old,	10	Thomas Gunn,	15
Daniel Old,	10	Aron Phelps,	10
Elisha Old,	10	Daniel Noble,	10
Nathaniel Lee, Sen.,	20	Jonathan Phelps,	10
Nathaniel Lee, Jr.,	10	Thomas Ponder,	10
Daniel Granger,	10	Thomas Handchit,	10
Jonah Stiels,	5		

At the same meeting, January 28, 1733–4, on a report of a committee, the inner-commons were allotted at the rate of "2-acres of land to one £ real estate, and the List is as followeth:"

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres.
Job Moadsley,	58	Samuel Loomis,	38
Lieut. Phelps,	57	Thomas Pondor,	09
David Ashley, Jr.,	40	John Lee,	26
Noah Ashley,	15	Isaac Fowler,	21
John Shepard, Jr.,	10	Aron Phelps,	14
Joseph Dewey,	34	Samuel Fowler, 2d,	74
Jude Dewey's heirs,	12	Daniel Old,	04
John Pondor,	12	Nathaniel Lee,	10
Nehemiah Loomas,	43	Jonathan Phelps,	14
Nathaniel Bancroft,	33	Jonathan Shephard,	15
Benjamin Loomis,	03	Joshua Loomas,	10
Deacon Shepard,	68	Samuel Kellogg,	30
Captain Ashley,	100	Isaac Stiels,	10
Widow Church,	12	Ephraim Stiels,	02
John Gunn,	55	Nathaniel Pondor,	20
John Bancroft,	43	William Loomas,	40
Lieut. Ashley,	83	Benoni Sacket,	07
John Root, Sen.,	37	Edward Martindale,	10
David King,	12	Adijah Dewey,	28
Steephon Nash,	05	Noah Pixley,	14
Thomas Ashley,	35	Thomas Dewey,	28
Ensine Moadsley,	90	Daniel Bagg,	55
Samuel Root,	29	Daniel Bagg, Jr.,	17
Lieut. Moadsley,	68	Ministree Land,	12
Aaron Gunn,	62	Daniel Noble,	16
Thomas Gunn,	05	Sargeant Luke Noble,	35

Householders.	Acres.	Householders.	Acres.
Daniel Gunn,	33	Abel Cadwill,	06
Ensine Taylor,	52	Hains Kinsley,	53
Stephen Kellogg,	83	Capt. Dewey,	31
James Dewey,	31	Luke Noble, Jr.,	16
John Fowler, Jr.,	38	James Ashley,	16
Abraham Fowler,	17	John Ingersol,	29
Jacob Fowler,	11	Lieut. Ingersol,	62
Samuel Lee,	23	James Noble,	14
Joseph Root,	41	Mark Noble,	40
Matthew Noble,	32	Benjamin Sexton,	12
John Root heirs,	30	Deacon Noble,	29
Samuel Bushe's 2d, heirs,	30	Israel Noble,	11
Joseph Sacket,	26	Thomas Noble,	24
Jona Fowler,	43	Nathaniel Williams,	40
Ensine Kellogg's heirs,	37	Sargeant Sacket,	32–10
David Dewey,	29	John Sacket, Jr.,	16–5
Samuel Handchit,	34	Daniel Sacket,	16–5
Samuel Fowler, Sen.,	40	Nathaniel Williams' heirs,	10
Nathaniel Phelps,	14	Abial Williams,	06
Ebenezer Bush,	40	Sargeant Weller,	47
Deacon Ashley,	70	Eber King,	25
Isaac Phelps,	18	James Sexton,	27
William Sacket,	44	James Sexton, Jr.,	07
Samuel Sacket,	15	Elijah Pixley,	12
Moses Root,	36	Israel Dewey's heirs,	27
Thomas Handchit,	27	John King's heirs,	18
John Moadsley,	79	William Cark's heirs,	16

"FORTING" THE TOWN.

COPY OF A VOTE, APRIL 27, 1747.

"At a legal town meeting April 27, 1747, Cpt. Thos. Ingersole "was chosen moderator for sd meeting at the same meeting it was voted "to Choose a Committy to Consider what measures to take about fort- "ing the Town. it was voted that the Commission Officers and the "Selectmen and Doctor Ashley shall be the Committy to see what "measures and what houses Should be forted and to make Report to the "town what is best to be done: att the same meeting it was voted to "pay a scout that may be sent by the Commission officers out after the "discovery of the enemy if the province will not pay them: at the

"same meeting it was voted that the Select-men should be empowered "to provide a Schoolmaster untill the first day of April 1748. this "meeting was voted to be continued by adjournment untill Monday "next the 4. day of May: the town met at the time adjourned to and "the Committy Reported to the town that they were determined it was "best to make a fort Round Stephen Kelloggs house and Lieut Con- "sider Mosleys and Doct. Ashley house and one over the Little River "and one over the great River and two watch boxes and to be done by "the town."

The "Doctor Ashley house," spoken of in the above vote, was situated in Silver Street at the south end of Noble Street, on the site of William Atkins' house. The building has been razed within a few years, to make room for a modern structure. The base of the second story projected over the top of the first story, and the walls were fortified against musket-balls. The fort-houses were situated in positions convenient for the refuge of the inhabitants, in case of a hostile attack. The old Ingersoll house, now standing over Little River, is said to have been the one which was fortified, or "forted."

PRICES OF ARTICLES AND LABOR, AS ESTABLISHED, 1777.

The prices of the several articles hereafter mentioned, stated according to an act of the General Court of the State of the Massachusetts Bay, by the Selectmen and Committee of Correspondence of the Town of Westfield, March 26, 1777.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Wheat, good merchantable wheat at 6*s* per bushel,	0	6	0
Rye, good and merchantable at 4*s*. per bushel,	0	4	0
Indian Corn, good and merchantable at 3*s*. per bushel,	0	3	0
Oats, good and merchantable at 2*s*. per bushel,	0	2	0
Wool, good sheep's wool and washed at 2*s*. 3*d*. per lb.,	0	2	3
Pork, fresh pork under 180 lbs., at 3½*d*. per lb.,	0	0	3½
Pork, fresh, from 180 to 280 lbs., at 4*d*. per lb.,	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, above 280 lbs., at 4¼*d*.,	0	0	4¼
Pork, salt and good, at 86*s*. per barrel,	4	6	0
Beef, salt and good, at 68*s*. per barrel,	3	8	0
Beef, good stall fed beef, at 4*d*., per lb.,	0	0	4
Beef, good grass fed beef, at 3*d*. per lb.,	0	0	3
Hides, green hides, at 3*d*. per lb.,	0	0	3
Calf-skins, green, at 6*d*. per lb.,	0	0	6
Salt, good, at 20*s*. per bushel,	1	0	0
Rum, West India, rum, at 9*s*. per gallon,	0	9	0

	£	s.	d.
Rum, West India rum by the quart, at 2*s.* 6*d.*,	0	2	6
Rum, New England, at 6*s.* per gallon,	0	6	0
Rum, New England by the quart, 1*s.* 9*d.*,	0	1	9
Sugar, good Muscovada sugar, at 70*s* per hundred,	3	10	0
Sugar, per single lb., 10*d.*	0	0	10
Molasses, good, at 5*s.* 4*d.* per gallon,	0	5	4
Chocolate, good, at 2*s.* 4*d.* per lb.,	0	2	4
Cheese, good, at 6*d.* per lb.,	0	0	6
Peas and Beans, good and merchantable, at 7*s.* per bushel,	0	7	0
Potatoes, at 1*s.* 6*d.* in the Fall and 2*s.* in the Spring,			
Stockings, good men's stockings, at 7*s.* per pair,	0	7	0
Shoes, best men's shoes, at 9*s.* per pair,	0	9	0
Shoes, women's of the best sort, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per pair,	0	7	6
Making a pair of men's shoes, at 4*s.* per pair,	0	4	0
Cotton Wool, good cotton wool, at 4*s.* 6*d.* per lb.,	0	4	6
Flax, good and well dressed, at 1*s.* per lb.,	0	1	0
Coffee, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.,	0	1	6
Tallow, cleaned and tried, at 9*d.* per lb.,	0	0	9
Tow Cloth, at 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard—yard wide,	0	2	6
Other tow cloth in proportion.			
Flannel—yard wide, at 3*s.* 6*d.* per yard,	0	3	6
Oak Wood, at 8*s.* per cord,	0	8	0
Charcoal, at 25*s.* per one hundred bushels,	1	5	0
Sole Leather, at 1*s.* 5*d.* per lb.,	0	1	5
Curried Leather, usual proportion, at			
Mutton, Lamb and Veal, at 3*d.*	0	0	3
Wheat Flour, at 18*s.* per hundred,	0	18	0
English Hay, at 4*s.* per hundred,	0	4	0
Keeping a Horse, 1*s.* 6*d.* per night and day by hay,	0	1	6
Team work with four cattle, 8*s.* per day,	0	8	0
Plowing by the acre, at 6*s.* 6*d.*,	0	6	6
White Pine Boards, at 50*s.* per thousand,	2	10	0
Yellow Pine Floor Boards, at 50*s.* per thousand,	2	10	0
Reaping and Mowing, at 3*s.* 8*d.* per acre,	0	3	8
Common Labor, at 3*s.* per day,	0	3	0
Farming Labor, 53*s.* for six months,	2	13	0
Weaving common tow cloth, at 8*d.* per yard,	0	0	8
Other weaving in proportion.			
Cooper's Labor, at 4*s.* 6*d.* for good heart bbls.,	0	4	6
For Meal of Victuals, 1*s.*,	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Felt Hats, at 8*s.*,	0	8	0
Shoeing a Horse and corking round, at 8*s.*,	0	8	0
Shoeing a pair of Cattle, at 12*s.*,	0	12	0
Horse hiring, at 3*d.* per mile,	0	0	3
Flip, at 1*s.* per mug,	0	1	0
Tobacco, at 6*d.* per lb.,	0	0	6
Cider on the Lees, at 20*s.* per bbl.,	1	0	0
Cyder, at 6*d.* per mug,	0	0	6
Good Hunting Saddles, at 60*s.*,	3	0	0
Butter until the first of June, at 10*d.* per lb.,	0	0	10
and until the first of November, 8*d.*, per lb.,	0	0	8
Good Common Saddles in proportion to Hunting,			
Good Bridles, at 8*s.*,	0	8	0
Salt Pork, at 9*d.*, per lb.	0	0	9

A true copy from the original records.

Attest, R. B. Robinson, *Town Clerk.*

THE INUNDATION.

We clip the account of the bi-centennial storm from *The Western Hampden Times.* It gives some additional facts, beyond those which we have stated already. But no language can express the disappointment and regret, which its occurrence occasioned.

The rain storm, commenced about two o'clock, Sunday morning, and continued until two o'clock p. m., on Monday, swelling the river to such an extent as to break the levee, constructed many years ago, on the right bank of the river, for the purpose of protecting the town from inundations. The ringing of bells announced the fact to the citizens, and men, representing all trades and professions, armed with shovels, were seen hurrying to the scene of danger, with the hope of saving their property and possibly their lives. They worked bravely and manfully, but all to no purpose, and a few minutes before three o'clock the levee opened in two places, and in less than 30 minutes nearly all that part of the town west of the N. & N. H. Railroad, and north of Court street, including Orange, N. Maple, Franklin, Kellogg, Summer, Spring, Hampden, School, Jefferson, Madison, and parts of Washington, Church, Arnold, King and West School streets were submerged, cellars filled, and many of the inhabitants driven to the second story of their dwellings.

The flood being checked on the east, by the embankment of the rail-

road, it followed the course of the town brook, crossed Elm street, filled the basement of Rand, Lewis & Rand's Whip Factory, carrying away a portable picture gallery that was in the vicinity of the factory, and depositing it on the embankment of the railroad. A culvert of the road in the rear of the factory being insufficient to let the water pass, it washed away the embankment on either side, leaving nothing but the rails and sleepers.

The breaking of the culvert increased the volume of water to such an extent as to wash out Mechanic street below the bed of the brook, leaving a chasm about 40 feet wide; undermining the Van Deusen Whip Factory, several private dwellings, and flooding many others, before it reached its natural course east of the village. During this time, and while the citizens were congratulating each other that probably the worst was over, the water broke through the embankment of the railroad on Orange street, flooding the basement of Johnson's Organ Factory, and rushing like a mountain torrent down Elm street, filling cellars, carrying away lumber, fences, small buildings, and everything movable that chanced to be in its way. Before reaching the river, east of the bridge, it washed away the south-west corner of the basement story of Steer & Turner's Organ Factory.

It will take weeks and perhaps months before the damage done to property and thoroughfares can be repaired. Fortunately no lives were lost. Many families, however, were in imminent danger, but were rescued by means of boats and wagons.

The pupils of the normal and some of the public schools had to be conveyed to their home by this means. A party of citizens had collected on the railroad between Orange street and Great river, and before they were aware of it, they were surrounded by water and were compelled to remain in that position until the flood subsided.

Competent judges have estimated the individual loss to be about $30,000, and the loss to the town, railroad, and gas incorporations about $30,000 more, making the total loss about $60,000.

Letters of regret for inability to attend were received from the following persons; some of which we extract from, or copy, our space limiting a more extended notice:

Joshua Atwater, Edwardsville, Ill.; Henry Day, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. H. Wadsworth, Cleveland, O.; William R. Morley, Taylorsville; Mrs. Esther A. French, Lansing, Mich.; Samuel F. Lyman, Northampton; Hon. Oliver Warner, Sec'y, Boston; Charles W. Moseley, Onondaga, N. Y.; Hon. R. A. Chapman, Chief Justice, Monson; William King, Martinsboro, N. Y.; James Sheldon, Brooklyn,

N. Y.; Royal Phelps, Newport, R. I.; Henry T. Morgan, New York; Homer Morgan, New York; O. Allen, Columbus, O.; John Davis, Mich.; Mrs. C. Gibbons, Russell; J. H. Talmadge, New York City; H. W. Gillett, Sedalia, Mo.; F. D. Cossitt, Chicago; Roland Mather, Hartford; Rev. Hiram Bingham, New Haven; Mrs. Catherine M. Foote, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. E. Ballentine, Bloomington, Ia.; Daniel Richards, Watertown, Mass.; Mr. & Mrs. Porter Smith, Quincy, Ill.; Rev. John Alden, Providence, R. I.; Hon. James T. Robinson, North Adams; Hon. John G. Palfrey, Cambridge; Prof. George W. Benedict, Burlington, Vt.; James B. Metcalfe, New York City; Henry W. Taylor, Canandaigua, N. Y.; O. R. Ingersoll, New York City; Joseph D. Bates, New York City; Mrs. Elizabeth King Day, Oakland, Cal.; Hon. A. S. Porter, Niagara; Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, Sheffield; D. D. Erving, Hartford; Henry Terry, Santa Rosa, Cal.; S. B Hadley, Rockdale; A. S. Nash, Corry; Harvey Fowler, Margaretta, O.; William L. Atwater, New York City; Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, Boston; Rev. Hiram Smith, Hinsdale.

There were, besides, warm and fervent letters from former citizens in different parts of the country, expressive of their approbation of the proposed celebration, and of a determination to be present. Many of them, however, were prevented by the great inundation, and others by divers untoward circumstances. We annex a partial list,—imperfect, inasmuch as, in the hurry and confusion of the time, many of them were lost or mislaid.

It was gratifying to receive these expressions of good will, from those, who had been so long absent; and it was doubly so to press the hands of those early emigrants from distant homes, who had made such long pilgrimages to the old home of their birth.

Among the numbers who arrived here, and participated in the pleasures of the occasion, were the persons, whose names we insert below. It was with a sincere regret, that Mrs. West, the daughter of the venerable Joshua Atwater of Edwardsville, Ill., who, with her husband, at the request of her father, of the age of ninety-four years, had traveled as far as Pittsfield, should have been left in a car at that place, by a neglect of the corporation, and thus debarred from the pleasures, they had traveled so far to enjoy.

We were more than gratified that others, who were also left, obtained other means of conveyance for portions of the intervening distance, and by fording streams, where the bridges had been swept away, and by long and weary miles of travel on foot, were enabled to participate in a portion of the exercises.

It should also be remarked as peculiarly unfortunate, that the assembly were debarred the hearing, from so many of the guests present at the dinner, a few remarks, at least, expressive of their feelings upon the occasion. Coming from distant parts of this great country, and meeting here, upon a jubilee, the like of which can never again happen, with their old kinsmen, and the denizens of the town, it would have been a pleasure to us to have heard them speak, and a pleasure to them to have spoken. Many of them were prepared to speak, and they were persons of the ability to do it well. It seemed, indeed, a sort of rudeness, to close the proceedings, without calling upon them to respond. When it was too late to amend, we saw, and regretted the mistake. The obvious apology for us, did not cover the whole error. The unexampled inundation, the delay of trains, the belated convocation of the guests, and the consequent uncertainty, which, for a short time, retarded the proceedings, and the chilliness and dampness of the air in the tent, in the latter part of the afternoon, were causes for the early dispersion of the company. But the original and great cause arose from crowding all the proceedings into one short autumn day! We should have devoted two days to it! One day, at least, for each century was reasonably demanded; and at the close of the second day, after the allowance of ample time for hearing, seeing, renewing old acquaintances, forming new ones, reviving the memories of old times, in social converse, and in the formation of new resolutions for future social relations, our friends would have realized, more impressively, the true enjoyment of this re-union with their kindred. But, alas, it is too late to repair the past! We, however, suggest to our descendants, who may be living here at the close of the next century, to read over the present volume, which we trust some of them will find among the old and valued volumes of their libraries, or in the library of the town, and, certainly in the alcoves of the ever-enduring *Athenæum*, and, warned by our mistakes, devote an ample time to their centennial anniversary,—the tri-centennial celebration of the incorporation of Westfield.

Letters of acceptance of those, who expressed, either briefly or in *extenso* their intention to be present, were the following persons; and we insert in the list from memory, a number who were present from distant residences.

Mrs. Atwater West, Edwardsville, Ill., and E. M. West, her husband; Frederick Sacket, Esq., Chicago; Joseph W. King, Jacksonville, Ill.; Reuben King, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Dr. Samuel R. Ely, Roslyn, L. I.; Horatio E. Day, Hartford, Ct.; Hon. Calvin Day, Hartford, Ct.; Hon.

Albert Day, Hartford, Ct.; Henry W. Bates, New York City; Mrs. Mary A. Warner, Waterloo, N. Y.; Miss Jane Ingersoll, Springfield; Maj. Edward Ingersoll, U. S. Armory, Springfield; Stephen Douglass, Greenwich, Mass.; Jeremiah Douglass, Greenwich, Mass.; A. M. Drake, Brighton; George Stowe, New York City; E. V. B. Holcomb, Chicopee Falls; F. E. Merriman, Boston; Hon. H. G. Knight, East Hampton; Hon. John B. Eldredge, Hartford; Mrs. Mary F. Davis, New Britain, Ct.; Charles Peck, New Britain, Ct.; L. S. Smith, Albany; Caleb Alden and wife, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. S. Munson, Albany; John Hastings, Hartford; John C. Atwater, New York City, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Atwater, New York City; Henry Talmadge, New York City; Edward Hooker, New York City; Edward Taylor, Andover; Jona. Taylor, Andover; Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Spear, West Suffield, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Langdon, Hartford, Ct.; D. B. Moseley, editor Religious Herald, Hartford, Ct.; E. W. Moseley, Hartford Ct.; Mrs. J. Kent, Suffield, Ct.; P. Atwater and family, Suffield, Ct.; J. R. Rand, New York City; Rev. G. Haven, Boston; H. K. Noble, Northampton; Rev. H. Beebe, New Haven, Ct.; A. F. Hastings, New York City; John B. Bancroft, Ballston Spa, N. Y.; Thomas Ely, New Bedford; R. Bancroft, Albany; Mrs. Mary G. Colt and family, Pittsfield; B. B. Hastings, New York City; W. Hudson Stephens, Lowville, N. Y.; R. C. Rice, West Meriden, Ct.; Francis Douglass, Worcester; A. R. Parsons, Free Press, Northampton; Charles A. Chapman, Suffield; William Ely, Elizabeth, N. J.; George W. Fowler, Carbondale, Pa.; Cyrus D. Noble, Northampton; Rev. William G. W. Lewis, Poughkeepsie; Rev. Ephraim Scott, Heath; Rev. Perkins K. Clark, Mittineague; Enoch Clark, Ohio; Rev. John Cadwell, South Deerfield; William Stowe, Springfield; Alfred C. Hobbs, Bridgeport, Ct.; William B. Pettis and family, Troy, N. Y.; Linus Noble, Northampton; William C. Goldthwaite, Longmeadow.

Mr. West, the writer of the following is the son-in-law of Mr. Joshua Atwater; and, with his wife, was present at a late part of the celebration, the car in which they were traveling, having been left at Pittsfield:

Edwardsville, Ill., Sept. 21, 1869.

William G. Bates, Esq.,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, Westfield, Mass.

Dear Sir: By request of Mr. Joshua Atwater, I write to express to you his pleasure in receiving your invitation to attend and partici-

pate in the exercises at the bi-centennial celebration of the incorporation of Westfield, his native town, and to say that nothing could afford him more pleasure than to be present on that interesting occasion, and to renew his acquaintance with the friends and home of his youth. He fears, however, that infirmities attending his advanced age, (being in his ninety-fourth year,) are such as make the journey too great for him to undertake.

He desires to express to your committee, and to all who may attend on that occasion his best wishes and cordial greetings.

Very respectfully,

E. M. West.

LETTER FROM HON. R. A. CHAPMAN, CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Monson, Oct. 4, 1869.

My Dear Sir: I received the invitation of your committee, and your own private invitation to be present at your celebration and go to your house. I desire to be there quite as strongly as you can possibly desire to see me. During my brief residence in Westfield, some forty years ago, I formed some acquaintances that I have always valued highly, yourself being at the head of the list, and I have not lost my interest in the place. What a growth the town has had in these forty years,—not merely in population and wealth, but in intelligence and elevation of character. I have been accustomed to think, that, for its intelligence and moral growth, Westfield was vastly more indebted to our old friend, Dr. Davis, than most people were aware of; and I hope you will do him justice in your address. His most prominent talent was sound common sense. He understood the value of common education in common schools, and labored to promote it. I believe the common school, controlled as well as supported by the people, is a necessity in a free government, and that good common schools are necessary to elevate the character of the people; and that whoever would destroy them, and place common education in the hands of the clergy, or any other class of professional men, would work in hostility to free government. Dr. Davis was a Christian, and accepted the Bible as a divine revelation, applying his common sense to the interpretation of it, in respect to doctrine and practical duty. He knew its elevating tendency. I believe, as he did, that it supplies a moral element, which is necessary to the preservation of the morals of a community—an element, that nothing else can supply. And whoever would depreciate the Bible, or oppose its general use and acceptance, acts in hostility to

a free government and the moral elevation of the people. Westfield has improved just about in proportion to its increased regard for Christianity and common education, and its improvement within forty years has not been small. It will continue to grow, and two hundred years hence the people will re-publish, and read *Mr. Bates' address* with great interest. I want greatly to hear that address as well as to visit your wife, Miss Fannie and Miss Bessie, and see some of my other friends in Westfield. But just think of it! On our circuits, we must listen attentively to learned arguments all day till six, and then go into consultation till nine or ten, and fill up our vacations with writing opinions. And as we go to bed, thoroughly tired, it is with the comforting reflection, that the constitutional requirement, that we shall have an honorable support is utterly disregarded, and that, if we had no private property to supply a part of what is justly due us from the treasury of the State, we should have to resign to-morrow. But, I suppose we must yield to the claims of railroads, and other enterprises for money, and I must suppress my strong desire to attend your celebration. I send my regrets, and my best regards to Mrs. Bates, and your daughters, your family and your associates.

Yours truly, R. A. Chapman.

Hon. William G. Bates.

LETTER FROM PROF. GEORGE W. BENEDICT.

George W. Benedict was preceptor in the Westfield Academy in the years 1818 and 1819, and subsequently became a professor in the university in Burlington, Vermont.

Hon. W. G. Bates. Burlington, Vt., Sept. 25, 1869.

Dear Sir: I thank you for the pleasant note I received from you a day or two since, with an invitation for me to be present at the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Westfield. Is it possible that it is fifty years since I left my charge as preceptor of Westfield Academy? So the almanac says; but who would have thought that fifty years could run away so soon? It is no wonder, that the "bi-centennial" has come along so soon, for two hundred is only *four* times fifty, —not much after all.

But, short as fifty years have been, they have wrought considerable changes in me, among which have come along some infirmities of body, which quite disenable me from mingling in crowds, or exposing myself to fatigue, and I must decline being present at the interesting gathering to which you invite me. Even if I *could* go, I doubt whether I should

not get as much pain as pleasure from the meeting. Nearly all whom I knew, as full-grown persons there, in 1818–19, are gone; and of the many whom I knew as pupils, (and of whom nearly all come up pleasantly before my mind's eye, yet as *young as ever*,) only a few of those who survive would recognize me, and them I should find old instead of young. The break in the picture would seem far greater to me and them, than it can be to those who have met each other at frequent and short intervals during the half century past.

Since I was last at Westfield—I think it was forty-five or forty-six years ago—I have met surprisingly few of those whom I knew there. Many years ago, when I had occasion to be in Boston, I somehow was told, that you was in the city, and at the Tremont Hotel, I believe, and I went there purposely to see you; but was told at the office that you had left the day before. It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you, and to have talked over with you the pleasant year which I spent as an inmate of your father's family. Hon. James Fowler—whose kind remembrance of me in your note I wish to reciprocate, I met for a few minutes many years ago on a railroad train near Burlington, and that short interview was provokingly interrupted by a *business* interview with a gentleman, who had telegraphed me to meet him then and there. It will be quite an accident if we, any of us, meet again in this life—but an accident, which I would be very glad to have take place.

With great respect for your letter, I remain, as ever,

Your old friend,

George W. Benedict.

P. S. Life and prosperity to Westfield and Westfield Academy, for many hundreds of years to come.

LETTER FROM LEWIS F. ALLEN, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lewis F. Allen is a distinguished citizen of Buffalo. He has been engaged in extensive improvements in that city, and has filled its most honorable offices.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1869.

My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to attend "the Second Centennial Anniversary of the town of Westfield" is received.

No enjoyment within my control would give me more hearty gratification, than to attend your anniversary, but indispensable engagements at home will prevent it. The loss will be mine only, not yours, for I could add nothing of interest to your proceedings, as I am known to

scarcely a score of your citizens, and am unfortunate in having but few blood relations in your midst; thus, in my long absence from your town, I should only be a stranger to nearly all of your good people.

But, there is still the grand, lone Mount Tekoa (near the foot of which I first drew my breath) looking tranquilly down upon you; the hills of Russell, and Blandford, and Granville still maintain their protecting front over your delightful valley; the pure waters of your "Great" and "Little" rivers (in which I have swam and dived uncounted times in early boyhood) are yet shimmering through your luxuriant meadows; and many other interesting objects are there, with which my memory is familiar, and at whose sight a thousand fond recollections would throng my heart. No strangers would they be to me, although myself a stranger to your people.

When reflecting upon the accident of my birth, I feel a pride that Massachusetts is my native state, and that Westfield is my native town —a town then, as now, among the most beautiful in the charming Connecticut valley. My brief school education was mostly obtained in the old wooden academy, whose white walls looked out on the village "green," and my last and only histrionic exploits were enacted at the annual "exhibition," with my school-fellows, on the "stage," extemporized in the old white "meeting-house" adjacent, under the supervision of our complacent, yet anxious "preceptor," and our occasional "usher"—the latter, the Hon. James Fowler, since risen to well-won distinction among you, and still, I trust, in the enjoyment of a serene and venerable age—and the "young lady scholars," too, who played their "Desdemonas" and "Ophelias" to their ranting, strutting heroes, coy and affectionate, under the surveillance of their sedate "preceptress" and "under teacher." Blessings be on the heads of those who survive, and honor to the many of those who have departed!

The pulpit of the "meeting-house," in those days was worthily and ably occupied by the Rev. Isaac Knapp, who, among his outside parochial ministrations, as visitor to the smaller "district schools," in my still earlier days, taught me the "shorter catechism,"—a tedious lesson, by the way, to my impatient boyhood—the iron-bound "Orthodox" teachings of which I have not forgotten, but to its observances, I fear, often played the truant. With what awe and reverence did I look up at the occasional aged, venerable, white-wigged, long-queued "ministers," who exchanged pulpits with our younger, more modern Mr. Knapp in those days; and how decorously straightened up in the "Deacon's pew," under the pulpit, sat grim "old Deacon Ballentine,"—lone bachelor

that he was—looking out in case-hardened severity through his iron-bound spectacles, on the inattention of a listless hearer!

Since I left Westfield, more than fifty years ago, my visits there have been few and far between; but they are full of pleasant recollections. The venerable mansion, erected by my maternal grandsire (Captain Richard Falley, of Bunker Hill and Revolutionary memory), near the "green," and in which he lived many years, is still standing, and for sixty years or more, has been successively occupied by some of your most eminent physicians—Dr. Atwater, and the son of the elder Dr. James Holland, the younger Dr. James (the latter, one of your Committee of Invitation, and late a gallant medical soldier in our armies), whose ministrations to the diseased and afflicted were ever salutary and grateful.

The æsthetic taste of the good people of Westfield, I find, has been exercised in the extension of your ample streets, and the planting of trees which overshadow their pleasant dwellings; while their active industry has adorned the town with public structures, admirable in design, and munificent in appropriation—all indicative of the high morality, the continuous thrift, the substantial wealth of your population.

In my last visit to Westfield, two years ago, I felt one pang, and that a sharp one. As I passed up your principal street from the railway station to the "green," I saw a board, on which was painted "Franklin street." What a desecration, thought I, of the venerable, time-honored name, "Shepard lane," as it used to be in my boyhood! Dr. Franklin is honored, in a thousand names, in county, town and village; no need of him in Westfield; while the revolutionary patriot, Gen. Shepard, white-haired and noble in presence, as I remember him, whose humble, gambrel-roofed, elm-shadowed dwelling on the highway, giving it a patriarchal, well-deserved name, must be rubbed out and forgotten! No, no, my good friends, take down that ambitious "Franklin," and restore, in good, honest black and white, "Shepard lane!" It has a rural significance as well.

God bless the good old town of Westfield! Peace and prosperity attend its people! May the joyous event, which you are about to celebrate, remain a grateful memorial in their hearts, and an abiding example to future generations.

With the kindest personal regards to yourself, and most respectful salutations to your associates, I remain, dear sir,

Most truly, your friend,

Lewis F. Allen.

Hon. Wm. G. Bates, *Ch. Com. of Invitation, Westfield, Mass.*

TELEGRAM FROM GROVE H. LOOMIS OF BOSTON.

The mails between Westfield and Boston being interrupted, the anxious and yearning son of Westfield resorted to the telegraph. His letter came to hand during our dinner, while he was fasting from it, in disappointment, in Boston. The letter itself discloses his state of feeling:—

Boston, Oct. 6, 1869.

Hon. William G. Bates:

Though the winds and floods have come between me and home, preventing bodily presence, yet in spirit I am with you, and invoke upon the returning and re-uniting sons and daughters of Westfield that full measure of enjoyment, which such an occasion must inspire. A thousand pleasant memories crowd upon my mind, as I recall the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and as many congratulations rise to my lips, as I contemplate the pleasure of the hour. By the next centennial, flying-machines will doubtless be serviceable, and then look for my grandchildren as they come wafting home. Mr. President, place your hand on the wire, and you will see my pulse beats quick and strong to be with you. Please salute the brethren and sisters, particularly the latter.

Yours, in memory of my ancestor, and with love to my mother,

G. H. Loomis.

LETTER FROM CORNELIUS HEDGES.

After acquiring his education in this town at the Academy, he was graduated at Yale College in 1853; and, being admitted to the bar of this county, he emigrated to his present residence.

Helena City, Montana Territory, Sept. 20, 1869.

To Hon. William G. Bates, *Chairman, &c.:*

Dear Sir: Your kindly invitation to attend and participate in celebrating the bi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Westfield, overtook me, in my wanderings from childhood's home, and has found or kindled a strong desire to participate in the festivities, and testify my loyal attachment to my native town; pride in her name, history, natural wealth and beauty; in her schools and churches; in her thrift and enterprise; but, above all, I would delight to see her scattered sons and daughters gather around the old homesteads, to revive old memories and associations, and over the graves of our sires, to renew our vows of fidelity to all that was wise and good in their teachings and example. But, in view of distance and pressing duties, I

regret to say I cannot come in person. I have chased the setting sun to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and seen many of the bright and rich *fields* of the *West*, but none so bright and fair, in my sight, as the *Westfield* of my birth. I love it all—her meadows and hills; her rivers, brooks and ponds; her blackberry plains, and chestnut woods; all of them are linked with the golden chains of memory. I have found a land that contains more gold, but all the countless wealth of Montana's mines, could not hire me to choose any other spot than Westfield, in which to spend my days, if I could go back to the friends and companions of my youth. But too many have passed the bourne, from which no traveler returns. Could the dead of two hundred years attend your gathering, what a vast and venerable assemblage! But, the two centuries to come, are bigger with destinies, and will throng with mightier hosts. You are acting wisely, in sinking the foundations for a virtuous and prosperous society, in public schools, libraries and churches. No descendant of Westfield needs blush for his birthplace.

Hoping success to the occasion, pleasure to all who participate, with sorrowful regret, that I must be denied the pleasure, I extend to you, and through you, to all the gentlemen of the committee, my warmest thanks.

I remain ever a son of Westfield, proud of his birthplace.

CORNELIUS HEDGES.

LETTER FROM J. SIBLEY.

Mr. Sibley was educated here, studied law in New York State, emigrated to Illinois, was elected a judge, in which office he has remained for several years, as a popular officer.

QUINCY, Sept. 20, 1869.

To HON. WILLIAM G. BATES, *Chairman, &c.:*

DEAR SIR: I was much gratified by your kind invitation to attend the bi-centennial festival, contemplated at Westfield, on the 6th of October next, that has just reached me at this place, and in reply allow me to express to you, and through you to the gentlemen of the committee on invitations, my sincere regrets, that official duties are such as to render it quite impossible for me to be present on the occasion referred to.

Though separated by the space of half a continent, and the time usually allotted to a generation of men, from a residence among you, still I should participate as heartily in celebrating the birthday of Westfield, as if the intervening time and space were entirely obliterated. For the pleasant recollections of the long-ago past connected with that

place, return to the mind as fresh as the events of yesterday. And let me assure the good people of that town, who can with pride look back over these dead centuries to find the commencement of its corporate existence, that if there is anything that I have reason to be proud of, it is in being thus remembered as a native-born son of that ancient and honored place.

May the prosperity of Westfield continue undiminished through the remaining centuries to come, and its inhabitants exhibit the same generous and hospitable spirit in celebrating their exit, as that which the present occasion has manifested,—is the sentiment of

Your most obedient servant,

J. Sibley.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM L. ATWATER.

Mr. Atwater is the son of Dr. William Atwater, and grandson of Rev. Noah Atwater, and was born in the old family mansion, where Dr. James Holland now lives.

New York, Oct. 4, 1869.

Dear Sir: I make a tardy response to your invitation to unite with the sons of Westfield in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of its settlement. As a dutiful son, I hoped to obey the call, and to meet at the spot of my birth with my earliest, and of course my best friends. But just as your committee of arrangements are marshaling in procession the home residents and the returned emigrant sons, with the welcome exotics, I must be counted absent, and reluctantly forego the high enjoyment. Yet, at a distance, I will rejoice that such a home entertainment will be spread for the other children. It will be easy and pleasant for absent members of the family to imagine the historian of Westfield and his co-laborers, telling to delighted auditors a narrative so unlike the chronicles, which have surfeited us with military exploits and political intrigues. They will relate how the pioneers of civilization from beyond the Connecticut, pitched their tents near Little River, and towards the Green, and how promptly the meeting-house and schoolhouse followed; how barter-trades were driven with the Woronocos, and what were the sumptuary regulations of our grandsires and grandmothers; how matrons left politics and platforms, to rule with gentle sway in their home kingdoms, not having yet learned from the Sorosis, that, in these quiet, domestic scenes, they were out of their element, and that they ought to be more concerned about their doubtful rights, than about their well defined duties; how young men found rational

entertainment and healthful exercises outside of clubs and billiard-rooms; how much better employed were the young maidens' hands, that turned spinning-wheels in the seventeenth century, than the hands that turned the pages of sensational and corrupting novels in the nineteenth. And as hours pass on, the hungry Olivers around the board beseechingly ask for more pleasant "Pictures." A new lustre will gather around many beloved and honored homes. Those long since gone, will be venerated, and the many departed will be tenderly remembered. And should their domestic and social virtues be painted with too much warmth of coloring, or, if the faithful historian discloses some failings, I dare say that the extravagance will be indulged, for the occasion, and that the sons, like Noah's, will cover the reproach of their fathers.

It was one of Lord Bacon's memorable sayings, that "the best times to live in were the worst times to read about;" that is to say, that the annals of peaceful, arcadian ages afford no stirring incidents for lively entertainment. If we accept this view, it must be conceded that the archives of Westfield furnish no records of splendid, heroic deeds, or of exciting adventures. Virgil could never have opened the first chapter of our history, as he opened the first book of Æneid by singing of, "arms and the man." The most patient researches would perhaps discover no other, or no greater adventures and exploits than those our fathers dared and achieved, in hunting on some fine day, or in fishing on a rainy one; or if in the field, life's chief battles were fought in charging upon unsubdued soils and obstinate and usurping stumps. The only revolutions on record, would prove to be the bloodless ones, which our honored mothers made with their spinning-wheels. Our two centuries of chronicles, are neither terrible or voluminous with the blood and thunder narratives, which in our own day swarm in houses, as the flies of Egypt. Without battles and victories, without genealogies of great and illustrious names in science and learning, our ancestors and ourselves have lived in Westfield in uneventful times. But those have been good times, when families and neighborhoods enjoyed the blessings of popular education, and were united harmoniously by bonds of brotherly sympathy; when the few reputed rich men never looked disdainfully upon poor men, and when there were few or no poor men to envy the prosperity of those more favored. We, and others, can afford to let the proverb stand, which comes with so high authority, and without regrets that our annals afford no materials for racy narratives, will this day rejoice, that the best times to live in are the worst to read about.

If the lot that ordered the times of Westfield's first settlers, their descendant's and our own, has been pleasant, we shall this day remem-

ber no less complacently, the circumstances and privileges of these cherished homes. The pioneers had indeed the trials inseparable to the early stages of civilization. They had not found the promised land on this side the Connecticut. No true spies had returned to report that the clusters of Eschol could be gathered on the sands of Poverty Plains at the south, or at Hampden Plains on the north, or, that milk and honey flowed from under the shadow of Tekoa. And then there were Canaanites to be driven out from among the Woronocos (it is hoped that they came under John Eliot's ministrations). But the homes and the surroundings, the family altars, and rural and more elaborate temples on these plains, have been happy and sacred spots. In respect to material prosperity, it has been a good land, in rewarding labor in the pursuits of agriculture, and mechanical and manufacturing skill and industry. Westfield has been happy, useful and honored in its just estimate of popular education, offering during all the present century, advantages for academical instruction which few people have enjoyed. It has been happy in enjoying a long settled and faithful ministry of beloved pastors, who so taught religion by word, and so exemplified it in deed, that resulting blessings have been imparted to their flocks, and unwonted harmony in every generation has prevailed among all denominations. From what has been done here in the interests of education, in the labors of a faithful ministry, and in promoting peace and good will among all its people, other communities may derive impulse and example. These pleasant home pictures have had their shadows. The cypress and the myrtle have grown near each other in every scene. Yet, surveying the alternating years of health and infirmities, hopes and disappointments, successes and defeats, smiles and tears, we must one and all testify this day, that *the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, that we have had a goodly heritage:* that the home of our children, youth, middle age, or declining years,

> Is a spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

In the year 1669, a few emigrants from Massachusetts colony settled on these plains of Westfield. With their brethren of the colony, they came to lay the foundation of civil government in the wilderness. They recognized God's laws as the fundamental authority; and that they owed him supreme reverence and obedience, was their first and last duty. Secondly, they held that they "enjoyed the privilege of government within themselves as their undoubted right in the sight of God and man." They believed in "government of the people by the people, and for the people." And here, coeval with the rising of their

rude temples and their ruder homes, the tree of civil and religious liberty was planted and reared, and we have eaten of the precious fruits and sat for two hundred years under its shade. It is because of those venerable men, and the principles they taught to our fathers, that we have enjoyed an enlightened freedom and a civilization unsurpassed among men. And duty, love and reverence unite this day in commemorating, if not their names, yet their great and enduring work.

I associate with my youthful days in Westfield one who had a prejudice in favor of good roads, and who rendered the public a long and faithful service by his interest in their highways. I will close a letter, I fear quite too long, by offering a sentiment which all will agree has a worthy subject. [The sentiment will be found on page 114.]

Very truly,

W. L. Atwater.

William G. Bates, Esq., *Chairman, &c.*

LETTER FROM HENRY F. TERRY.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Sept. 28, 1869.

William G. Bates, Esq., *Chairman, &c.:*

Dear Sir: I am happy to acknowledge receipt of tickets of invitation to participate in the bi-centennial celebration of your town, to occur on the 6th of October next.

With what quickened beat does the blood pulsate through my frame at the very mention of *New England*, and especially *Westfield*, with which so many pleasant recollections are associated. 'Tis sacred ground to me; there lie the earthly remains of a *Father*, peace to his ashes!

And how I would rejoice to be with you, and add one to the number of those, who though wandering from there, are still loyal to the scenes of youth.

"'Tis the birthplace of freedom, the land I love best."

There among others, I would meet those dearest on earth—the faces on whom my infant eyes first rested; the face of her who first taught me to lisp "Our Father in Heaven"—my Mother! My heart overflows as I contemplate the picture.

Although I could add but little to the success of the celebration, from my knowledge of the deep emotional heart of New Englanders, I know I should receive as hearty a welcome, on all sides, as my pleasure would be intense. But I am admonished by circumstances that I must forego and deny myself the pleasure of participating therein.

With the fullest assurance of my well-wishes in this and all other undertakings, both public and private, I subscribe myself, with many thanks for the remembrance,

Yours truly,

HENRY F. TERRY.

LETTER FROM O. R. INGERSOLL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1869.

To HON. WILLIAM G. BATES:

SIR: I learn that you have been invited to deliver the address at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Westfield. I therefore address you these few lines, and if you derive from them any information that is new to you or may come within the scope of your line of remaarks on that exceedingly interesting occasion I shall be pleased. I am a descendant of John Ingersoll, the settler, who moved to Westfield in the year 1665 and died there in 1684. His wife was Mary Hunt, whose mother was Mary Webster, daughter of John Webster, fifth governor of the colony of Connecticut. John Ingersoll had fifteen children—Joseph, one of his sons, born in Westfield, October 16, 1675, was slain at Deerfield, Mass., when that town was destroyed by the French and Indians, February 29, 1704. Another son, Thomas, married Sarah Ashley. Their son was Thomas, who married Sarah Dewey; his house which now stands in Little River, and is upwards of one hundred and sixty years of age, was known many years as the Ingersoll Place. Thomas was a magistrate in Westfield until his decease. His house being large, was used as a kind of fort, where the people resorted for safety during the Indian wars. Greylock, the famous Indian warrior, had killed a large number of persons, and was skulking around a long time, and at last, when in the act of scalping Thomas' wife, Sarah, Thomas fired, Greylock escaped bleeding into the woods and was never heard from afterwards. Thomas' son, John, was a magistrate, and died in Westfield. Another son, Jonathan, was a captain, and killed at Fort George by the Indians lying in ambush, in 1754; seventy soldiers were killed on a scouting party. Thomas Ingersoll emigrated to Canada before the Revolutionary War. The town of "Ingersoll" was named in honor of them. Major Charles Ingersoll, his son, was an officer in the British army and a member of the Canadian Parliament. Charles J. and Joseph R. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, descended from John the settler. Their father was Jared Ingersoll, judge of the District Court of Pennsylvania. He attained high rank as a lawyer, was a member of Congress and of the convention which

formed the constitution of the United States. The New Haven Ingersolls descended from John, the settler. Ralph I. is one of the ablest lawyers in Connecticut; his brother, Charles A., was a United States judge at the time of his death. Their sister, Grace Ingersoll, was one of the famous women of the court of the first Napoleon, and married one of Napoleon's receiver generals. Benjamin Saxton, the first white male child or English child born in Westfield, was born in a house that stood under the hill near the Ingersoll house.

O. R. Ingersoll.

LETTER FROM HENRY W. TAYLOR.

A letter, dated October 1, 1869, was addressed to Hon. William G. Bates, by Henry W. Taylor, Esq. of Canandaigua, N. Y., a descendant of the first pastor of the church in Westfield, expressive of his interest in the celebration, of his desire to be present, and of his intention so to do. Like many others, he was prevented by an imperative necessity. His letter contains sixteen closely written pages, which are devoted to the personal history of his venerable relative; and the facts stated are of a most interesting character, particularly to the numerous descendants of the old pastor. We can only make a few extracts from the letter, and state a few facts set forth therein.

He was born in England, educated for the ministry, studied seven years in one of their universities; but the ejection of 2,000 dissenting clergymen in 1662, and the persecutions which that class of Christians suffered, induced him to a voluntary exile. It seems he was then an ardent anti-monarchist, and his early writings are said to breathe, in no doubtful terms, his strong aversion to the rulings of the existing dynasty. He was, through his whole life, a most voluminous writer, keeping a diary of the running events of his life, and recording things of passing interest. He left a large number of written folio volumes, and he was in the habit of transcribing, with his own hand, the books which were loaned to him by his friend Judge Sewall of Boston. Mr. Taylor also studied medicine; and during his life was accustomed to minister as well to the diseases of the body, as of the soul. He also gave attention to the study of natural history, and some of his compositions were published in the scientific literature of the day.

We do not suppose our readers care to know how he bore the voyage across the Atlantic; whether or not he was sea-sick, or what the state of the weather was; but, as showing the state of navigation, and the change in the general state of things in the space of two hundred

years, we append an extract from his journal, kindly furnished by Mr. H. W. Taylor.

"Anno Domini 1668. April 22, being Lord's day, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, I came for sea, taking boat at Execution Dock, Wapping. They got to the Downs, May 1, and we are forced to tarry for the winds. I sent a letter to London and another to Sketchley. May 3, I had a sad forenoon, but toward evening the ship-master sent for me, and enjoined me to go to prayer with them. May 14, against Dover. I sent a letter to my brother Richard. May 15, against the Isle of Wight. May 20, against the Lisard. Lord's day, May 24, I then being put to exercise spoke from John 3d, 3d. May 31, Lord's day, wind west. I was very sick, so that I could not perform the duties of the day. June 7, our latitude is 43°. These two last days we sailed well nigh 150 leagues. I being somewhat better in health than before, did exercise from and apply the doctrine that before I approved. June 13, we exercised from Isaiah 3d, 11th. June 18, our latitude 41°, longitude 51°. After dinner I read the 4th chapter of John, in Greek. Lord's day, June 21, I approved the doctrine I delivered the Lord's day before. Lord's day, June 28 I exercised from the words, "For the reward of their hands shall be given them," Isaiah 3d, 11th. July 2d, sounded 50 fathoms. July 4th, thick fog; seeing land on both hands, Plymouth on the left and Salem on the right, towards sun-setting, about five o'clock we saw the Island in our passage up to Boston. About three o'clock on Lord's day, July 5th, in the morning we came to shore. July 23d I was admitted into the college, pupil under Mr. Thomas Graves, *Sir* Fellow in a great, yet civil class. I continued there three years and a quarter, all which time I was college butler. I proposed to lay down my place at the commencement. The President by his incessant request and desires prevailed with me to tarry in it, as for three years before; but after a quarter's trial he (I) was invited by Mr. Thomas Flint of Braintree to come and study with him. He (I) went in 1671, but soon returned and settled in the college, and was instituted scholar of the house the 16th day of November, 1671; but the 17th being quarter day, Thomas Dewey a messenger from Westfield on Connecticut river, to the Bay to get a minister for the people, being by eight or nine elders, met at the lecture at Boston, directed to myself, came to me with a letter from Mr. Increase Mather; and whom, for answer, I referred to the Rev. President Chauncey and Fellows; and finding Mr. Danforth for it, Mr. Oakes indifferent, rather advising to it, the President altogether against it. At this time the President and Fellows wanted to retain Mr. Tay-

lor for a Fellow. But Mr. Danforth the Chief Magistrate advised, and did on the 18th advise with Mr. Increase Mather and Mr. Flint. Their advice was positive for it.

"Nov. 27, I set out with Mr. Dewey, and arrived at Westfield Dec. 1. On Lord's day I preached to them from Matthew 3d, 2d—my first sermon, Dec. 3, 1671.

"My going to Westfield with Mr. Dewey, was a great part of the way, by markd trees: I arrived and lodged the first night at Capt. Cook's, in the little village."

At the time of his arrival, Westfield was a frontier town, then and for a long time after exposed to the attacks of a savage foe, by whom many were from time to time waylaid, assaulted and murdered. The population was small, and for a series of years were regularly gathered within the fort at night, and through the day labored within reach, at a moment's warning, of their fire-arms.

This condition of things offered few inducements, to an educated man, to settle among them; nothing to gratify ambition, or pamper indulgence. On the Sabbath the people were called together by beat of drum.

The fort referred to was, I have been informed, upon the farm, which has ever since been, and still is owned by the descendants of Rev. Mr. Taylor now George Taylor, his great-grandson.

The paucity of population combined with the extreme insecurity of person and property, for a long time delayed his installation as pastor of the church in that place.

The letters missive calling a council, to organize a church, and to ordain the pastor, were dated July, 1679. The council was requested to convene on the last fourth day of the sixth month, which was August 27, 1679, old style; from which it will be seen that the ecclesiastical year commenced with the month of March. The council consisted of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton, Mr. Strong, *ruling* elder, and Capt. Aaron Cook and Lieut. Clark, messengers, Rev. John Russell of Hadley and Lieut. Smith and Mr. Younglove, messengers, Rev. Peletiah Glover of Springfield, teaching elder, and I. Holyoke, Deacon Burt and Mr. Parsons, messengers, and one messenger from Meriden, Conn., the pastor being detained by sickness; there were present also, as "guests," the Rev. Mr. Samuel Hooker of Farmington, Conn., and the "Worshipful Major John Pynchon" of Springfield.

After the council met, the following persons were organized into a church, namely, Edward Taylor, John Maudesley, Samuel Loomis, Isaac Phelps, from Windsor church. Josiah Dewey and John Inger-

soll from Northampton, and John Root from Farmington, Conn. The candidates were examined, after which Mr. Taylor preached from Eph. 2 : 22. After the candidates had assented to the articles of faith, Mr. Stoddard the moderator of the council pronounced them to be a church of Christ, orderly gathered. They then appointed the Rev. Mr. Taylor to receive the right hand of fellowship.

The moderator then asked them who they would have for officers? "Whereupon," says Mr. Taylor, "my unworthy self was put under a call, to be pastor unto them." He was then ordained. The ordination was to this effect: "You, Edward Taylor, are called to this church at Westfield, into the office of a pastor, and having accepted their call, we do here, in the name of Christ, pronounce you pastor of the church."

Previous to this time, however, namely, in 1674, he had been married to Elizabeth, daughter of the eminent and useful minister of the church in Norwich, Conn., James Fitch, D. D.

Little is now known of the forms of love-making in those days; unless we take Sir Charles Grandison as a fair exponent. The substance we may presume the same in all eyes. But if we may form our judgment from the instance of letter writing, which has come down to us from Mr. Taylor, we must presume it to have been hardly more a sinecure, in those times of the puritans, than it was in the days of the good old patriarch, Isaac.

For a long time, he was the only physician within many miles of Westfield. He accordingly provided himself with medical, as he did with theological and other books, by transcribing. I have a small book of this kind, inscribed on the title page: "Such things as are herein contained are the Principalls of Physick, as to the practical part thereof, being extracts of that famous Physician, Riverius."

It would give me great pleasure to add further notes in his religious and literary labors, but I am admonished that I have already fairly subjected myself to the imputation of what the old gentleman would have denominated "*cacoethes scribendi*."

I will therefore close with an extract from a note written by President Stiles, on some blank leaves of the medical book just referred to.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY WYLLYS TAYLOR.

Great-grandson of the Rev. Edward Taylor.

"My mother was the daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor, A. M., Pastor of the Congregational Church in Westfield, in Massachusetts. He was an excellent classical scholar, being master of the three

learned languages, a great historian, and every way a very learned man. . . . . In December, 1671, being, as near as I can learn, about twenty-nine, he began to preach at Westfield, where he continued in the ministry fifty-seven and one-half years, to his death, June 24, 1729, ætat eighty-seven. He married his first wife, November 19, 1674. His church was not gathered, nor was he ordained till 1679, as the settlement was small. He had fourteen children, six of which were by Mrs. Ruth Wyllys, a second wife, whom he married June 2, 1692; one of which six was Kezia, my mother, who left me, her first and only child, at her death, December 4, 1727, Æ. twenty-five and one-half years. I was born November 29, 1727.

"The greater part of grandfather's library descended to me, but did not entirely come into my hands, till after the death of my father, Rev. Isaac Stiles. . . . . Characteristic anecdotes, very curious in botany, minerals and natural history. He was an incessant student, but used no spectacle glasses to his death. I have a manuscript folio of six hundred pages, his commentary upon the Evangelists. He was a vigorous advocate for Oliver Cromwell, civil and religious liberty. A Congregationalist in opposition to Presbyterian church discipline. He was physician for the town all his life. He concerned himself little about domestic and secular affairs. Attended to all the public state of the provinces and the Parliament; greatly detested King James, Sir Edmund Andross and Randolph; gloried in King William and the revolution of 1688; felt for the dissenters in all their apprehension in Queen Anu's reign, and triumphed in the House of Hanover. He had a steady correspondence with Judge Sewall of Boston, who duly communicated to him all the transactions in the assembly, and occurrences in the nation.

"A man of small stature, but firm; of quick passions, yet serious and grave. Exemplary in piety, and for a very sacred observance of the Lord's day."

The late President Stiles of Yale College was his grandson; and to him he gave many of his manuscript volumes, which, it is supposed, are still in the library of that college. In one of the medical books, which he had transcribed, of those which were loaned to him by Judge Sewall, President Stiles wrote out the above brief description of his grandfather, which also was sent to Mr. Bates, by Mr. Taylor, in the letter referred to; and we also copy, in *extenso*, the "model love-letter," addressed by the parson, to Miss Fitch, the young lady who was probably induced thereby to become his wife. Though the letter, to young ladies of the present day, may not have been interesting, as the story

which Desdemona requested Othello to teach his friend to tell to her, yet there was more theology in it; and the "pen and ink" picture of the dove, with the poetry inscribed within the marginal lines of its periphery, formed with it, such a combination of persuasion, as to render the invitation, what the reverend pastor probably intended it to be,—a case of "effectual calling."

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

The following is a copy of the original letter among the collections in the Connecticut Historical Society, written by the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Westfield, Massachusetts, July, 1674, to Miss Elizabeth Fitch, daughter of the Rev. James Fitch, one of the original proprietors, and the first clergyman settled in the town of Norwich.

This letter was written by the Rev. Mr. Taylor to Miss Fitch—reputed to have been a beautiful and accomplished lady—during his courtship, and was to have been read, if opportunity offered, at the bicentennial dinner, by Colonel George L. Perkins, a great-great-grandson of the Rev. Mr. Fitch.

Westfield, Mass., 8th day of the 7th month, 1674.

My Dove:—I send you not my heart, for that I hope is sent to Heaven long since, and unless it has awfully deceived me it hath not taken up its lodgings in any one's bosom on this side the royal city of the Great King; but yet the most of it that is allowed to be layed out upon any creature doth safely and singly fall to your share. So much my post pigeon presents you with here in these lines. Look not (I entreat you) on it as one of love's hyperboles. If I borrow the beams of some sparkling metaphor to illustrate my respects unto thyself by, for you having made my breast the cabinet of your affections as I yours mine, I know not how to offer a fitter comparison to set out my love by, than to compare it unto a golden ball of pure fire rolling up and down my breast, from which there flies now and then a spark like a glorious beam from the body of the flaming sun. But alas! striving to catch these sparks into a love letter unto yourself, and to gild it with them as with a sun beam, find, that by what time they have fallen through my pen upon my paper, they have lost their shine and fall only like a little smoke thereon instead of gilding them. Wherefore, finding myself so much deceived, I am ready to begrudge my instruments, for though my love within my breast is so large that my heart is not sufficient to contain it, yet they can make it no more room to ride into, than to squeeze it up betwixt my black ink and white paper. But know that it is the

coarsest part that is couchant there, for the finest is too fine to clothe in any linguist and huswifry, or to be expressed in words, and though this letter bears but the coarsest part to you, yet the purest is improved for you. But now, my dear love, lest my letter should be judged the lavish language of a lover's pen, I shall endeavor to show that conjugal love ought to exceed all other love. 1st, appears from that which it represents, viz: The respect there is betwixt Christ and his church, Eph. 5th, 25th, although it differs from that in kind; for that is spiritual and this human, and in degree, that is boundless and transcendent, this limited and subordinate; yet it holds out that this should be cordial and with respect to all other transcendent. 2d, Because conjugal love is the ground of conjugal union, or conjugal sharing the effects of this love, is also a ground of this union. 3d, From those Christian duties which are incumbent on persons in this state as not only a serving God together, a praying together, a joining in the ruling and instructing their family together, which could not be carried on as it should be without a great degree of true love, and also a mutual giving each other to each other, a mutual succoring each other in all states, ails, grievances; and how can this be when there is not a love exceeding all other love to any creature? And hereby if persons in this state have not love exceeding all love, it's with them for the most part as with the strings of an instrument not tuned up, when struck upon makes but a jarring, harsh sound. But when we get the wires of an instrument equally drawn up, and rightly struck upon, sound together, make sweet music whose harmony doth enravish the ear; so when the golden strings of true affection are struck up into a right conjugal love, thus sweetly doth this state then harmonize to the comfort of each other and to the glory of God when sanctified. But yet, the conjugal love must exceed all other, yet it must be kept within bounds, for it must be subordinate to God's glory; the which that mine may be so, it having got you in its heart, doth offer my heart with you in it as a more rich sacrifice into God through Christ, and so it subscribeth me,

Your true love till death,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

This for my friend and only beloved
Miss Elizabeth Fitch,
at her father's house in Norwich.

The reader of this letter, does not fully appreciate it, and can not do so, without seeing the fac-simile of it. An imperfect description can not do justice to it. The reverend gentleman brought the fine arts to

his aid; and rightly so, for love itself is one of the fine arts, and is so denominated by one of the old Roman poets.

Our types do not allow us to copy the pictorial illustrations; but our readers may fancy a "pen and ink sketch" of what he calls a dove, in the lower corner of the letter, of the size of an old-fashioned ninepence, without feathers, and looking like a plucked chicken. It was necessary to denude it of its feathers, to have room to inscribe upon the side of its body the following couplet:

This dove and olive branch to you
Is both a post and emblem too.

EMIGRATION FROM WESTFIELD TO LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y.

We have received from W. Hudson Stephens, a lawyer in Lowville, a descendant of one of the first settlers, a long and interesting letter of fifteen pages, detailing the history of the settlement of this flourishing county. We should be glad to insert the whole letter, but our limits forbid it. We, however, insert several extracts from it, which, we think, will be read with great interest. The example of their emigration is only a continuing exhibition of the pervading spirit of the people of that period. It seemed to be a part of their very life, not *to rest;* but, when a local habitation was once established, to look forward, and spy out another place *to go to*. The emigrants to Lewis County, were established in the south-westerly part of the town, in and near, what has been called, appropriately, "honey-pot;" but, a land, flowing with milk and honey, was not sufficient for them. The wilds of Western New York, the vicinity of Indian tribes, at times hostile, but, at all times, harrassing neighbors, a life of deprivation and toil, in "the forests' primeval," and a separation from the society and comforts of civilized life, were rather to be preferred, to the safety, the quiet, and the prosperity, which here were within their reach. We hope that the whole document of Mr. Stephens' will be published, inasmuch as it throws additional light upon the history of those times.

From Westfield, a considerable emigration took place at the close of the last and commencement of the present century, into what was then known as "The Black River Country," in what is now (1869) Lewis County, N. Y. Many of the emigrants became permanent residents and prominent citizens.

By the treaty of Fort Stanwix, (22 Sept. 1788,) this county was ceded to the State of New York, by the Oneida Indians, and became open soon after to settlement. No map earlier than 1795, had any trace of the Black River, which empties, after a north-westerly course

in Lewis County, into Lake Ontario; and as late as 1796, Morse in his geography represents this river as flowing into the St. Lawrence, at Oswegatchie, now Ogdensburgh. Fort Schuyler (Utica), on the Mohawk; Whitestown just west of Utica; and the residence of Baron Steuben, on the tract donated to him, on the route to the now Lyons Falls, (the ancient "establishment" of the French Company), were then the principal "settlements" in the then western part of New York State.

Almost immediately on its abandonment by the forlorn and disheartened Frenchmen, in the fall of '96, the tide of "WESTFIELD" emigration set into the Black River country.

In 1797, the town of Leyden had a few settlers, and Lowville, now the county seat of Lewis County, New York, was thrown open for settlement June 2, 1797. Ehud Stephens from Westfield took the first *contract*, for four hundred acres, in Lowville, at three dollars per acre. Returning east early in 1798, Stephens and Jonathan Rogers, (son of Jonathan who died at Westfield, March, 1805, aged ninety years,) left their homes, and reaching Lyons Falls, on the Black River, embarked with their families and goods April 10, 1798, on a flat-bottomed boat constructed by themselves, twenty-five feet long by seven wide, by the aid of pit saws borrowed of the remaining French settlers, and floated with the stream in a clear day down the Black River to Lowville, where they spent the first night in a shanty erected in the woods the preceding season. On board this pioneer boat, from Westfield, were Johnathan Rogers and his children Bela, Polly and Isaac; Ehud Stephens and his wife Mercy, and children Clarrissa, Apollos and Harvey and Zebulon Rogers. On the voyage Clarrissa Stephens was swept off the boat by overhanging trees, but was rescued.

The settlement thus begun in the center of Lewis County, continued to flourish. Lowville is now the county seat, the terminus of a railroad, and the chief trading, financial, legal and educational center of Lewis County.

Among others who settled from Westfield were Ehud Stevens, Rufus Stephens, his father, Harvey Stephens, Ira Stephens, Truman Stephens, Col. Zeboam Carter, of the One Hundred and First Regiment in 1812, Silas Dewey, William Dewey, Bela Buel, Putnam Buel, Orem Bush, Silas Weller, Rev. Isaac Clinton, who removed from his pastorate at Southwick to Lowville, John Bush, George A. Stoddard, Silas Bush, William Sacket, Eli Rogers, Enoch Lee, Captain Winthrop Shepard, Major Ezra Clapp, Winthrop Weller, Ichabod Tuttle, Philemon Hoadley, Dr. Walter Dewey, who built the first house in Turin, Major Zack-

ariah Bush, Justus Woolworth, Collins Kellogg, Silas Kellogg, Edward Bancroft, Samuel Dean, Justus Sacket, Stephen Root, Reuben Pitcher, Levi Adams, Roland Buell, Bradford Levi, Richard Russell, Jr., Joseph and Elisha Arthur, sons of Richard Arthur, and five daughters of said Richard, and William King, all these were the settlers in Lewis County, and they and their descendants are among the prominent citizens in the different towns of that county and the vicinity.

The celebrated land purchase of Alexander McComb of 3,670,715 acres, included the entire area of Lewis County. Upon the close of the Revolutionary War, the uncertainty of the frontiers, and refusal of the British to surrender their military posts, had a depressing influence upon the first attempt to settle upon their purchase, the Indians at Fort Regis driving off the first intruders. Indeed, the British at Fort Oswego, as late as 1792, denied permission to *Des Jardines*, *Pharoux* and *Brunel*, to pass into the Black River country, on the lands of the Castorland French Company, who owned 210,000 acres, and the management of which was located in Paris, France. Des Jardines, who had been chamberlain to Louis XVI., and Pharoux, a gentleman distinguished in science, were commissaries of the company, while Brunel was the surveyor, and was afterwards constructor of government dock-yards, and the tunnel under the Thames, in London, England.

The French settlement began in '92, and operations of the company closed in '96; Pharoux having been drowned in the Black River, Des Jardines, who states he aspired to be called "the father of the country," being supplanted by Tillier, and Brunel returning to Europe.

In looking over the manuscript of Mr. Stephens, we were struck with the longevity of these emigrants, and their prolifical character. He gives the ages and number of children of these early settlers, and it was generally the case, that they reached the age of eighty years, and left a round dozen of children for each family.

EXTINGUISHMENT OF THE INDIAN TITLE.

The conduct of the early settlers, in buying up the title of the Indians, is highly to their credit. No doubt that they made a good bargain, but, after all, it was a bargain. It was the union of two minds, of two parties able and willing to contract; and, in the case of the settlers of Woronoco, the price paid was a good one, considering that it was a disputed title. It appears already in this volume, that, in two

years after the date of the deed, a copy of which we publish below, this same sachem Alquat, and Wollump, his son, made complaint, that Amoakisson, claiming to be seized in fee, of land claimed by them, had conveyed the same to Lieut. Cooper; and though the bounds are not given, yet, it is evident, that there were conflicting jurisdictions between the sachem of Woronoke and Pochasuck, as Alquat describes himself, in the deed, and Amoakisson. We have not examined the records of Hampshire for the petition, and know not of the subsequent proceedings, after the reference to it, by order of the council. [Vid.: Mr. Bates' address, p. 55, in this volume, and Records of Massachusetts, vol. 4, part 2, pp. 504, 505.] The deed was discovered by Mr. John B. Bancroft, one of our inhabitants, and a descendant of one of the original settlers of the town, in a package of old papers in his house; and he communicated it to *The Westfield Times*, in which it was published, September 22, 1869. The deed is a valuable one, and Mr. Bancroft has received several tempting offers for it. But, in his opinion, an *aboriginal document*, the oldest known to exist in the recorded history of our titles, deserves rather a frame in the Athenæum of our town, than in the archives of some foreign antiquary.

[*We copy from the Times, the following.*]

AN ABORIGINAL DOCUMENT.

We give below a true and attested copy of the original deed of transfer from the Indians to the old settlers, of a large tract of land lying between "Little and Great Rivers." It will be read with especial interest just at this time. It was found by John B. Bancroft in a package of old papers which he had in the house. It is a true copy of the original deed, and was certified to by Isaac Phelps, Town Clerk, June 30, 1669. This is the oldest document, relating to the history of the town, in the "original package," that we have yet seen. But let the "old settlers" search their garrets; there is no knowing what may "turn up."

These presants testifi That Alquat the Indian Sachem of waranoake and pochasuck for & in consideration of the sum of forty Pounds in english act being so much sterling to him in hand before ye sealing & Delivery hear of well & truly Payed by ye Capt John Pynchon of Springfield for & in behalf of Capt Aron Cook, Mr James Cornish Mr Joseph Whiting Geo Phelps Tho Noble David Ashley John Roote & other ye Inhabitants of waranoake alais Westfield. The Recipt whare of the sd Alquat Doth Acknolidg by these presents and thare-

with to be fully satisfyed & contented hath Given Granted Bargained & sold & by these presents Doth fully & clearlly and absolutely Give grant Bargain & sell unto Capt Aron Cooke Mr James Cornish Mr Joseph Whiting George Phelps Tho Noble David Ashley John Roote of Westfield alias waranoake aforesad For themselves and ye Present Inhabitants of ye aforesad Place or Plantation and theire successors & assignes from time to time & unto their hires For ever according as theire severall Proportions or Divisions shall be laid out & proportined to them. A certain Parcel or tract of Land Meddo & wood Land lying & being at waranoake aforesd on ye south side of woranoake River ye greate River & on ye North or northerly side of ye Little River or Foart River adjoining on ye southeast, East and North east on Land formerly Purched by Saml Marshfield of Springfield for the Inhabitants of Westfield aforesd and on ye south and souwest on ye Little River affoar named comonly called the fort River on ye North or Northerly it is bounded by ye greate River called woranoak River & so Runing up waranoak river to ye falls near about a mile above ye present Housen to a marked tree thare and from that marked tree it runs off westerly or souwesterly upon a straight line to the Little River or fort River to a stone at ye Nooke or Poynt whare all ye good land ends & whare going up ye hill the pine plaine begins the sd common or Pine Plain being ye westerly or Norwesterly bounds of this tract of Land ye line of Division being run by several English going a long with ye Indian from ye fawls in the greate River over to that stone afore named which is on the top of the hill by the Little River whare the Pine plaine begins To have and to hold all ye Parcel or tract of Land before mentioned containing severall Hundrid acres with all ye profits and apurtinances thareupon or thareunto belonging to the sd Capt Cooke James Cornish Joseph Whiting Geo Phelps Tho Noble David Ashley and John Roote for ye Inhabitnts of Westfield aforsd according as Division thareof shall be made to them & their hires & assignees for ever only Reserving & Exemting oute of ye presant sale seven acres of Meddo Land for Wollunp, son of sd Alquat, which seven acres resarved and exemted Lyes in a nooke by ye Little River & against land now Divided and Proportioned to Mr Joseph Whiting & is to be at the soul dispose of the sd Alquat & Wollump all so Reserving Liberty for Indians to fish & take foull and ye sd Alquat Doth covenant and premise to and with ye sd Capt Cooke James Cornish Mr Joseph Whiting Geo Phelps Tho Noble David Ashley & John Root that he will save them harmles from all manner of claim of any person or persons Lawfully claiming any right title or intrest in the premises otherwise than ye

Reserve or exemption of ye seven acres aforesd for Wollump In witness whereof the sd Alquat hath hearunto affixed his hand and seall this 30th day of June 1669.

Subscribed sealed & Delivered in ye presence of Samuel Marshfield, William Brooks Timothy Cooper John Watson.

the mark of Indian witnesses

Wollump, his mark ——

Wollamunt, his mark †

The mark of Al 8 quat.

Alquat ye indian Sachem acknowledge this instrument to be his act and deed this present 30th of June, 1669 before mee John Pynchon of Springfield.

Attested by me Isaac Phelps,

Town Clerk.

(A true copy of ye original deed.)

ANOTHER ANCIENT DEED.

We give below, another "old tyme" document which was brought to light through the research of Mr. John B. Bancroft. It bears date of October 18, 1702, and was a transfer of certain real estate by Joseph Atherton of Northampton, to Nathaniel Bancroft, grandfather of Capt. John Bancroft, who built the first brick dwelling-house in Hampden County, which Barnum Perry now occupies. The document covers the present homesteads of Joseph Coburn, David Perry, Barnum Perry, Joseph Woolworth, Rodney Cowles, Charles L. Atkins, and a hundred and fifty acres still in the hands of the Bancroft heirs. Some four hundred acres were subsequently added by Capt. John, to the original purchase, which is included in the property owned by the persons named:

To All Parsons to whom these presents shall come, Greeting, know: yee that Joseph Atherton of northampton In the County Hampshire In her majesties province of the massacusets Bay, In america Coxwainer for And In consideration of six pounds currant money already received from Nathl Bancraft ser. of Westfield In sd County: hath on this fifteenth Day of septemo Ann Dom 1702 Anng Regn Regina Anna Nunc Angl primo: Given Granted Barganed sold and fully and absolutely passed over unto sd Nathaniel bancraft A certain parcell of Land Lying within the bounds of westfield In a place called Pogassuck being about the eleventh part of a farm of four hundred acres, it Being His

whole share In that farm, as it Lyes In common with others and yet undivided And which Land however butted or hereafter upon division may be butted and Bounded containing about thirty-eight acres be it more or less: the aboue sd Joseph Atherton doth for himself and heirs give and grant bargain and sell And by these presents hath given granted Demissed enfeoffeed alienated conveyed Bargained sold and firmly freely fully absolutely and clearly passed over unto The aboue sd Nath Bancraft his heir successors, and Assigors To Have And To Hold: possess and Injoy and by virtue hereof shall at all times hereafter quietly and peaceably hold occupie possess and Injoy the same full and clear And clearly acquitted and discharged of and from all, and all manner of former and other gifts grants bargains sales Leases Legacies mortgages Joynters Dowries titles of Inheritance and of every other Incumbrance whsoever Hereby given unto sd Bancraft for himself and heirs quiet And peaceable possession of aboue sd Land with all its Privilidges benefits advantages Commonages conveniances Rights Liberties hereditiments Emoluments ways passages waters Springs Trees timber stone and of all and every other appertainance thereunto yielding Resigning Releasing quit claiming Discharging and Delivering All his Right' title privilidg claime and Interest In or unto the aboue sd Lands unto the sd Nath Bancraft his heirs and Assigns forever And the sd Joseph Atherton doth for himselfe and heirs covenant Promise And engage to and with sd Nath Bancraft that at the time of his subscribing to and sealing of this Instrument and untill Delivery thereoff he was the true real sole and proper owner of the Aboue sd Lands and stood Lawfully seazed and possessed thereof having in himselfe full power And Lawful authority to sell grant convey and Assure the same as a good pfect and Absolute estate of Inheritance In Fee simple without any manner of condition revertion or Limitation So as to alter change defeat reverse or anyway, as to make null and void The sale thereof And that he and his heirs will and shall at all times Hereafter: defend warrant and maintain the same to and agst all and Every pson or parsons Laying any Lawful claim or challeng thereunto hereby declaring the aboue sd Land and all and singular the premises To be the true real and proper estate of the aboue sd Nath Bancroft his heirs and successors the which he or they may Record or enroll To themselves or make over by deed or will to any other parson whomsoever And for the better assurance and confirmation thereof the aboue sd Joseph Atherton doth engage himselfe and heirs further to do or cause To be done such act or acts thing or things device or devices as sd Bancraft or his heirs shall devise advise contrive or reasonable desire At his or their own

proper cost and charge: In witness whereof he Hath hereunto subscribed his name and fixed his seal the day and year aforesd

JOSEPH ATHERTON.

Signed sealed And Delivered In presence of us:

Joseph Hauley,
Ebneezr Pumrey,
John Gowdans,

Joseph A. Atherton parsonally Appeared this 18th Day of Oct. 1702 Before me the subscriber one of the Majesties Justice of Peace for the County of Hampshire And did Acknowledg This Instrument to be His Act and Deed. Cora

JOSEPH HAULEY.

May 3rd 1715. Received and recorded in the Records of the County of Hampshire Book No. 6 page 68th.

JOHN PYNCHON, *Regtr.*

PICTURES OF WESTFIELD AS IT WAS.

There have been published, during the past, and a portion of the present year, in *The Westfield Times*, several numbers of articles with the above title. They have reached already forty-one in number; and it is expected that the series will be continued during the autumn and winter. It has been suggested, that, though they were hastily written for the columns of a newspaper, yet, as they relate to the former growth of the town, and to the men who have lived here, and contributed to its growth, it is desirable to collect and republish them, for the use of the present and former citizens. They cannot be said to belong, appropriately, to this volume; and yet, in some respects, they are germane to the nature of some of the documents and records, which we have already published. We have concluded, therefore, to insert a few numbers of the "Pictures;" and undoubtedly some of the old inhabitants will recognize the originals, from whom they were drawn.

No. 1.—Court street, extending from the Green, as far west as the foot of the mountain, contained, within the recollection of the writer, only the following dwellings:

Beginning on the north side, and going west, there was, first, the residence of Hon. Samuel Fowler, Esq., which stood near the present residence of Hon. James Fowler, his son. The second house was the

Boise place, then occupied by John Ingersoll, Esq., clerk of the court. The third house was a small building near the south end of Washington street, which did not long abide there. The fourth was the Caleb Weller house, so called, now occupied by T. P. Collins, and then owned by Elijah Bates, Esq. The fifth was the Jared Weller place, on the top of Pine Hill, the house where Eagar Weller now lives. From thence, the road ran a distance of nearly four miles through an unbroken forest, to Ezra Sackett's, where his son Roland lives; and next was Stephen Sackett's, or Landlord Sackett's, in which house now lives Mr. F. Atwater. Returning on the south side of the street, was the "Two-chimney house," a large dwelling, opposite the cemetery, the cellar of which is still visible. Next, at the foot of Cemetery Hill, at "The Elms," was the old "Landlord Holcomb house," a large establishment, where H. B. Smith's house now stands. It was kept as a sort of tavern; and report said, that people used to assemble there for the playing of cards. "The landlord" was careful not to have gaming in his domains; and when the fires were kindled, and the tables set out, he used to put down the cards with great solemnity, pronouncing these words at the same time: "There, gentlemen, I forbid your using these cards in my house, in gambling, or at any unlawful game!" It is presumed that this adjuration was heeded, as I never heard of any consequent prosecution. The next house was at the foot of Pine Hill, occupied by Horace Holcomb, and the same building now standing near its then site. Then next was the Royal Weller place, at the old Pine-tree, at the end of Day avenue. Next east was the Oliver Weller house, a one-story building, where Seth Cowles' new house now stands. A little distance east was the Stephen Ashley house, on the ground of H. Hooker; and still east, a small house on C. I. Snow's lot, occupied by William P. Hodgett. The old Dr William Holland place, subsequently owned by Dr. James Holland, was then on its present site; as was also the house of Elijah Bates, Esq., in the shadow of the three beautiful elms, which, though young, gave promise of all their present beauty. Next east was the old Israel Moseley house, which was demolished in 1833 by Hon. William G. Bates, to make room for his present residence. Next is the Abel Whitney house, since owned by Dr. William Atwater, and now by Dr. James Holland. On the easterly corner of the lot stood a one-story building, occupied by Elijah Bates as a law office, and by other persons as a drug and grocery store.

On the corner, where the Morgan house now stands, was the mansion of the late John Phelps, Esq. These were all the buildings then on this broad and beautiful street. In other respects the changes are worthy

of notice, as showing the improved taste of the age. There were then no streets branching off from it; no Washington street, or Bates street, or Pleasant street, or Day avenue; but the cows fed, where now stand the beautiful houses which are the homes for a busy population. A remarkable feature of change is apparent in the adornment of the trees. There were then the elm in the yard of Mr. Fowler, four or five sycamores on the Phelps place, in line with the magnificent denizen in the corner of Mr. Bates' homestead, a butternut in front of Dr. Atwater's, the three noble elms in front of the E. Bates place, and one elm in front of the Dr. Holland place. Further on was the O. Weller old pine, and two trees at the T. P. Collins place. But those were all. The branching elms in the centre and along the sides of this broad avenue, which overarch the street, and interlace their branches, are all a recent improvement. It may be interesting to know the ages of some of these noble trees. The three elms at the E. Bates place were planted in 1800, and the one in front of the Holland place, though so much smaller, the same year; the two elms near C. I. Snow's, in 1830; the elm in front of S. Fowler's, and the two in front of William G. Bates', in 1835.

In a future number, we shall continue our reminiscences of this old town, and of its old inhabitants.

No. 2.—We continue our pictures, by a notice of some of the people, who lived in Court street. Beginning in the order of the residences, we take first the Hon. Samuel Fowler. He was the father of Hon. James Fowler, and Mrs. Francis F. Dwight, of Stockbridge. He was a man of great wealth and influence, the leader of the Democratic party in this town, and one of the leading men in the county. His real estate was large and valuable, and he devoted his time, during the latter part of his life, to its agricultural improvement. He died in 1823. It is related that one Holcomb, on election-day, asked him "who our party was going to vote for." He mentioned the names of Gov. Eustis and William King (then of Maine). Holcomb pondered over it, somewhat in doubt. At last he said, "Esquire Fowler, I don't exactly like to vote for Bill King. He is a funny kind of a deputy sheriff, always playing tricks on people. For my part, I should rather vote for some sober kind of a man, like Col. Welles."

Opposite to him lived Dr. William Atwater, a graduate of Yale College, 1807, and a son of Rev. Noah Atwater, the predecessor of Rev. Isaac Knapp. He was a learned physician, of large practice, and a most interesting man. To his last days he was full of wit and humor;

and it is said that these qualities were as efficacious as his pills. Such medicine certainly is more agreeable to take! Upon the return of Parson Knapp, from a summer excursion, he met the doctor, a few miles out, and inquired of him, in his somewhat formal manner, "Well, doctor, how is all my flock?" The reply was, "I believe they are all right, except that some of your old rams and ewes have broken out of pasture." Dr. Atwater died in 1833, leaving one son, William, in New York, John in this town, and Harriet Campbell of Pittsfield.

John Ingersoll, Esq., was a native of this town, a graduate of Yale College, 1790, and a lawyer. He married a lady from the West Indies, and had a large family. When the old County of Hampden was divided, he was appointed Clerk of the Courts, and removed to Springfield, where he died in 1840, in office. Until his removal, he was in the practice of the law; a just man, and an honest lawyer.

Opposite to him, resided Elijah Bates, Esq., the other lawyer of the town. Mr. Bates came from East Granville, was a graduate of Yale College, 1794, studied law with Hon. Joseph Lyman, then of Westfield, and continued at the bar till 1825, though for several years, his time was principally devoted to agricultural pursuits, and the Eighth Massachusetts Turnpike, of which he was a large owner. His attention was much given to the care of highways; and the work he performed on Pine Hill, in reducing the grade, has so changed its appearance, that it bears no resemblance to what it was in days of yore! He died in 1850, leaving children, Hon. William G. Bates, Mary A. Warner of Waterloo, N. Y., and Henry W. Bates of New York City.

It is said that an old lady once complained to Parson Knapp, of the unreasonableness of pronouncing such a woe upon the lawyers; "for," said she, "there's Esq. Ingersoll and Esq. Bates are really too good men to be sent to hell!"

On the present lot of Hon. William G. Bates resided Israel Moseley, a graduate of Yale College, 1766, and his large family. One of his sons, Wentworth, studied law seven years, but did not gain access to the bar. Israel was an infirm man, eccentric in his conduct and notions, from his youth to his extreme age. He was accustomed to annoy his neighbor, Dr. Atwater, by his professed desire for a death-dose, as he said he wanted to see what there was in the next world. The doctor at last prepared for him a portion of tartar-emetic, and labeled it "A death-dose." He added to it a few couplets, of which I only remember the following:

"'Twill save you from sorrow, your neighbors from evil,
And send you on packing post haste to the devil."

The patient took it; and either preceded or followed it by a large bowl of hasty-pudding and milk. The doctor was soon sent for. After much delay, he came, and with an assumed solemnity, assured his patient of his hope, that the death-dose would accomplish the desired result! The old man gave in. "O, doctor," said he, "I'm dreadful afraid it will!" Medical aid soon relieved him; but Dr. Atwater never had another call from him for a death-dose.

Dr. William Holland for a time lived in the old Holland place; but he at last sold out to his brother, James Holland, and removed to Canandaigua, where he died.

Dr. James Holland at once went into a large medical practice. He was six feet three and one-half inches in his stockings, and of an erect and muscular form. At the verge of extreme old age, he was as straight as any well-formed youth, and performed an amount of bodily labor which was astonishing. He had a large and apparently healthy family of children; but they have all deceased, except one daughter, Lydia, and Dr. James Holland, now of this town.

There were several other persons, who more recently have moved into the street, in relation to whom we propose to extend our notices, in some future number.

We can not conclude, without referring to an incident, in those times, strongly illustrating the power of the imagination. "The meeting-house" was then unwarmed. There was no fire-place or stove in it, and no provision for heat, except a hot brick, or soap-stone, or a foot-stove. There were, besides, no sidewalks, as we have now; and the article of overshoes was confined to a few persons. The congregation used to wade "to meeting," sit with wet feet during a long sermon, and then hurry home to those restoring influences, which so effectually guarded against colds. The project was agitated, of warming "the meeting-house." It met with a furious opposition. Dr. Atwater was one of the innovators; yet even his opinions could not dispel the dread of stove-heat. At last two stoves were put in. Some said, "Oh how comfortable!" Said others, "It makes me faint!" On the second Sunday, owing to a neglect to provide fuel, no fires were built. But the stoves were there! One lady, of Court street, who was annoyed on the *first* Sunday, was still more annoyed on the second. She at first resorted to the reviving fan. She brandished it furiously, but its breezes could not cool that odious and distressing stove-heat. She untied her bonnet-strings, threw off her shawl, and opened her cloak; but the stove-heat increased upon her. Unable longer to sustain the fury of the Nebuchadnezzarean furnace, she rushed down the broad

aisle, and sought relief from the internal heat in an atmosphere of 20° below zero. It may readily be imagined, that good old Parson Knapp was seized with a fit of coughing about that time, and that the congregation wondered, how two cold stoves could produce such an inflammation in only one person.

No. 3.—Any one who looks, from the hotel, down the beautiful street called Broad, one-half mile in length, to its termination, at the present residence of Mr. Thayer, and beholds the towering trees, and neatly painted houses, which ornament it, will hardly believe the description, which we now give of its appearance, early in the present century. At the time of which we speak, to which our first memory of it refers, there was no house on the street between the Phelps place, on the corner of Court and Broad streets, and the house of the late James Bush. The Green District school-house stood on the Woolworth lot, nearly opposite the Bush house, and forms a portion of the back part of it. Thence south, to the end of the street, there were no other residences, except a small building near the present Deacon Stowe house. The Thayer house was then occupied by Mr. Amos Fowler, the brother of Mr. Blackleach Fowler, and the uncle of Charles and John Fowler. There was, also, on the corner opposite to Amos Fowler's, the large house of Mr. Shubael Holcomb, which was but recently removed. A small cooper-shop stood near James Bush's house, which was sometimes used as a tenement, when coopering was dull. All the other buildings have been erected,—the beautiful trees planted,—the tastefully-laid-out grounds brought to their present state of ornamentation,—within the memory of the writer.

The school-house was a small structure, about fifteen feet square, with two *high*, half, or square windows to prevent sight-seeing, a large fire-place in the north end, and a huge door in the south; a row of seats surrounding the sides of the building, with desks in front; and a row of low seats in front of the desks, for the little boys and girls. If the building, as it was when I went to school in it, were to be exposed for sale now, I presume, considering the high price of lumber, it would sell for from forty to sixty dollars! But, in that old school-house, in a school, kept in summer by a "marm," and in winter by some young man, who had been for a term or two at Westfield Academy, were the youth of both sexes taught! Here they learned to repeat Murray's Grammar, from beginning to end! Here they committed all the rules in Daboll's Arithmetic, and ciphered through all the sums, which were given under the different rules! Here they were taught to read, and to "*speak up loud!*" and, more than all, *to spell*. Here they were

brought up to respect age, and to take off the hat, and bow to the passers by, in going to, or returning from school! Not in a spirit of pride, but for the purpose of showing how men and women can fashion themselves to greatness, when circumstances are untoward and adverse, we refer to the men and women who were educated in that school-house, and others of a like kind. Among them are some of the best minds in the country; some of the best-developed business men; and some of the mothers, who stand among the first rank of educated women. What a debt of gratitude is due to them from the youth of this present generation, for the educational advantages they have afforded and extended! What an obligation is imposed upon them, to improve these advantages!

A little incident will illustrate the manner of school-discipline for breaches of decorum. One hot forenoon, while the pupils were "out to play," in the shade of the vast elm, which, standing in the middle of the road, spread its giant arms from the school-house to Mr. Bush's fence, an old man, with a bald head, was passing by them, hat in hand. A question arose, whether, if one of us should say to him, "Go up, old bald-head!" the bears would come out of the willow swamp, in the rear of Mr. Jessup's, and devour the children? One of the number, who was rather heretical on the subject, shouted forth the dreaded words. Without more than a glance towards the swamp, all but the young heretic ran for the school-house, and shut the ponderous door against the bears. He looked closely in all directions; and seeing none of "the children-devouring vermin," he marched, with an assumed carelessness, into the school-room, in all the pride of his bravery. But the fame of his exploits had preceded him. The rush of the terror-stricken children to this haven of safety, the sudden closing of the huge door, and the anxiety upon the faces of all the urchins, aroused the curiosity of the teacher, and a full revelation of the transaction followed. When, therefore, the young heretic, in all the conscious importance of his victory over the vulgar prejudices of the world, marched proudly into the school-room, what was his consternation, and his mortification, at being seized by the indignant "*marm*," hauled over her disciplinary knee, and most ignominiously *spanked!* The recollection of this transaction is, to this hour, vivid,—as much so, as if "*magna pars fui.*"

A few notices of the people in the street follow: The Bush house was then occupied by Pliny Moseley. He had a large family of children, one of whom, Sybil, married Rev. H. Bingham, and went forth, one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. She spent a long life in her labors there, at a time when missionary duties were no sinecures; and after wearing out her constitution, she at last rested from her labors.

After the death of Mr. Moseley, Mr. James Bush, who then lived in Main street, bought the place; and he resided there until his decease, in 1864. He left a large family of children, the late sheriff, Mr. Frederick Bush, and the wife of Dr. Isaac Woolworth of New Haven, being among the number.

Major Archippus Morgan bought the Phelps place, and built the corner house. His wife was a daughter of Edward Taylor of Montgomery, and a descendant of Parson Taylor, whose tablet is in the First Church. They left a large family of children and grand-children; Edward M. Morgan, Homer Morgan, and Henry T. Morgan who are brokers, and they and George P. Fitch, the husband of one of the daughters, reside in New York City.

The next house was erected by Mr. Jona. Taylor, then a merchant, and a partner of Col. William Hooker, in a store where Colton's drug store now stands. When he removed from Westfield to Andover, it was sold, and subsequently remodeled by Caleb Alden, Esq., now of Springfield, who sold it to Mr. Abbe.

The next house was erected by John H. Stowe, the son of Dea. Stowe, who still resides there.

On the opposite side of the road, and next the Academy building, now the High School, is the house which was formerly the law office of Elijah Bates, Esq., which was removed there by the late Maj. Ives, and raised up and fitted as a dwelling. Truly that building, considering its changes in use and location, has been "a stranger and a sojourner" on the earth.

Next south, was a small house of Rufus Gillett's which forms the back part of the Maj. Ives house. Maj. Ives removed into this town from Otis about 1820; purchased the Gillett lot and fixed up three old houses, which stand between the Academy yard and the Talmadge lot. He occupied the one in the center, his son, Maj. Matthew, Jr., the north one, and the other was rented.

The Talmadge house was built by Edwin Moseley, the son of Israel, of "death-dose" notoriety. When he left town, it was purchased by the late Elisha G. Talmadge, and is now occupied by his widow. He left a family of children, who are all "well-to-do" in the world, in their various places of residence. One of his grand-daughters recently married Mr. Todd, a lawyer in Washington City.

No. 4.—On the south side of Little River, on the farm now owned by Mr. Northam, in a small farm-house, below the hill, resided Deacon Ebenezer Fowler. He had a family of children, who have all emigrated for

foreign parts, or have deceased. Deacon Fowler was a just man, always ready to pay, to the last cent, all his debts, and careful to collect all his dues. He was a very religious man, punctual in his attendance at meetings on Sundays and other days; and though snow, or rain, or mud, covered the streets, he was sure to be seen, in his conscientious travel, for the mile and a half from his residence to the place of assembling. It so happened, that he had a small debt against Roswell Holcomb, who lived in the old Holcomb tavern, at "The Elms," on Pine Hill. He had agreed with him, to do his whitewashing on a certain future day; and he was to begin early. On the day agreed upon, as he supposed, he was incensed at the non-appearance of Holcomb, with his whitewashing equipments; and he started and traveled, with rapid strides, towards the home of his debtor, breathing out his intended utterances of indignant reproach.

Holcomb, the unconscious victim of these intended rebukes, was quietly smoking his pipe, on the front porch, in his usual serenity. He was a decided character. He was a large man, of a dark complexion, with black, curly hair; and he had a "big manly voice," so loud, that, as it was said, his "loud laugh" could be heard from his house to the "Green," a distance of half a mile. He was a man of great humor,—a sort of practical wag,—a "getter-up" of ludicrous stories, which he used to tell, to the great amusement of a bar-room auditory. We need hardly add, that he was *poor;* and that he was only anxious for the means of present enjoyment, at the smallest exertion of his bodily powers, in the way of labor. Upon the morning in question,—a quiet Sabbath morn,—he was surprised at the rapid strides of Deacon Fowler, in his every-day clothes, in the direction of his residence; and he was still more surprised at the salutation of the Deacon. The latter at once upbraided Holcomb with the breach of his agreement to work for him that day, in whitewashing his domicile. The quick wit of the latter at once took in the mistake of the Deacon, as to the day of the week; and he, of course, determined to make music out of it. He at first denied the agreement; but, upon the earnest asseveration of the fact, he fell back upon the denial of it, on that *particular day.* The Deacon became more excited; and, at last, charged Holcomb with being a promise-breaker, a man who would not pay his debts, and who did not regard his promise, or his word.

Holcomb, at last, with an assumed solemnity, admitted his poverty, confessed that his life had not always been the most exemplary; "but," said he, "poor as I am, and bad as I am, I am too much of a good citizen to do your whitewashing on this day; and you, Deacon Fowler, an

officer of the church, ought to be ashamed to ask me. Think not," said he, "that, because you live in a retired place, beneath the hill, where man cannot see us, I am wicked enough to violate this day!" The Deacon did not comprehend this "invasion of Africa;" so he asked Holcomb what he meant. "You know, Deacon Fowler, well enough, what I mean! You think that, because I am poor, and have to work for my living, the whole week, I am wicked enough to steal away down to your house, below the hill, and spend the Sabbath-day in whitewashing!" "The Sabbath-day!" exclaimed the Deacon in unaffected astonishment; "the Sabbath-day!" "Oh, Deacon Fowler, don't be a hypocrite, too! You well know what day it is!" And, warming with his pretended virtuous indignation, he shouted out, in his stentorian voice, "You want to insult the poverty, and corrupt the principles, of a poor man! You—you—you"—but the Deacon was no longer a listener, though he could hear the angry philippics, ringing out, like a brazen trumpet, till, at last, the bubble of pretended virtuous indignation burst, and a real, hilarious, Holcomb-laugh awoke the silent, Sabbath echoes of Pine Hill.

Only imagine the retreat of Deacon Fowler from the pious denunciations of Roswell Holcomb! Think of the flight of Lot from the walls of Sodom, and his "two-forty gait," from the brimstone, fire and tempest! With what a sorrowful heart he entered that house, which had beheld the daily devotions of his whole spotless life, and whose walls now looked darkly and gloomily upon his first great sin! How quickly was his person washed, his Sunday attire donned, and with what rapid, and yet penitential steps he sought the abode of his beloved pastor! There he revealed the heinousness of his sin—his forgetfulness of God and of His holy day. It was in vain, the Rev. Mr. Knapp attempted to qualify, or extenuate, or excuse, his transgression. In vain he urged, that it was a mere mistake—a mere forgetfulness. "That," said the Deacon, "is the very thing! The commandment says *remember!* I have not *remembered* the Sabbath day to keep it holy! And, what is worse, I have done this sin in the presence of this great sinner, who has reproved me with my transgression, and whose laugh of exultation was heard above the roar of the water at Dewey's mill-dam." Nothing would satisfy him, but a full confession, in the face of the whole congregation; and, after the preliminary exercises of the morning service, the Deacon rose, in a seat in the broad aisle, bent his head reverentially forward, crossed his hands meekly on his breast, while the pastor announced, that an aged and venerable brother, and an officer of the church, forgot that this day was the Lord's

day; and having by mistake commenced his secular labors, he now prayed, that hereafter he might ever remember the day, which the Lord had made, and that he might be forgiven for his involuntary transgression.

It may readily be imagined, that this incident was a "thing of joy" to Holcomb. It gave him a new story; and the inquiry, "How was it, Holcomb, about your whitewashing for Deacon Fowler?" especially when accompanied with a "glass of sling," as "drinks" were then called, would call forth a repetition of the facts, with such supplemental circumstances as an imagination, by no means barren, would suggest. We may remark, however, that the narration of the interview was not substantially exaggerated. The good parson had a quiet humor of his own; and, while he venerated the purity of character, he could not but enjoy, and cause others to enjoy, the peculiar conscientiousness of one of his deacons.

No. 5.—In reviewing the recollections of the early situation of the town, and contemplating its growth, up to the period of which we write, we feel a strong impulse to confer with our early compeers, to correct our doubtful impressions, or to assure ourselves of their reality. But, alas! to whom shall we apply? More than once has the beautiful language of the poet, thrilled upon our memory, as we have directed our thoughts to the days of the past,—"I came to the place of my birth, and said—the friends of my youth, where are they? and echo answered —where are they?"

As I have passed down the *Main street* of the town, from the northeast corner of "the Green," in the direction of Springfield, and have looked upon the large manufactories, the closely compacted dwellings, the beautiful buildings, and the large population of that busy thoroughfare, I can hardly realize, that, in the space of my recollection, going back to a period of ten or eleven years only, within the present century, only two male residents are now alive, who then were on the stage of being, and that nearly all the beautiful homes of our enterprising people have been recent erections. To begin at "the Green." Where the Ives block now stands, was a store, occupied by Farnum & Hastings; Major Ives removed it, and it now constitutes the rear part of the third building south of the Academy. Adjacent to the store, was the jeweler's shop of the late Jacob Morse, whose clocks, with his name upon the face, are still in being, and one of which still marks the progress of time, and strikes the passing hours, where the writer now dwells, as it has done since his birth to the present hour. He was the father of the late James Morse, of whom we may have something to

say, and the grandfather of James H. Morse, our present town treasurer. His home was just east of his shop, and where the store now stands, it having been removed into the church avenue. The next house was the Parks' house, on the ground where the piano-leg factory is situated, belonging to Messrs Stimpson & Co., and was occupied by Cornet Parks, a British officer of the Revolution, the father of Mrs. James Bush, and Miss Mary Parks, deceased. The Stephen Douglass house stood where the house owned by the "Taylor *boys*," now stands, with a small shoe-maker's shop adjoining. Douglass had a family of children who removed from the town; one son of his lives in the east part of Hampshire County, and is a useful and respected citizen. Mr. Douglass was an odd man, somewhat facetious in his manners and conversation; and, though I was very young when he departed, I have associated him with *Souter Johnny*, in Tam O'Shanter. He was not so fat, as Souter Johnny is represented in the group, but the twinkle of the eye, reminded one of the humorous representation of the shoemaker, in the immortal work of Thom. There was a nickname attached to him, by his neighbors, resulting from a word of his frequent use, and he was sometimes called Smoliker Douglass, or the Smoliker. The next house was the Dr. Israel Ashley house, where Mr. Thomas Ashley now lives. He was quite a distinguished physician, and traveled over an extensive territory, the only other physician being Dr. Sumner, and their practice called them to the adjacent towns. Both Dr. Ashley and his wife died in 1814, and within a few days of each other, leaving children—Mary, the wife of Elijah Bates, Esq.; Margaret, wife of Mr. Lyman Lewis; Harriet, who afterwards became the second wife of Jesse Farnum, Esq.; and Thomas, who at the age of eighty-one still survives. Next, was the house of Joseph Lyman, Esq., now owned by Mr. James Noble, who removed to Northampton, became Judge of Probate, and Sheriff of Hampshire, and died at a good old age. His wife was a sister of Hon. James Fowler, and his son, Samuel Fowler Lyman, is now Judge of Probate in that county. Adjacent to Mr. Lyman's, was the Ballantine house, then occupied by Winthrop Ballantine, and Rev. John Ballantine, or as he was called, "Master John." They were the sons of Parson Ballantine, one of the pastors of the church in Westfield, one of whose daughters married Gen. John Ashley of Sheffield, the father of the late Maj. William Ashley, who was the father of Mrs. Jane P. Bates. "Master John" was a marked character. He was a man of much learning, of great reading and study, and in some of his characteristics he resembled the Rev. Abel Sampson, whose character has been so well described by Sir Walter Scott, in Guy Mannering

He was small and erect in his figure, with long iron-gray hair, combed back; a marked face, a marked manner of expression, accompanied by a slight brogue; his voice harsh and unmusical; and when he sang, which he commonly did "in meeting," he followed the choir a note or two behind, so that his singing produced a marked sensation, especially among the young worshipers, who seemed to take much delight in his remarkable discords. Like Mr. Sampson, he was never married; his time being devoted entirely to study, and in taking charge of the town library, which was kept in his chamber. He was licensed to preach; but he never received "a call," except at times to supply the pulpit when Parson Knapp was absent. It is narrated of him, that on one of these occasions, there had been for a long time no rain, and the earth was dry and parched. "Master John" prayed earnestly for the dews upon the mown grass, and showers that water the earth; and after several weekly petitions, his prayers were answered. The windows of heaven were opened, and down came the torrents, that made up the Jefferson flood. The river rose to an unprecedented hight. The meadows were overflowed, and still the waters increased so as really to alarm the people. Sunday came, and with it, "Master John," in the sacred desk, indicating by his manner that something was to be done, and that quickly. He modestly referred to the earnest petitions he had offered up for the "cisterns of the sky," and the discharge of their contents upon "the thirsty ridges of the field," and how abundantly that petition had been answered; and in view of the fact, that apparently a deluge was impending, he broke out into the following eloquent supplication: "Lord, Lord, stay thy hand! O, stay thy hand! Enough! enough! art thou a going to drown us out?" It is said that the rain ceased, the waters subsided, and the woodchucks, and other dwellers in the holes of the earth, who had been drowned out, as "Master John" feared the people would have been, returned to their burrows, or dug new holes above high water mark. As I intend to finish his portraiture at one sitting, I add another anecdote which I listened to, when a boy, much of the interest of which will be lost to those who never heard the formal, pompous language of "Master John," affected as it was by a slight paralytical shake. He had a very small dog, who was very fond of amusing himself, by running after sheep. As he wished to correct this propensity in the dog, he applied to his neighbor, Stephen Douglass, for the proper directions. Douglass told him there was no difficulty, and if he would bring up the dog to his shop, he would cure him. The dog was brought. But we can not do it justice. Take the stand, "Master John," and tell your own story. "I went to my neighbor,

the smolaker, him who mendeth the shoes, and inquired of him, if Pank could be cured of his vicious propensity in following after the sheep? He answered that there was no difficulty, and that if I would bring Pank unto him, he would be instrumental in his cure. Accordingly, I brought Pank to the shop of the smolaker. He at once connected a short rope to the collar of the dog; and having caught a huge ram of his flock, he affixed the rope to the horns of the ram. He then ceased to restrain the ram, and at the same time shook his leathern apron; this affrighted the ram, who ran across the field with amazing velocity, Pank following him unwillingly, and with unequal steps. When they approached the bounds of the field, the ram leaped the fence; and as he descended on the other side, he brought poor Pank's head against the rail, and he expired on the spot."

The Ballantine house was a large mansion, in front of which, stood two large elm trees; one of them was the largest tree in the town, nor do I recollect ever to have seen its equal. It was cut down, in barbarous taste, because, as it was said, the roots and shade injured the neighboring gardens. The next house was the Squire Fowler house; the building is now standing, on the corner of Main and Cross streets. Hon. Samuel Fowler resided there, before his removal to "the Green." Next east, was the Capt. Mather house, still standing. Capt Mather married the daughter of Edward Taylor, Esq., of Montgomery, sister of Mrs. Archippus Morgan. They had a large family of children. Sophia, married Dr. Fitch of South Carolina, who left one daughter. Cynthia is the wife of John B. Eldredge, Esq., of Hartford, the President of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company. Rowland Mather is a wealthy merchant in Hartford, and has a family of children. Samuel Mather was bred a farmer, and worked hard with his father on the "paternal acres;" but on the death of his family, being worn down with his severe labor, he took up his abode with his sister, Mrs. Eldredge, where he resided until his death. He conceived the idea of founding an Atheneum, where, for a small sum, the inhabitants, and particularly the youth of the town, might have access to books, and have a place in which to spend their evenings, in the joy of social converse, and the improvement of their minds, without being *forced*, as it were, into the saloons either of drink, or gaming, or both, or into other situations of temptation to vice and crime. With this view, after a full consideration and consultation, he paid, in government bonds, the sum of $10,000, for the purpose of providing for the warming, and lighting the Atheneum building, paying the salary of a librarian, and other incidental expenses, it being understood, that the building was to

be presented by Mr. Harrison, and the books purchased by donations of citizens of the town. As we all know, the building has been generously given, and several liberal donations have been made; but, we are ashamed to say, that very many of our citizens, those too of wealth, and who have families, who need the necessary culture, are not yet among the contributors. It was a glorious act of Mr. Mather, and it will hand down his name in the rolls of gratitude. Who can estimate the result? Who can foresee how much of an impulse he will have given to moral, intellectual and religious culture, and how many persons may be saved, in the future, from degradation and ruin.

But to retrurn from this pleasing digression. Next east of Capt. Mather's was the house of Charles King, standing on the Tryon lot; and still further east, and the last house on the east side of Main Street, was the Landlord Fowler tavern. It is said that General Burgoyne, when he passed through this town as a prisoner from the field of Saratoga, spent the night at this tavern, and with true military politeness, kissed the wife of the landlord, on the morning of his departure. The house is still standing, and in good repair, though it has not been used as a tavern, within my memory. I propose to reserve the other side of Main Street for another number.

No. 6.—Before we cross over to the north side of Main street, we insert a recollection of a story of the Rev. John Ballantine, the father of "Master John." We do not vouch for its truth, and therefore, some parts of it may invade the realm of fable. But, "I tell the tale as it was told to me."

After the parson was settled, like other clergymen, he looked about him for an helpmeet; and as the outgoings and incomings of a parson, in the matrimonial paths, are often the subject of particular regard, especially to those who have marriageable daughters,—and we suspect, that the subject was of still more interest, at a time when the office of pastor was, more than now, a higher office than it is at present, even as a militia captain was as great a man then, as a major general now,—it became a question of great interest to the people, who was to be installed, as the female colleague of the parson. Rumor soon reported, that he had looked over the heads of the spinsters of his town, and cast his affections upon a kinswoman of Governor Winthrop of Boston. She was highly spoken of, as a lady of talent and virtue; but she had been bred up in a style of refinement and luxury, and, upon great occasions, was accustomed to array herself in a *silk gown!* The deacons felt constrained, by the impelling force of public sentiment, to remonstrate with

their pastor, and admonish him of the danger of importing such an example of extravagance into such a staid, quiet and rural population as Westfield. He listened to them attentively, and considered their argument, and finally proceeded to do, as men usually do, when infatuated with a lady of a kindred spirit,—he married her.

A short time after she had assumed the discharge of her duties, he invited his deacons to a sort of pastoral dinner. It was gotten up in a style, which was unusual to the men of this primitive town. She presided at the table with grace and dignity; and by her polite attention to the supply of the wants of her guests, her apt conversation, and her kindly, though stately manner, she almost overcome their preconceived prejudices. After the repast was over, and she had retired, leaving the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their tobacco, and those lubricating admixtures, in which it is said, the worthies of that period took great delight, Parson Ballantine reminded them that they had had an opportunity of observing his wife, in the sphere of her new duties; and he asked them, successively, beginning at the eldest, how they were pleased with Mrs. Ballantine? He replied that he liked her well; she was a handsome and accomplished lady. She presided at the table with the dignity of a queen, and the courtesy of an angel. Her meat was done to a turn, and her puddings and pies had a melting richness about them, which had never been equalled. "But, reverend sir, there is that *silk gown!* I observed how it shone, and rustled. It was a sort of snare to my own eyes; I could hardly help being tempted to imagine how my own wife and daughter would look in one of those robes of satin; and if such is the case with me, how will it be with those who have not the same restraining grace?" Thus this deacon struck the key-note, and all the others vibrated in unison. All admired her; all wondered at her accomplishments; but all of them were distressed at that *silk gown;* and they lamented, that such a highly educated, virtuous, affable, and intelligent woman, should have her affections so strongly placed upon the vanities of this world.

At the conclusion of these expressions of opinion, the good pastor pondered for a few moments in deep thought, and at last observed to them:—"I see, my dear brethren, that no one of you seems exactly to be satisfied with Mrs. Ballantine; and as you do not feel inclined to take her yourselves, I will thank you to let her alone, and I will keep her myself."

No. 7.—The first house upon the north side of Main street, at the corner of "the Green," at the time of my first recollection, was the Joel

Farnam house. It is the same building, which now stands north of the brick building on the corner, from whence it was removed for the erection of the latter. The house next north of it, then cornered upon it, fronting on Elm street, and was used as a rent. Mr. Farnam was a partner of Benjamin Hastings, and their store was, what is now, the rear portion of one of the Major Ives' houses, and stood on the site of the Ives-corner brick building. They failed in business, and removed, Farnam to Albany, N. Y., and Hastings to Hartford, Conn. They had numerous children, and though unfortunate in business, there was no stain upon the character of either of them. Henry Hastings, now of this town, was one of the sons of Benjamin, and has returned hither in poor health, to spend his life here.

Where the Second Congregational Church now stands, stood the "Tavern," as such places were then called, of Gad Palmer. But the word "Tavern" is now obsolete. The word was first supplanted by "*Hotel*," and at last "House," with a prefix, has become the style. If a guest were to speak to the landlord, (or we suppose we must sink the "landlord," too, and call him the "proprietor,") about his *Tavern*, he would feel indignant, and perhaps order him to leave his "*House*." He would feel somewhat like the Londoner, upon an occasion, when, at the request of an American, he pointed out to him the King. The American was surprised at the plainness of his appearance, and exclaimed, "Is that stupid-loooking chap the king?" "Gracious heaven!" cried out the Londoner, "do you call his most gracious Christian majesty *a chap?*"

But we return to Mr. Palmer's *tavern*, for we love to linger around "that once familiar word," and we would gladly shut up house, bid adieu to house-keeping, for a time, at least, and linger about such a tavern as he and his wife kept. We sigh for the past, when we think of it. So clean, so neat, the table and bed linen so white, the parlors so pleasant, the table so spread with a very few dishes, shining like polished ivory, and the food upon them so perfectly cooked and flavored, such an air of quiet and repose, all about the premises, no noise, no tumult, no carousing, no swearing,—it realized, in its full perfection, the idea of "a traveler's home!" "Carousing and swearing," did I say? Ben Wade could not swear there! Saulsbury could not get drunk there! Neither of them could meet the calm, mild eye of Uncle Gad; and if they were to call for a second glass, he would gently remind them, that they had had enough. The justices of the Supreme Court, in their journeys to Lenox, were accustomed to ride over on Saturdays, and spend a quiet Sunday at Palmer's tavern, and resume

their journeys on Monday; and the old Solicitor-General Davis, who was no mean judge of "the creature comforts," was glad to bear them company. I well remember the enthusiasm with which this famous epicure used to speak of the joys of Palmer's tavern, and how he would rhapsodize over her coffee.

Next, and near to it, was the house of Mr. Hastings, subsequently owned and occupied by the late Elijah Arnold; and next to that was the house of Major Douglas, now occupied by Charles C. Fowler. A large willow tree stood in front of the house, which spread its giant branches over the roof and the road. The Major had a large family of children. Capt. Charles Douglas, and Lucy, the first wife of Hon. James Fowler, died in their native town; the other children removed from home; some of them to the vicinity of Trenton, N. Y.; but there are living a large number of their children, of talent and character, who stand high in the estimation of the world.

Where the house of Deacon Chadwick now stands, was an old house of Enoch Clark. He died there. His eldest son, Enoch, removed to Ohio, his daughter, the wife of Mr. Swan, formerly of the Woronoko House, to Cincinnati, O., and Rev. Perkins K. Clark is the pastor of the church at Mittineaque. There was an old potash-building, standing where the cottage, recently owned by the late William Stimpson now stands, which was pulled down. In 1834, Mechanic street was opened, by Jonathan Taylor, A. Post and William G. Bates, assignees of Robert Whitney. There was considerable debate about the propriety of opening it. The lot owned by Mr. Whitney was appraised at $1,000; and the question was, whether the building lots would sell for that sum. One of those gentlemen agreed to make up any deficit; and the heirs of Mr. Clark consenting to give a portion of the land, the street was opened. In this way a large number of building-lots were created. An auction was had; all the lots were sold; one of the assignees purchased several of them. The sale amounted to a considerable excess of the appraisal, and for the lots which he purchased, he received an enhanced price. Every one, who now passes through that beautiful and densely populated street, will wonder at the doubt which was then expressed, about the growth of Westfield.

The next house is that in which the late Lyman Lewis lived and died; and next to that, were the house and cabinet-maker's shop of Erastus Grant, who recently died at the advanced age of ninety years. He was a decided, energetic, passionate man, prompt in all his business, with an iron will, and a determination which never paused in its purposes. He kept a large number of workmen and apprentices in

the shop, which now stands, as a dwelling, adjacent to the old mansion, now undergoing repairs at the hand of Mr. Frederick Bush, the late sheriff. His passions, now and then, led him into difficulties, but which were in themselves laughable. One day it was announced in the shop, that his hog was in Mrs. Lewis' garden. He at once turned out all his hands, caught the hog and put it back in the pen; and he used a large quantity of material in making the pen hog-proof. But, alas, in a few days word was brought that the hog was again in that garden. "Turn out," said he, "catch him!" Every hand ran with him, and the catch was made. Four men, each at a leg, carried the unruly animal to the pen, and were about to put it in his old home. "Not there, not there," said he, "he has got out once! Take him to the shop!" It was done—for an authority, prompt as military, abided there. "Lay him on the block!" It was done also; and then, with his hatchet, he cut off the hog's head! "There!" cried he, "get into Mrs. Lewis' garden again, will you?"

A few years ago, Rev. Dr. Davis submitted the question to his parishioners, whether they would keep Saturday or Sunday night? And he requested each one to express his opinion in writing, as he said it was desirable to have an uniformity among his people in keeping the whole of the Lord's day. The answer of Mr. Grant was characteristic of the man. It ran thus:

"I am not strenuous; but I always have kept Saturday night, and I always shall. E. GRANT."

Close by the shop was a small, brick, district school-house, and then the house of Mr. George Morgan, who died there. His family have all removed, except his widow and the wife of Mr. Reuben Loomis of Court street The next house east, was that of Mr Jeremiah Moseley, in which George H. Moseley now lives. The old meeting-house formerly stood on the corner, this side of the meeting-house, and it was burned early in the present century, before my birth. The "Court-end," or center of the town was, at that time, there. There were held the town-meetings; there was Mr. Eager's store; and there that indispensable adjunct of a town-meeting, the large tavern. But, as business began to concentrate about "the Green," and the principal inhabitants to follow the current of business and trade, there was a very natural desire for a central sanctuary; and, probably to anticipate a quiet division, some over-zealous "reconstructionist" applied the torch. It was said, that the universal people mourned the loss of an excellent bell, and the town clock. It is a pity, at least, that the *clock* was burned, as it would be useful in correcting the irregularities of the rickety

thing, which now counts the unequal hours in the turret of the First Congregationalist Church. Mr. Moseley had a large family of children, one of whom was the wife of the late Major M. Ives, Jr., and who died, leaving one daughter, wife of Mr. Wood of Louisville, Ky.; and the only remaining one of them now alive, is George H. Moseley. The next house east, is the Henry Taylor house, now owned by his son, Hezekiah. Mr. Taylor died several years ago, leaving a family of children.

Next stood the old red house of Jedediah Taylor, on the bank of the river. He also had a large family of children, and died at a good old age. In fact, it was fashionable and common in Westfield, in those days, to have large children, and large families of children. Many of the householders aimed at a dozen, and few fell short of half that number. If they did so, they commonly made up in length and quantity, the lack of numbers. Mr. Taylor was one of the largest farmers in town, a grave, quiet man, and no one stood higher than he did, as a judge of stock. And here let it be remembered, that his son, Major George Taylor, came honestly by his knowledge on this subject; as those who remember the "steer," and who bought their steaks and roasting pieces can testify. It is said, that the judgment of the Taylor family, in regard to the weight of cattle, was so correct, that it was used to test the accuracy of Fairbanks' scales.

The first meeting-house in this town stood near the house of Mr. Taylor, on the spot where, until recently, was the town pound. It was a small building, and was taken down, about the time the one was erected, which was afterwards burned. Both of them had large, square, upright pews, with few of the conveniences for hearing, resting, and keeping comfortable, during an intolerably long sermon, that modern houses of worship afford.

I believe I have noticed all the residences in Main street, at the period of my early memory, and I think I can remember the erection of all the others in that busy thoroughfare. I propose to go into some other street in my next number.

No. 8.—Beginning at Squire Fowler's *corner*, as it was called, though it was not *angular* but *round*, the first building north of the house, was the Ashbel Eager store, where J. H. Morse and Dr. H. Holland trade. He had removed from the old location near the old meeting-house, to "the Green," and kept the store in the building in which also was kept the post-office, and which was burned with the tavern in 1833.

The store and post-office had closed shutters, and it was said that the latter was occasionally used for a social game of cards. On one of these occasions, on a Saturday night, an unusual interest was taken in the game, and some small sums of money were hazarded. Entertainments also were provided, of which those who did not engage in the play, of course, partook. At last, drowsiness invaded the revellers, and they concluded to go home. What was their surprise, to see, on opening the door, that the day was breaking, and that the snow, which had fallen noiselessly during the night, was some three feet in depth. Their grief, at once became audible. "What will my wife say?" said one, "How shall I get into my house?" said another, "When the people come to meeting, they will see the trails from this office to all the points of the compass, and every one will know what has been going on, and who has been engaged here!" said a third. Amid the varied expressions of regret, one of the company, who seemed to feel more sorrowful than the rest, at last broke out in the following lamentation: "You have played cards, and made money! *You* have played and lost money! *you* have come out about even! you all have enjoyed the gaming! but I have done nothing but mix up the liquor, and hold the candle!"

Adjacent to the store was the tavern, kept by Mr. Goodenough, who ultimately removed to Montreal where he kept a first-class tavern. It was a large, three story building, with a hall in the upper story for dancing-schools, balls, parties, &c. After Mr. Goodenough left, Joseph Morgan kept the tavern. Then Major Archippus Morgan took possession, and kept it for several years, till at last he removed to a hotel in Hartford; and from there, he returned to this town, and built the house on the corner of Court and Broad Streets, in which he lived till his death. The tavern was then the stage-house, on the road from Boston to Albany, and was frequented by a large number of travelers. It was also the place of resort for the people of the town. It was a sort of modern exchange; with an addition, in the shape of a liquid, yclept *flip*, which modern "exchanges" do not provide. In the coals of the bar-room wood-fire, were kept a suitable number of flip-irons; and after the small-beer, made of hops, dried pumpkins, and other ingredients, which compound required an infusion of Santa Croix, or some other stimulant, to render it intoxicating, had been modified by the addition of eggs and sugar stirred together, one of these irons was thrust into the "*mug*," or "*half mug*," as a dose for two, or one person, was called, until the liquor was raised to 212° Fahrenheit, in which state it was passed to the guests, and then,—I declare

the bare narration, revives the pleasures of my infancy! and I almost feel like trying *a brew* of the article, just to ascertain whether the flavor which abides upon my palate to this hour, is a true, or a fanciful recollection; whether I am indebted for my enjoyment to Rogers, or Akenside.

At one of the gatherings at the tavern, the flip had performed its more than accustomed rounds, and the sitting had been prolonged to a later than the usual hour. At last the company broke up, and left for home. One old gentleman, who lived some two or three miles off, was unable to find his horse. He was a splendid glossy black, without a white hair upon him; and was so well acquainted with the peculiarities of his master, that in whatever state of mind or body his master was, he would carry him safely home. At the usual hitching-post, there stood a horse, but it was not his. It had a star in the forehead, and four white feet, and he disclaimed the ownership of a horse with such vile marks upon him. So he took to the road, and footed it home, as well as his fat, and his gout would permit. In the morning, he was in town betimes, with the offer of a large reward for the horse or the thief. He declared that he had left him the night before, at the post where that white-foot-horse then stood; that no one knew the owner of the latter, and that in his opinion, the thief had left the old, white-footed, broken-down specimen, which stood, with hanging head at the post, in exchange for his own high mettle steed. At last, some one proposed to try the mettle of the abandoned horse. A boy mounted him, and with a little switch, he started up, with a fine gait; and in the judgment of the bystanders, was a more valuable beast than the stolen one. Upon looking at the mouth, to learn his age, the white star began to rattle off, and a little rubbing removed every trace of *white* from his face and feet. The saddle, too, was recognized, and, in short, the old captain found that some one had improved the animal by a little whitewash. "Confound that rascal," said the old captain, calling the wag by his supposed name, "to make me travel three miles on foot, to gratify his deviltry."

No. 9.—On the site of the brick building, where the office of William G. Bates, and the store of C. I. Snow are now kept, was formerly an old wood store, owned and occupied by Mr. Lyman Lewis; and at the period of "the late war," as the second war with Great Britain was called, it was removed, at first to the present site of the Hampden Bank, and subsequently, to where the Whitman block now stands, from whence it took up its line of march to one of the lateral streets, on the

west of Elm street, and was at last metamorphosed into a dwelling-house. The brick store, first spoken of, was erected about the year 1813, and was the first erection of the kind in Westfield. It was a splendid building. The step-stones were cut from sandstone, by a workman in West Springfield, and the store was large and spacious; it was three stories in height; and, though it wanted its present piazza, it was called "the brick store," and regarded as a monument of the enterprise of the builders. Those who look upon it now, enlarged and improved as it is, will readily perceive the difference between the simple taste of fifty years ago, and the ambitious, pretentious, and extravagant desire for display, which has become a vice of this age. We ought, of course, to make our stores comfortable, and to construct them substantially, and upon substantial foundations; but, if there was less of the *gorgeous* in their appearance, and more of mercantile honor in the business, and, what is also greatly to be desired, if the merchants would prefer to pay their debts, live within their means, and look with a proper feeling upon insolvency, it would be an advantage, not merely to the merchants, but to their customers.

Next north of the "brick store," was a wooden store, formerly owned by the late Bohan King, the father of Henry, William and Seth King. He was a hatter, and died many years ago. The store was once occupied by Richard Falley, who was an inveterate fisherman. He would leave the key in the door, and with his fishing rod, would take to the streams, as if fishing was the main business of his life. One of his friends remonstrated with him, alleging that his absences incommoded his friends who wished to buy goods. "Why," said Falley, "I always leave the key in the door!" "Yes, but they may omit to leave the money, or to charge for the goods taken, and so you will fail." "Well," said he, "that may be so; but, if a store can't support itself, it's no store for me!"

It was subsequently occupied by William Hooker, Jr., and Jonathan Taylor, for a long number of years. Colonel Hooker came from Westhampton, and Mr. Taylor from Montgomery. The firm was at last dissolved, Taylor continuing in their old store, and Hooker removing into the drugstore, with Jessup & Co., where Dr. H. Holland now keeps. Mr. Taylor removed to Andover, where one of his sons, Edward, resides. Colonel Hooker remained here till his recent death. As a merchant, and as a man, Colonel Hooker was a most estimable person. In the store of Hooker & Taylor, there was no *jockeying*,—no "two prices" for goods. Every one knew, that if they sent a child for goods, the order would be supplied, as if they went themselves. There was no marking down of

a few articles, to a sum below cost, as a *bait* to cajole customers, whoever they might be, and each customer went away with perfect confidence in the good faith of those estimable merchants. In the long life which they led here, they left no stain upon their mercantile reputation.

For several years before his death, Colonel Hooker was in poor health, and out of business. He was a most *genial* man; always in good humor, always kindly and friendly; attentive to the sick, ministering to the suffering and afflicted; a pleasant companion, as well to the child as to the person of mature age; and when he left this world for a better, he left no better man behind him. "His life was gentle!" * * "This was a man!"

It may be interesting to the readers of the "Times," to have the names of the several occupants of the public buildings on the west side of "the Green," during the present half century. Ashbell Eager and Hon. Samuel Fowler were in partnership in the store where Dr. Holland and James Morse now occupy; then Fowler & Douglass (Capt. Charles); then Farnam, King & Co., consisting of Jesse Farnam, David King and James Fowler; then Thomas Ashley; then William King, Jr.; then Jessup & Co., and Colonel Hooker; then Dr. Henry Holland, and James H. Morse.

The tavern has been occupied by Capt. Adnah Sackett; Samuel Eldredge; his son Samuel Eldredge, the father of John B. Eldredge; Asa Goodenough; Joseph Morgan, who removed to Hartford, and whose son is one of the firm of Peabody, the London banker; Major Archippus Morgan; John A. Swan; Charles K. Bingham and I. M. Parsons; I. M. Parsons; Charles Brown; Lewis Chapman; A. B. Whitman; Mr. Fairfield, and Mr. Pickard, the present occupant.

The brick store was occupied by Lyman Lewis, Robert Whitney, Deacon A. G. Chadwick, A. E. Jessup, J. R. Rand, Albert Rand and George Whitman, Snow & Thayer, Charles I. Snow, and Timothy Snow.

The King store, by Richard Failey, Major Witter, James Douglass, Thomas Sheldon and King; Loring Palmer, Dr. Clark, druggist, Hooker & Taylor, and Major Joseph Root kept the post-office in the part occupied by Dr. Clark as a drugstore.

No. 10.—North of the Great River bridge, the changes in the appearance of that locality are still more marked and noticeable. The erection of the bridge itself, has wrought a marvelous effect upon the

prosperity of that portion of the town. The old bridge was erected across the river, in a line just in front of the Major Noble door-yard fence, the house now being occupied by Mr. Rockwell, who purchased the estate of the heirs of Major Noble. The latter was a mill-wright, and an ingenious, hard-laboring man. He purchased the grist and saw-mill, which formerly belonged to Chauncey Atkins, and which were much out of repair, and went to work upon them. They were soon put in a more efficient state, and the public were better accommodated by his enterprise. He was a short, thick-set man, every lineament of whose face, and whose every motion indicated the spirit of determination, which was incorporated in him, and which formed a part of his being. When Major Noble made up his mind, it was made up! Change or yielding, seemed to be no part of his nature. I do not mean that he was an unreasonable man, in forming his opinions. So far as I had occasion to know him, in that respect, he was careful and circumspect, and also fair and candid; But, after he had settled upon a conclusion, there was the end of discussion and negotiation. The "*ita senatus decrevit!*" was not more unbending. I happened to have several opportunities of observing this trait in his character, as his counsel; and I think I have never seen it displayed in a more decided manner.

He made an impression upon the troops of men and boys, as well as upon the militia, by his appearance on parade. His large, burly body, somewhat resembling the portraits of the late President Taylor, arrayed in a suit of dark blue, with his half-moon hat, and a flaming red feather, stretching up from it, and that large, square, stern face, and those large, glaring eyes, looking for all the world, as if the sword which he wore was ready to spring outward to his hand, at every breach of discipline by his troops, or any misconduct upon his lines, by the spectators, presented an appearance of military energy and decision, which the more benignant, and firm look of General Shepard, or the bustling manner of Adjutant Dewey, with his gleaming spontoon, failed to display.

The Great River bridge, at that time, was an uncovered wooden structure, placed on trestle-work, and was about six hundred feet long. At the south end, a causeway was built up to the shore, sufficiently high, in common freshets, to prevent the river from running over it, but which, in the great spring and fall freshets, was swept away, by the fierce and foaming torrent of the stream. The traveler, who rides along the banks of the Westfield River, from West Springfield to Becket, and sees it, at times calm and placid, and at others almost diverted from its bed into the

canals and flumes of the manufacturing establishments, which its waters propel, will be surprised to learn that, in the trial of the case of Dickinson and Boyle, in 1855, it was proved, that the water rose eighteen feet in a single night! It was not to be expected, that a bridge of that kind, standing on trestle-posts in the rapids below the dam, when huge cakes of ice from the pond were hurled down against its foundations by such an irresistible current, could withstand, for a long time, the immense shock; and the fact was, that rarely did one of the great freshets occur, when some portion of the bridge was not borne off by the waters, and the causeway washed away. The constantly recurring expense of repairing the bridge and causeway, and of rebuilding the parts removed, suggested to several of the citizens the necessity of changing the site to its present location. There was a strong opposition to the plan. It involved the payment of land-damages, and especially damages to the mill-yard of Major Noble; it changed the public travel, which formerly went past the old hotel, and the house of Ira Yeamans, Sen.; and then the enormous expense of a covered bridge, with stone piers and abutments, were all held up as a bugbear to frighten and terrify those economical and timid souls, who did not know that "there is that withholdeth more than is meet," which "tendeth to poverty." The result of a long, and animated discussion, in town-meeting, was a vote, in which six persons only, voted for the project, in opposition to the residue of the town.

This decisive vote, did not put an end to the agitation. The friends of the project were active and resolute. The books of the town were ransacked, and the expenses of maintaining the then present bridge, were exhibited with a startling amount. But, still they were met with a decided refusal. Fortunately, for the interests of the town, the bridge over Little River went off at that time; and the majority so far yielded to the pertinacity of those rash innovators, as to consent, that a covered bridge might be erected at that place, which they hoped would convince them of their error. It was accordingly erected. The result was satisfactory, but it was not the result expected. Those, who had taken the lead in the opposition, became advocates of the proposed change; and, at the next fortunate flood, which, as if to drown out the whole evil element of opposition, swept away almost every vestige of the bridge, the town voted to change the location, and to build the present covered bridge. The erection was completed in 1840; and now, for a period of over thirty years, the town has saved thousands upon thousands of dollars, by the improvement, not to speak of numberless other advantages, affecting the convenience, safety and comfort of our citizens.

No. 11.—Noticing, a few days since, the decease of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, we are led, by a very natural association, to his wife, formerly one of our citizens, and to the circumstances connected with her marriage, her enterprise, and its results.

Sybil Moseley was the daughter of Lieut. Pliny Moseley, who lived in the house now occupied by the widow of James Bush. She was born September 14, 1792, and educated at Westfield Academy. Her parents died in 1810, and 1811; and she and her three sisters, were thus left orphans. Sybil was a good scholar; and when she arrived at the age of twenty-one, she commenced teaching, in different and distant towns. She was a remarkably mild and gentle person in her manners; in fact, her portrait, taken at the time of her marriage, reveals the character of her mind and heart. The portraits,—her husband's being also taken on the same canvass,—were sent by him to Mr. Bates, for exhibition at the bi-centennial jubilee, and he placed them in the Westfield Athenæum. Soon after her connection with the church, in 1812, she conceived the idea of becoming a missionary. Elijah Bates, Esq., became the guardian of the property of the children; and, when not out of town, they made it their home at his house. Missionaryism was a frequent subject of conversation; and Sybil used to amuse the family by her fanciful pictures of future life, seated in a large rocking-chair, and surrounded by a school of little, half-clad heathens, imbibing their knowledge of the alphabet, and of theology from her instructions. While on a visit in Connecticut, she heard of an ordination of missionaries, which was to take place, at Goshen, who were intending to commence their work in the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands; and she, at once, repaired thither, to attend the ceremony. She was, of course, introduced to them; and, in company with Mr. Bingham, she came to Hartford, and, after a visit to his friends there, to Westfield. The announcement of so sudden an arrangement, was, of course, a great matter of surprise to all the people here; but, in the course of four weeks, the newly married pair started for the place of their future labors. The occasion was one of great interest. It was sudden. It was a new thing. The Isles were in a state of savageism. It was the place of the murder of Capt. Cook; and the inhabitants were accounted as little better than cannibals. But, neither she, or her husband faltered; and, starting in the fall of 1819, with the good wishes and prayers of all her friends, she arrived at her place of destination in the spring of 1820.

The result of her labors there, in conjunction with her fellow-labor-

ers, has been of world-wide importance. Those beautiful islands have been redeemed from heathenism; and, though the population has decreased in its numbers, yet the people have increased in intelligence, and the products of their labor have added to the comforts of the world. I doubt not, but that Mrs. Bingham was not surpassed, in her devotion and zeal, and in her earnest and faithful labors, by any other missionary, who ever went forth to a foreign land. Her whole soul was in the work. She was, in a peculiar manner, fitted for it; and there was a pervading enthusiasm in her mind, which gave to her whole life, the highest impulse of Christian duty.

In 1840, her failing health compelled her to relinquish this great object of her life. She returned here, the mere wreck of her former self; and, after a few years of suffering, she died in 1848. Some time after her death, her husband was married to Naomi, the daughter of the late Jacob Morse, with whom he lived until his death, a few weeks since, at New Haven. He was a man of remarkable energy and devotion. He aimed at nothing less, than to do his part in the conversion of the world. Certainly, he took, as we express it, in homely language, the butt-end of the log! We can scarcely conceive of a more unpromising, or a more dangerous place for missionary labor. But, on the arrival of this devoted band, the doors seemed to swing open; and, instead of the perils which their friends anticipated, they entered at once, into the confidence of the King, and of a people, which was disposed to listen to their teachings. Mr. Bingham soon became "the power behind the throne;" and some of that class of residents, and temporary sojourners, who felt the restraints of wholesome laws, upon unbridled passion, were accustomed to call him "King Bingham!" But, whether he was king or subject, he adhered to his great work. He sustained the King, in his abolishment of idolatry. He formed their lingual jargon, into a written language. He translated the gospel, school books, and psalms and hymns into the language of Polynesia. He introduced these benign influences and improvements, which have swept away the mud-built hovels of a filthy Indian village, and substituted the elegant residences of a Christian city. He lived to see an idolatrous nation, sunk in the lowest depths of human degradation, elevated to a state of industry and intelligence, and taking a respectable rank in the family of nations.

The funeral of Mr. Bingham was fully attended by a large concourse of people; and the efforts which he had put forth in human improvement, were well delineated by the clergyman, who led in the devotional exercises.

No. 12.—About the year 1815, there came to this town two bachelor brothers,—Samuel and Elijah Arnold. They established a store in the building, next east of the Hampden Bank. In process of time, they dissolved; "Uncle Sam," as he was called, occupying the easterly, and Elijah, the westerly tenement. Elijah, after many years of bachelorhood, married Hetty Clapp of Southampton, and lived, until his death, November, 1850, in the old Benjamin Hastings house, where are now the Westfield Atheneum, and, rearward, the large buildings of the American Whip Company.

Uncle Sam was a marked character. Some people thought him insane; others, merely very odd: but all agreed, that there was some "method in his madness," and some shrewdness in his peculiarities. He was a large-framed, tall man, with broad, high shoulders, a bright eye, a well-shaped head, long limbs, with large hands and feet; and with a sharp, shrill voice, which could be heard to the extent of the "Green." He was very plainly and coarsely dressed, usually in a dark butternut colored suit, of home-made family cloth, made by some cheap tailoress; and his coat, vest and pantaloons, all of the same color, an unbleached cotton shirt, a pair of blue yarn stockings, cowhide shoes, and an antiquated hat, constituted all his apparel, either of use or ornament. He did not need a great-coat; for he seldom went abroad, his locomotion being confined to his store; and the particular part of it, where he wore out the greater part of his shoes, being the step-stone, or the floor of the door-way. This was his stand-point! When the weather was tempestuous, or very cold, he would close his door, and retreat to the store; but, when the sun shone, or the air was not too cold, he was constant, as a sentry in his box, at the door, or on the stone, with a cane, about four and a half feet long, watching every movement upon the "Green," calling up his customers for a trade, inquiring of strangers the state of religion, or engaged in polemical discussions, with any one, whom he could provoke into argument. He was a zealous Baptist, and he took a deep interest in anything that pertained to that denomination. His partiality for his sect sometimes brought him to loss; for his faith was large, and those who wished to defraud him, sometimes pretended to belong to that denomination. On a sunshiny winter's day, as he stood in his door-way, a man drove along leisurely, in front of his store, upon a load of shingles. "Good morning, friend," said Uncle Sam. "Good morning," replied the hare-lipped traveler, though without stopping his horses. "Here, why don't you stop? Where do you come from?" "I come from Becket; but I can't stop, for I must hurry on to Springfield to sell my shingles."

"What's the state of religion in Becket?" "Pretty good, in our society! the other societies aint doing much." "Our society," said Uncle Sam, "what society do you belong to?" "The Baptist society, of course! I wouldn't belong to any other. I'm an elder in it, in Becket." "You're an elder, are you! What are you going to Springfield with them shingles for?" "Because I can get $3 a bunch for them." "Well, drive them into my lumber-yard, there at your left, and unload, and come here, brother, and get your pay. You'll take half cash, and half store pay, won't you?" "Why, I suppose I must, if you're one of our folks," said the Baptist elder. He accordingly unloaded, returned to the store, received his pay, related to the delighted Uncle Sam, the wonderful progress of religion, in the Baptist society in Becket, and after a cordial parting, went to his own place.

A few days after, Uncle Sam directed a customer to his yard for some first quality shingles, bought of one of "our folks," a pious Baptist elder in Becket. He was assured that there were no such shingles in the yard; and, on repairing there, he found a few bunches of wormy, rotten shingles, which were entirely valueless.

It was not long before he saw a man driving past, with a load of shingles; and, conceiving him to be the one, he exclaimed,—"Here, you confounded, lying, cheating, hare-lipped Baptist elder! Come back, I say, you infernal scoundrel, and tell me about the state of religion in the Baptist society, in Becket!" But, whether or not the man was the veritable person, who had assumed the elder's title, he didn't seem to hear Uncle Sam's call, but drove on towards Springfield to supply some person in that market.

Mr. Arnold was a man, who affected to place great reliance upon prayer. Indeed, he rarely made a bargain, without, as he expressed it, asking the opinion of the Lord. He purchased and sold many and large tracts of real estate, in different and distant parts of the town, without seeing them, relying upon the information, as he averred, thus obtained. Whether this was so, or because, in his numerous conversations with the world's people, he was also aided, it is certain, that he generally, in his purchases and sales, made sharp bargains.

An old woman, one Hepsibah Brewer, lived in one of his buildings, and was a frequent object of his charity. One day she came into his store, in a hurry, and said: "Uncle Sam, I want a cod-fish." "Go and get it then," said he. She started for his back room, and he cried out,—"Not there! not there! I've no cod-fish for you!" "Yes, you have got cod-fish, too, and I want one. It's late!" "Well," said he,

"I think we'll ask the Lord about it." "Now, Mr. Arnold, what do you want to be so foolish for? I'm in a hurry for it." "Very well; if you can't wait on the Lord, go where you can do better! But, Hepsy, no prayer, no cod-fish!" Aunt Hepsy threw herself down upon her aged knees, exclaiming, in no very reverential tones, "If you want to pray, pray then!" Uncle Sam knelt down beside her, and his prayer ran in this wise: "O, Lord, here is Hepsy again after another fish! It seems to us, you know, that she comes rather often! But I don't know that we had not better let her have one this time, as she seems to be in a hurry, and the next time she must go to 'Lijah's or some of the neighbors." As he arose from his knees, he said, "Well, Hepsy, the Lord says you may have some fish; but don't take the whole ones; pick out the broken fish; they are just as good for you, and they don't sell as well."

Towards the close of his life, it became necessary for him to undergo a surgical operation. He shrank from it, prayed, and failed to receive a favorable sign. At last he was prevailed upon to call in Dr. Flint, in consultation with Dr. Shurtleff, his physician. Dr. Flint, as was usual with him, was very decided, and expressed himself in rather strong language. Mr. Arnold finally concluded to ask the Lord. Dr. Flint said, "I don't care who you ask; but anybody that knows anything, will tell you that if you don't have an operation, you'll die!" He knelt down, in the presence of the physicians, and prayed thus: "Thou knowest, O, Lord, that we didn't think it would be necessary to have an operation; but it seems thy young servant knows better than we did. And now he has brought this Dr. Flint, who agrees with him. I don't know who Dr. Flint is; but he swears pretty strong! Still, Thy young servant says he is a good surgeon, though he is a hard swearer. But, if he is going to operate on me, I hope you'll see to it, that he does it in the best way!" "Amen!" roared out Dr. Flint; and the operation was consented to, readily, and performed.

He died in the year 1848, at the age of 71. With all his oddity, he was a very good sort of a man. His charities were not always the most wisely bestowed, and he was the subject of frequent imposition. But he was a man of good intentions, and the world was much better, because he had lived in it.

No. 13.—Silver street, more than any one of the principal streets of the town, has retained its original appearance. The greater part of all the old houses, which were standing in the early part of this century,

are still there, and comparatively but a few new ones have been added to the number. It is a pleasant street, and its position, in reference to soil, dryness, and other agricultural advantages, caused it to be built upon early. Each occupant, at the time of the apportionments of the proprietary lands, received an extensive grant; and the fertility of the soil, the increase of the property, and the industry of the population, had the effect of causing their original grants of land to be kept together in families. It extends from Little River, parallel with Main street, to Broad street, and thence running easterly, converges gradually towards Court street, until it is merged into it, opposite the cemetery.

At the eastern end of Silver street, are situated the houses, once occupied by Blackleach Fowler, (Phœbus! what a name!) Charles Dewey, Roland Dewey, Timothy Dewey, Leonard Bush, Aaron Bush and his sons Asahel Bush and others; William Ashley, or "Uncle Bill," who lived on the site of Deacon Atkins' house, in the old Fort house; Silas Root, (the father of Colonel Silas Root, Major Joseph Root, the first publisher of the "*Hampden Register*," of John B. Root of Texas, and the wife of Major George Taylor.) Medad Fowler, John Stiles, Azariah Moseley, Esq., Amos Fowler, Shubael Holcomb, Samuel Lindsay, Joseph Bull, Colonel Jacob Noble, Justus Fowler, Simon Smith, Henry Stiles. These persons were the principal inhabitants of the street. The Fowlers, "Uncle Black," as he was called, "for short," and "Uncle Amos," were both tall men; in fact, they were exaggerations, in size, of Charles and John, the sons of Porter Fowler, sons of "Uncle Black," who are now carrying on their farming operations, with an industry and talent, which pertains to their race. Amos had no children; a wonderful fact, considering, that, in those times, a large family was the rule, and even a small one, was the exception; but he worked with the same industry, as if he were providing for the family of Priam and Hecuba. He was very careful in all the details of his business. He was guilty of no negligence. All his bars were put up! All his doors shut; his house swept and garnished. His extreme care, in this respect, at times betrayed him into laughable mistakes. It used to be related of him, that his neighbor and friend, Mr. Samuel Root, who lives on the present Alvin Fowler place, in the house now removed to the west side of Pleasant street, had arranged with him for a loan; and that Mr. William King called on Mr. Fowler, with a deed, as security for the money. After reading the deed, he said, "this deed, Mr. King, is all right, except one thing! Sister Root has not released her right of dower!" King, who understood the case, proposed to

him, to mount into his sulkey, with him, and ride up to Mr. Root's, and have the deed signed. He accordingly got in, and King, sitting in his tall lap, rode up to Mr. Root's. Mr. Fowler went in; but in a moment, out he came, deed in hand, flapping his hands in astonishment, like an animal of the species, that upset the person and equanimity of Captain Hector McIntire, and exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. King! Mr. King! only think of it! Sister Root died last week, and I was one of the bearers at her funeral!"

There was, also, a story told, that Shubael Holcomb, and Roland Noble, became enraged with him, and wished his death. Holcomb proposed thus to Noble; said he, "Roland, I am a Christian, and if I should kill him, I should have to go to hell; but, I'll tell you what I'll do! If you'll kill him, I'll be hung for you!"

Among the worthy inhabitants of that street, who have lived out a good old age, was Azariah Moseley, Esq., the father of Oliver Moseley, George Moseley, Miriam, the wife of our fellow-citizen, Franklin Bliss. George Moseley removed to the West. Oliver has a large family of children and grand-children, and the children of Miriam will probably be, like the one spoken of by St. Paul. He died in the year 1856, at the age of eighty-six years. He was a large farmer, honest and capable; a peace-maker and compromiser, not an intermeddler and a stirrer up of other men's quarrels; a magistrate, a frequent arbitrator; a man of good sense, fairness, and of incorruptible honesty, whose aim of life was, to do his whole duty, to make the world better, and his fellow-men happier. He was frequently chosen to responsible town offices, and yet was never a hankerer after office. But he was not accustomed, in town-meeting, to be perpetually reminding the town, that he had been selectman, or assessor, or representative; it was rather his wish, to live in his retirement, to attend to his own concerns, and to leave to others the ignoble task, of begging for office. On one occasion, he was chosen to some office,—I think it was representative of the town —and he declined it! One of his neighbors, who had never been thought of, arose and said, that he hoped Esquire Moseley would not decline; that, to be sure, office was a burden, but that each man was in duty bound to perform his part in the performance of public duties; let Esquire Moseley, he continued, take the office this year, and I will take it the next, and you, Mr. Chairman, or some other man may take it the next year after! I do not remember, that the town ever took the latter gentleman at his word, and elected him!

Another prominent citizen on that street, was the late Asahel Bush,

the father of Asahel Bush, formerly editor of the "*Westfield Standard*" in this town, who studied law with the late Hon. P. Boise, and who is now, and has been for several years, a prominent editor and the publisher of the "*Oregon Statesman*."

Mr. Bush was frequently called to fill the various town offices, and also that of Representative to the General Court. He caught a cold at Boston, which settled upon his lungs, and which was probably the cause of his death.

Another prominent citizen was Col. Lewis Fowler, son of Justus Fowler, brother of Alvin Fowler. He built the red brick house on the corner of Silver and South Maple streets, on the site of the old family mansion. He was never married. He was a farmer, a man of reading and information, a useful and faithful officer of the town, a representative, and died in the year 1849 at the age of fifty-one. On the corner opposite, stood the house of the late Simon Smith, who died several years since. He was a most exemplary man. He raised a large family of children, one of whom, the late Daniel Smith, recently deceased, in many characteristics, strongly resembled his father. Another son, Charles, is a doctor in Ohio, another still, Hiram, is a clergyman, somewhere at the West, and there is also Deacon Horace, who has been residing, and is known in West Springfield and Springfield.

Henry Stiles formerly resided at the foot of the hill, on this street. He sold his farming lands, and his house, and erected the house at the corner of Bates and Court streets. He was a skilful farmer. All his lands were well cultivated, and bore good crops. Even a lot of his on Poverty Plain, was made productive; and corn, wheat and grass were produced thereon. Not such corn, as we now see there, but good, sound, thrifty corn! He carried on the business of making soap and potash, and used the ashes as a manure. Speaking of Poverty Plain corn, reminds me of the testimony of a witness on this subject. He had sworn, that the use of a lot on that plain, was worth nothing, and less than nothing. The opposing counsel asked him, in cross examination,—"You say, Mr. D., that the use of that land is worth nothing?" "I do." "Have not you seen *rye* upon it?" "I have." "Have you not seen corn upon it?" "Coarn, coarn! I have; but good heavens! *what* coarn! why, many a time, have I seen toads, sitting up on their ends, and playing with the tassels with their fore paws!"

Mr. Stiles, in the last years of his life, became insane. He lived an industrious, honest life. His insanity and death are probably attribut-

able to his retirement from business, and his removal from those habits of thought, and the neglect of the bodily exercise, which his nature required as the necessary *pabulum vitæ*. He left several children, one of whom is a resident of Texas.

We must not omit an anecdote, respecting one of the Deweys, who removed to the Black River country, and who was accustomed to come down every fall or winter, and spend the gloomy months—gloomy to him in Lewis county—with his well-to-do relations. After a somewhat prolonged stay, he was surprised, one morning, to see his host, in the corner, crying. "Why cousin Tim," said he, "what ails you?" The host replied,—"You'll never come down to see me any more!" "O yes I will, cousin Tim; I'll surely come down next fall!" "No you won't! Something tells me you *won't!*" "Nonsense," said the visitor; "why do you think so? What has put such a notion into your head? Haven't we *always* come down, and spent the winter with ye? Come, cheer up, cousin Tim! cheer up, and tell me what makes you think so." The grieved host blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and turning his solemn face to his sympathizing guest, said—"'Cause you'll never go away!" The hint was not given in vain.

No. 14.—In a former number of these pictures, a brief notice was given of two of the lawyers in Court street; but it is desired to prepare a connected sketch of the members of the legal profession, who have been educated, or who have resided in this town.

Hon. John Ashley, was probably the first practitioner in the profession here. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1730, and died in 1803. He was one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, the father of General John Ashley, of the Shay's war fame, and grandfather of Major William Ashley, of Sheffield. Judge Ashley was much in public life; removed to Sheffield, as one of the first settlers of that town, and left a high reputation for talent and character. He was admitted as an attorney in 1732.

I find the name of Josiah Dwight, as an attorney-at-law in this town, about the year 1750. He, also, became a judge, and removed from this town.

John Phelps was also an attorney here. He lived on the corner of Broad and Court Streets, in the Major Morgan place.

Hon. Samuel Fowler was the oldest attorney, of whom I have any recollection. He was graduated in 1768, at Yale College, and died in 1828. His residence was, at first, in the large square house, on the

corner of Main and Cross streets, nearly opposite the old meeting-house, which was burned. But he afterwards removed to the corner of Court street. He was not engaged, as I am informed, extensively in practice; but, when the War of the Revolution came on, and broke up the judicial business, he retired from practice, and devoted himself to other pursuits, more active and profitable. He was the political leader of the democratic party, in the town, and one of the most influential members of it, in the County and State. When the County of Hampshire was divided, in 1812, he was appointed Judge of Probate, for the new County of Hampden, by the democratic legislature, then in power; but the appointments of the county officers, being made, before the county was, in fact, organized, it was held, in proceedings brought before the court, on a process of *quo warranto*, that such appointments were invalid, and the opposition in power the next year, filled them with men of their own party. In person, Mr. Fowler was, as I recollect him, a tall, spare man, of a benign face, with a most gentlemanly address, and well qualified to assume the leadership of a party. He filled various legislative offices in the Commonwealth, and died at a good old age. He left, as children, Hon. James Fowler and Mrs. Frances F. Dwight, widow of Hon. Henry W. Dwight, of Stockbridge.

Hon. Joseph Lyman, was here as an attorney, soon after Mr. Fowler retired. He lived in the house, where Mr. James Noble now resides, and his office stood on the opposite side of the road, upon the bank. After Mr. Lyman removed to Northampton, the office was removed, and now forms the rear part of a house on Broad street. Mr. Lyman was a man of rare amiability of temper, of fine personal appearance, and great suavity of manner. He was made Judge of Probate, for the County of Hampshire, and subsequently Sheriff, an office which he filled with great dignity and fidelity, until near the time of his death, in 1847. There are many of our readers, who may recollect him; and, once seen, such a person is rarely forgotten. He was a Representative from this town to the General Court, before his removal therefrom.

No. 15.—We were interrupted, in the preparation of our last number, and, accordingly, resume our sketches of the members of the bar in this town, in the present number.

The list of the members of the bar, contains, also, the name of Samuel Mather, as a practitioner. He was one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and resided in the old Mather place, on Main street.

John Phelps, Jr., the son of "old Squire Phelps," of whom I have spoken, was also a member of the bar. He removed to West Granville, when, after a practice of many years, he was appointed sheriff of the county, when Hampden County was organized.

John Ingersoll, a native of the town, descended from one of the old settlers, was graduated at Yale, in 1790, and commenced the practice of his profession here, where he remained until the division of the old county, when he was appointed clerk of the courts—an office which he retained to his death in 1840. At the time of his appointment, he removed to Springfield. He was, in all respects, a most estimable man. In figure, he was tall and thin, with a mild blue eye, and hair prematurely white. He was dressed with extreme neatness and precision; not rapid in his walk or motions, but remarkably grave and sedate. In his business, he was diligent and painstaking. Everything to be done by him, was done decently and in order. He was not "a brawler," "a busybody," or "a meddler in other men's matters," but was rather a peace-maker, and "a compromiser," than a stirrer up of strife. After his removal to Springfield, he conducted the business of his office, with his early regularity. His venerable appearance, in the clerk's desk, seemed to impart a dignity to the court; and the manner in which he administered the oath to a witness, was, in itself, an adjuration to him, to be true to his solemn obligation. Indeed, a court, in those days, was a different place from what it is at present. The judges were, generally, elderly men, men of large size, and venerable,—even majestic appearance. The sheriff, John Phelps, with his well cut features and gray hair, his sword and staff of office; his close attention to the preservation of order and decorum in the court-room; his rigid exclusion of all persons from within the bar, except the members, and friends introduced by them; and his rising, threatening attitude, when any intrusion, or noise occurred, to interrupt the decorous silence, or to infringe upon the dignity of the court; the well-conditioned, burly crier, in his box, opposite to the sheriff, with his stentorian voice, ringing out the "O, yes," in tones loud enough to awaken the sleepers of the church-yard; the quiet, orderly, well-behaved deputies, not roaming round, like unclean spirits, but seated in their boxes, with eyes as intent upon the judge, and the progress of his proceedings, as were the Tyrians upon the "pious Eneas," when he began his narration, from "his lofty couch;" the substantial, intelligent, good-looking jurors, with eyes and ears open, and apparently listening for their lives; and the spectators, either bestowed in the grand jury seats, or in the seats appropriated for them, each one watching the progress of the case, with

all the earnest anxiety to become the master of it, which formerly was manifested by Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, of Mid-lothian; the grave and reverend members of the bar, in their dress-coats,—even a dress frock-coat being a rare article, ventured upon only by some young sprig of a lawyer, who had not a proper sense of the dignity of the profession,—each one giving his undivided attention to the cases, through all the court hours of the day; and finally the law students, who, at each term of the court, came to the court-house to learn, and stayed in it, day after day, watching the progress of each trial, taking notes of the proceedings of the cause, the arguments of the counsel and the charges of the judge;—which, by the way, became the subject of discussion on the ensuing night,—all these, combined to form a scene of impressive dignity, in the manner of judicial proceedings, to which anything we behold, in these modern days, bears little comparison. At that time, there was a place for everybody, and everybody was in his place. The bench was the exclusive place for the judges; except, that, on the first day of the term, the presiding judge, according to custom, invited the clergyman to sit in one of the judicial chairs, at the opening of the court; and, after the prayer, to dine with the court and bar. The area, within the railing, was appropriated for the use of the members of the bar, and no one else was admitted to a seat in it, unless on the invitation of some member of the court. The members did not find themselves seated, cheek-by-jowl, with horse-thieves, and other criminals, or feel obliged to occupy vacant seats in the jurors' panel, or in the boxes of the spectators, because their appropriate places were occupied by those, who were attracted by idle curiosity, or who were placed there, under constraint, until a decision should be had, whether they were to go "without day," or to attend "the Sunday-school, formerly kept by Esquire Frederick Robinson, in the eastern part of the Commonwealth." But, alas, times have changed; and, at least, in some respects, without any decided marks of improvement. But, I am wandering from the sketches of the bar, and from Esquire John Ingersoll.

No. 16.—Before his removal from this town to Springfield, Mr. Ingersoll resided in Court street, in the house now occupied by Mrs. Ellen Barr. There were, at that time, two practicing lawyers, Elijah Bates, who lived on the opposite side of the street to him, being the other of the duo. He was the oldest child of Captain Nathaniel Bates of East Granville, and was born in July, 1770, and graduated at Yale, in 1794. He studied law at the Litchfield law school, of the late

Judge Tappan Reeve, author of "Reeve's Domestic Relations," and for a portion of the time, he was in the office of the late Judge Lyman. As he and Mr. Ingersoll were neighbors, so were they friends. So, also, were their families. Indeed, the children mingled together, through the whole period of their early years, as though they were members of one household: and, after the removal of Mr. Ingersoll to Springfield, his former friend and neighbor, Mr. Bates, took up his abode at his residence, as a boarder, during court weeks, until he relinquished his practice at the courts.

Unfortunately for the professional, or pecuniary success of Mr. Bates, "his plow ran to land." He had a great fondness for agricultural pursuits. He purchased a quantity of upland-meadow, where now are King street, Bates street, West School street, and on Pine Hill; also land on the plain, in Granville and Montgomery; and, "what was worse, and most to be deplored," a controlling interest in the Eighth Massachusetts Turnpike, extending from Westfield to Washington. This last purchase was "an old man's darling." It absorbed his thoughts, and his energies. It withdrew him from his profession, and induced him to leave his practice in the hands of a partner, under whose management he failed to receive even the "lamb's share."

From the interest, which he at first *felt*, in the success of the enterprise, it so grew upon him, that he gave it his personal supervision and labor; and, in its last days, he devoted his time and money to its repairs. No general officer, ever felt greater pride, at the head of a grand army, than did he, in the lead of a body of men, in the rebuilding and repair of the walls and the wastes of the Eighth Massachusetts Turnpike. He did his work well. Rocks were removed, stones were thrown from the road, gullies were filled, and, in short, expenditures were made upon it, beyond any reasonable prospect of remuneration. At his own expense, he procured, and set up mile-stones, from Springfield Court-house to Chester Factories, measuring the road for that purpose; and he also opened a new road from the "three-mile-stone," on the West Plain, to the old river-road, at the Charles Sackett place, now called "Madagascar." The "three-mile-stone," deserves a passing notice. Some ill-disposed persons, had from time to time, with a vandal spirit, broken down several of these cheering marks of the traveler's journey; and, among them, this stone, at the fork of the road, leading to the turnpike.

The doctrine of "total depravity" was, in those days, one of the themes, which was very frequently enforced from the pulpit, and it was one, which he did not give unto a cheerful assent. But, when he saw

his mile-stones broken down; when he was made to know, that those useful, harmless friends of the wayfarer in an unknown country, were ruthlessly removed, by beings, who claimed to be but "little lower than the angels," he gave up his opposition, and assented to the doctrine,—in some particular instances,—to its fullest extent. "I'll give," said he, "total depravity, one stint;" and, accordingly, at the approach of the close of a day's work on the road, he repaired, with a strong team, and a number of hands, to that "stone-quarry," which was obtained by our ancestors, two hundred years ago, in the New Addition, and there procured the "three-mile-stone," a load for two yoke of cattle; and, having dug a hole, it was duly planted, and stoned, only a small portion thereof, appearing above the surface of the surrounding earth.

Another of his pets, was Pine hill. It, formerly, was not the broad and gradual assent, it is at present; but was a steep, abrupt acclivity, on the curve of the hill, very narrow, and, from the south side of which, the bank descended, almost perpendicularly, to the bushy swamp at the bottom. This was the scene of Mr. Bates' play-spells. Here, with his men and teams, his plows and scrapers, he labored to reduce the grade, and to widen the hill, until it was a complete transformation from its former appearance.

Mr. Bates continued his connection with the legal profession, during the winter seasons, and when not at work on his farm, until 1825, at which time, his son entered his office, as a student, to obtain his education from the "*genius loci*." He then gave himself up to out-door pursuits, and died at the age of eighty years, in 1850.

In speaking of Pine hill, I am reminded of an incident. A small boy had a small sled, with which he was accustomed to coast on that steep hill. The "help," in Mr. Bates' family, consisted of a short, fat, dumpy woman, named Bet, and a smaller girl. They importuned the boy, to give them a ride, which he did,—the girl and Bet being loaded on the sled, and he mounted, as steersman. After a number of rides, Bet desired to go down alone, soliciting instruction from the boy, for the guidance of the sled. The hill inclined somewhat towards the edge; and in giving his directions, he *mistook*, in telling her which foot to put down. It therefore so happened, that, when the sled, with its cargo, was in full career, and tending toward the precipitous edge, Bet put down the wrong foot, and, in an instant, they darted like a catapult, through the brush-fence, on the hill-side, into the brush below. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that, about that time, the boy left suddenly for home, Bet behind him, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

No. 17.—In the town of Westfield, at the time of my early recollections, there was a large number of persons, each one of which was quite a peculiar character. Some were lawyers, some merchants, the greater part of them men of leisure, all of them little disposed for "servile labor" on week-days; and, being men of social and convivial habits, brought together by the relations of consanguinity, they were naturally inclined to indulge in those pleasures, which spring up from such associations. Many of them, too, were not in active business; or, if so interested, they were inclined to trust the care of it to their clerks and agents. Fishing excursions to Hazard's, Hampton, Congamuck, or Otis ponds were of frequent occurrence, and the parties were composed of many of the first citizens. In the winter season, the inhabitants were eminently social; and entertainments were given by individuals at their dwellings, commencing at early candle-light, and continuing until after the nine o'clock curfew summoned the Rev. Mr. Knapp, and the more sedate part of the company, to their homes. These symposia were numerously attended; and, as the doctrine of reciprocity was rigidly adhered to, the winter, as may be imagined, passed away in a round of social pleasures. These social pleasures were participated in, of course, by the wives, and sometimes by other member of the families; but the men to whom I have referred, used to collect in a small building, erected over the well, on the north side of the green, and there, protected as well by its roof as by the shade of a wide-spreading elm, which stood near to it, to discuss political questions and business transactions, relate anecdotes, and indulge in that social converse, which is apt to increase by its indulgence. The place was adjacent to the tavern, which stood on the site of the present Woronoco House, and also the quiet well-kept hotel of Gad Palmer, where now is the Second Congregational Church; and it was convenient for the members, of what was called "the lazy company," to repair to either public house to partake of Santa Croix punch in summer, or that other favorite drink, at those seasons of the year, which admitted of the attempering flip-iron.

It should not be understood, that though those convivial habits prevailed in those days, there was not also a manliness of character in the community. The town was of that size, where what every one did, was very generally known to the public. The conduct of individuals was exposed to the public eye, and an act of meanness or dishonesty was promptly visited by public reprobation. It required a bold man to be a rogue; for detection at once brought its punishment.

In one respect, there has been a sad departure from the practices of

our ancestors. I allude to their love for, and indulgence in athletic exercises. Wrestling, running, leaping, games of ball,—foot-ball, wicket and base-ball,—were of constant occurrence; and, in this training, were formed those strong constitutions, which have enabled the men, thus reared, to perform the severe bodily and intellectual labor from which so many other men shrink.

The days of militia training, were, *de facto*, public holidays. The members of enrolled companies, came of course. There were the artillery company, with their scarlet uniforms, their cocked hats and towering feathers; "the troup," as the cavalry-company was called; the companies of infantry; and when the "general training," as the boys called it, was had, a grand collection from far and near, not only of troops and officers, but of oyster-carts, tymbesteres, and all the other accompaniments which are now only convened upon the arrival of a few negro-minstrels, or monkeys, or a circus. When the training was over, a ring was formed, and the wrestling commenced. The defeated contestant "brought in his man;" that is, he selected some one, to contest with the victor. So it went on, one after another engaging, until a late hour put a period to the amicable strife. It may seem strange to the people of the present day, that such exercises were *fashionable*. No one felt it a disgrace, or that he lost his dignity in such an encounter. On the contrary, an expert, skillful wrestler, whether boy or man, who showed, by his movements, that he had improved himself in the powers of that body, which was given him, to be the house of a sound mind, was regarded as one, who had done something, not only for himself, but as an example to others.

The effect of these exercises upon the inhabitants of the town was, and is now apparent, in the size and appearance of the men who lived in those days, and is shown in their several ages. A few years ago, at a hearing before a legislative committee, a dozen or more of our citizens were present, each one of whom, in weight, exceeded 200 pounds. And about the same time, there were living on one side of one of our streets seven men, over threescore years and ten; and, on the other side of it, a like number, each weighing over 200 pounds, and each one measuring over six feet in height.

WESTFIELD AS IT IS.

A statement of the business, religious, and educational condition of Westfield in 1869, prepared by Hon. T. Kneil, for the box in the corner-stone of the Masonic building on Elm street, laid June 24th of that year.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen.—Henry B. Lewis, John Fowler, Charles H. Bush.

Clerk.—William H. Foote.

Treasurer.—James H. Morse.

School Committee.—Dr. Millard L. Robinson, Rev. Henry Hopkins, Rev. John Jennings, Hon. Henry Fuller, Joseph G. Scott, A. M., Homer B. Stevens, Esq.

Judicial Officers.—Henry B. Lewis, Esq., Samuel Fowler, trial justices.

Engineers of Fire Department.—C. K. Lambson, Reuben Noble, Joseph S. Clark, B. F. Town and George D. Smith.

We have excellent facilities for extinguishing fires. The canal which drives a factory in the centre of the village, furnishes an abundance of water in its course in case of fires. There are also smaller streams and two or more reservoirs. There are two fire engines and two companies to work them in healthy existence. The foreman of "Rough and Ready Fire Company" is William G. Lay, and E. W. Dickerman is foreman of the "Bay State Company."

APPROPRIATIONS.

Appropriations by the town for the year 1869:

Towards purchase of Town Clock,	$400 00	
Police,	1,500 00	– $1,900 00
Schools, viz: Teachers and fuel,	13,350 00	
Contingent for Schools,	500 00	
Painting school-houses,	1,500 00	
Re-seating High School,	800 00	
General repairs and sinking wells,	500 00	
Evening School,	100 00	– $16,750 00
Interest on Town Debt,	7,600 00	
Discount on taxes,	2,100 00	
Highways and Town teams,	3,500 00	
Bridges and railings,	1,000 00	
Contingent expenses,	1,500 00	
Fire department,	700 00	
School committee,	500 00	
Selectmen,	625 00	
Amount carried forward,	$17,525 00	$18,650 00

Amount brought forward,	$17,525 00	$18,650 00
Assessors,	340 00	
Town Farm and Poor,	3,000 00	
Treasurer and Collector,	200 00	
Sidewalks,	1,500 00	
Gas Bills,	500 00	
Printing,	350 00	
Hardening roads,	1,500 00	
Town debt,	5,000 00	
Fencing new road,	65 00	
Hose,	600 00	
Altering Clay Hill road,	400 00	
Culverts for drainage,	1,500 00	$32,480 00
		$51,130 00
State tax,	8,800 09	
County tax,	3,553 09	$12,353 09
		$63,683 09

VALUATION.

The valuation of the property of the town in the year ending May 1, 1868, was $4,360,595, and we may safely add for increase for this year, $300,000, making a present valuation of $4,660,595, in addition to the shares held in manufacturing corporations, which are taxed directly by the State.

The assessors' returns for May 1, 1868, show 1,774 taxable polls; 1,012 dwelling houses; 649 horses; 743 cows, and 209 sheep. The rate of tax for that year, was 1.05 per cent. The population of the town in 1865, when the last census was taken, was 5,634, and probably it is now not far from 6,300.

AGRICULTURAL.

By the statistical returns of 1865, it appears there were prepared for market in the year previous, 5,125 cords of fire-wood and bark; 895,000 feet of lumber; 475,000 shingles, and other kinds of lumber to the value of $22,200. We have 225 farms, containing 20,799 acres of land, of which 12,397 were improved; unimproved, 3,143; unimprovable, 1,001, and 3,930 acres of woodland. By the assessors' returns of 1868, there were in the town 25,107 acres. There were grown in the town during the year ending May 1, 1865, the latest return we have, 16,277 bushels of Indian corn; 105 bushels of wheat;

9,471 bushels of rye; 1,452 bushels of buckwheat; 3,031 bushels of oats, and of other kinds of grain, 10 bushels. There were raised, 17,256 bushels of potatoes; 3,325 bushels of turnips, as a field crop, and 125 bushels of carrots. There were cut 2,241 tons of English hay, and of wet meadow, or swale hay, 495 tons; and 391,205 pounds of tobacco. Of other farm products, we have not space nor time to speak particularly, but we have them in great variety.

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS.

The leading manufacture of Westfield is whips. Of these, probably from $800,000 to $1,000,000 in value are manufactured annually. The number of persons employed as near as we can judge, is about 600, male and female. There were 28 different establishments returned in 1865, and probably this is not far from the number in the present year.

Standing at the head of this branch of industry, is the American Whip Company, a copartnership with a capital of $204,000, and composed of eight members, viz.: Henry J. Bush, Reuben Noble, Alonzo Van Deusen, Mark R. Van Deusen, Liveras Hall, E. S. Phinney, William O. Fletcher and Isaac Van Deusen. They employ about 250 persons in the various branches of whip-making, and their production at the time their brick factory on Main street was burned, on the morning of the 7th of May, was at the rate of from $300,000 to $400,000 annually. They are now engaged vigorously in erecting a structure on the old site, 40 feet wide, 165 feet long, and four stories high. The building burned, was 40 feet wide, 120 long, and three stories high. They have a depository for sales in the city of New York.

The other establishments, though smaller, are enterprising, thrifty and industrious.

There are several establishments engaged in the manufacture of cigars. By the statistical returns made to the State in 1865, it appears there were 167 males, and 64 females employed. At present the number is probably somewhat less. The value of the total production that year was $303,750.

There are three establishments doing a somewhat extensive business in buying, packing, and selling seed-leaf tobacco, the growth of this and adjoining States. Several cigar manufacturers also pack and cure what seed tobacco they need for their own use.

There are two large church organ manufactories in the place. One (William A. Johnson's) employing about 60 persons, the other (Steer

& Turner's) employing 25, all men. One large establishment (Stimpson & Co's) manufactures detached parts of piano-fortes, and deals extensively in the same; three paper-mills, two foundries, one making a specialty of making "steam-heaters," the other manufactures the "Bodine Jonval Turbine Water-wheel;" four lumber-yards, one planing mill; seven saw-mills, and two machine-shops; two flouring-mills; one sash and blind factory; two brickyards, one hoop skirt factory, five establishments for the manufacture and sale of boots and shoes; two daguerrean and photograph galleries; two printing-offices, each issuing a weekly newspaper; the *News Letter*, established in 1840, and now published by P. L. Buell, and the *Western Hampden Times*, published by Clark & Story, the first number of which was issued March 17th, of the present year. We have besides, saddle and harness-makers, carriage-makers and wheelwrights, blacksmiths, etc.; and three coal and wood-yards, two powder-mills, one cigar box manufactory, one gin distillery, which uses 45 bushels of corn, and makes about 140 gallons of gin daily, paying an excise tax to the general government of nearly $22,000 a year; also one cider brandy distillery, which does a less business, and four livery stables; there are four confectionery, fruit and toy stores; there are seven dry goods stores, four clothing, three millinery; nine where groceries and provisions are kept for sale, three apothecaries—one of whom, (J. W. Colton), manufactures "Flavoring Extracts," which have a wide and pleasant reputation; markets where the inhabitants are amply supplied with the best animal food which the stall and field can produce, besides "flying fowl," and fishes, from ocean, lake and stream; three excellent hotels which provide bountifully for the stomach and delicately for the palate; one extensive hardware and iron store; three stove and tin stores, one bakery and one cabinet warehouse and undertaking establishment; we have five law offices, two dentistries, one bookstore, seven physicians—allopathic, homopathic and eclectic, skillful, faithful and diligent, who look tenderly and carefully after the health, not only of the inhabitants of our own town, but also of the towns adjoining. Of builders, joiners, carpenters and masons, we know not the number, but we have none too many for our wants, as we keep them all employed, and wish we had more; so of painters, glaziers and paper-hangers.

There are other pursuits to which we have not space to allude, some according to law and good conscience, others not; some above ground, others below; but the town rejoices in an efficient salaried police, who preserve admirable order and good conduct among those needing their services. The town is also well supplied with illumi-

nating gas, of excellent quality, but at prices not pleasant to all consumers.

The excise revenue is cared for by four faithful officers, and the general government rejoices in an annual income therefrom of over $90,000.

We have one telegraph office, and two express companies. One of the express companies has but recently commenced business, the other, "American Merchants Union," did a business in the year 1868 of $15,000, and employs constantly three men and two horses, and ships goods and parcels by twelve trains of cars daily, whereas in 1864, five years ago, the yearly receipts were only $6,000, and the number of daily trains only four, and seven years ago the whole business was done in a "carpet-bag."

POST-OFFICE.

There are seven mails received daily and eight sent away, also one additional mail received and sent three times a week. The number of letters received during the last week of last quarter was 3,515, and the number sent away about 4,200. There are 846 boxes in the office, of which 750 are rented. The cash receipts for the quarter ending March 31, were $1,938.46. Expenses during the same time, $974.45, leaving as the profits of the office for the quarter, $964.01.

RAILROADS.

On the New Haven and Northampton Railroad, there were received at the station in this town 16,515,488 pounds of freight, which paid the company $28,278.20, and there were forwarded from this place by this road, during the same period, 18,244,010 pounds which paid the company $60,219.68. The number of tickets sold to passengers during the same period, was 7,870, for $8,400, making a total of cash received and charges made on the business furnished by the inhabitants of the town of $96,897.80.

Our station agent of the Boston and Albany railroad sold during the year ending June 1, 1869, 110,801 passenger tickets, and received therefor, $36,682.00. In addition to this, many persons passed over the road from town, on commutation tickets, which are purchased at head-quarters. There were forwarded during the same time 10,055 tons of freight, on which charges were paid, amounting to $24,800.50, and 21,059 tons of freight were received, on which, $57,522.00 were

paid, making a grand total of cash receipts and charges on the business furnished by our inhabitants to this road of $119,009.00, and on both roads of $215,906.80.

BANKS.

We have two incorporated National Banks, as follows: The First National, with a capital of $250,000. This bank was organized in December, 1864, with a capital of $100,000. In September, 1865, it was merged with the Westfield Bank, (a State institution organized in 1851), having a capital of $150,000, making the combined capital $250,000. Its officers are Hon. William G. Bates, President; Charles A. Jessup, Esq., Vice President; Henry Hooker, Esq., Cashier; Directors, William G. Bates, Charles A. Jessup, Caleb Alden, Cutler Laflin, Henry J. Bush, Charles I. Snow, Milton B. Whitney, George L. Laflin, Charles Fowler.

The Hampden National Bank was organized as a State institution in 1825, with a capital of $100,000, which was increased to $150,000 in 1851; became a National Bank in 1865. Its officers are Hon. Edward B. Gillett, President; R. Weller, Esq., Cashier; James Noble, Jr., and Alfred D. Lamberton, Clerks; Directors, Edward B. Gillett, Edwin Smith, Alvin Fowler, Samuel Fowler, Reuben Noble, James P. Cooley of Granville, W. O. Fletcher, and Royal Weller. Hon. James Fowler and Thomas Ashley, Esq., two of our oldest citizens, were stockholders when the bank was first organized, and are still. Besides these, there are two private banking houses. Leonard & Lyman, two young men, formerly in the Hampden National Bank, are now doing an extensive and successful banking business on their own account, besides acting as real estate and insurance agents and brokers; also Fletcher & Norton, who have done a large and prosperous business as bankers, for several years. There is also a savings bank, which was organized in 1853, the first deposit, ($50,) being made July 1st, of that year. There are now due the depositors, (who number 1,460,) $347,441.95. We enclose herewith a full statement of its conditions up to June 19, three o'clock, P. M.

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors,	$347,441 95
Surplus,	1,261 21
Interest,	14 37
Collateral,	485 00
	$349,202 53

RESOURCES.

Investment in First National Bank Stock, (Westfield),		$5,800 00
Investment in Hampden Bank Stock, (Westfield),		200 00
Investment in Hampshire Co. Stock, (Northern),		3,000 00
Investment in U. S. 5–20s, 1862,		18,000 00
Investment in U. S. 5–20s, 1865,		33,500 00
Investment in U. S. 5–20s, 1867,		85,200 00
Investment in Sixes of 1881,		8,500 00
Loans on Public Funds,		33,210 00
Loans on Bank Stock,		11,000 00
Loans on Real Estate,		72,360 00
Loans on Personal Security,		60,326 00
Profit and Loss account,	$2,055 16	
Expense account,	219 86	2,275 02
Tax account,		1,145 68
Cash on hand,		8,686 83
		$349,202 53

INSURANCE.

The "Westfield Mutual Fire Insurance Company" was incorporated March 30, 1852, and commenced business November 1, 1852. Its officers are as follows: Hon. Edward B. Gillett, President; William H. Foote, Treasurer and Secretary; Edward B. Gillett, Lorenzo R. Norton, Henry Loomis, Samuel Horton, Dennis Hedges, William Provin, Edwin Smith, James H. Waterman, and W. H. Foote, Directors. The amount of risks outstanding at the end of last year, was $607,888.00. The amount of loss paid, $400.00. Its gross assets, $8,165.65. In addition to this, 26 different fire insurance companies have regular agents who do business in the town. A large amount of property is also insured in the "Springfield Mutual Assurance Company." An extensive business in life insurance is also done, but we have not the statistics at hand. Asa P. Rand, Esq., is agent for nine different fire insurance companies, and insures annually, about $750,000 worth of property. He is also agent for the "Connecticut Mutual Life," in which persons are insured in town, according to the last annual statement, to the amount of $250,000.

CHURCHES.

The morals and piety of the citizens are cared for by the following Christian churches: The First, Orthodox Congregational, composed of

368 members, including those now propounded. Rev. Elias Huntington Richardson, Pastor; Anson G. Chadwick, Amos Halladay, Henry B. Smith and John R. Reed, Deacons; Edward B. Gillett, Norman T. Leonard, Albert Baker, M. Searle, Hiram Owen, B. W. Knowles, Franklin Leonard, Church Committee; E. M. Goodrich, Sunday-school Superintendent; M. Searle, Assistant Superintendent; Mrs. E. Goodrich, 2d Assistant. The average attendance of scholars, 226. The salary of pastor, $2,000.

The Second, Orthodox Congregational Church, was organized May 22, 1856. Its present pastor, Rev. Henry Hopkins. We enclose herewith a copy of the "confession of faith," etc., with a history of its organization and present officers. Their present church edifice was erected in 1860 and '61; dedicated February 28, 1861. Cost, including site, chapel, organ, and furnishing, $26,711.27. Present membership, 241. Pastor's salary, $2,000. The statistics of the Sunday-school are: Officers for the present year, Edwin B. Smith, Superintendent; Mrs. A. G. Dickinson, Assistant Superintendent; Dwight W. Stowell, Secretary and Treasurer; S. S. Conner, Librarian; George H. Spencer and Fred H. Treat, Assistants. The membership of school, April 1, 1869, was 6 officers, 31 teachers, and 286 scholars.

The First Methodist Episcopal, has a membership of 357, with 50 probationers. Their church edifice was erected in 1842 and '43; dedicated, March, 1843; present estimated value, $30,000; the Rev. John H. Mansfield, Pastor; salary, $2,000. The society has recently purchased a pastor's residence, at a cost of $4,500. The officers are: Thomas Kneil, Seth Cowles, Asa P. Rand, Joseph M. Ely, Henry J. Bush, George Green, Benjamin F. Lewis, Trustees; John H. Dudley, Lemuel Grant, William Phelps, E. Ralph Lay, Lucius B. Walkley, David Lamberton, William Sibley, Horace W. Avery, Stewards. The Sunday-school has a membership of 372; Derrick N. Goff, Superintendent, assisted by 10 officers and 41 teachers; 631 volumes in the library. The average attendance for the quarter ending April 1, of current year, 249.

West Parish Methodist Episcopal Church contains a membership of 31, and 3 probationers. Pastor, Rev. S. O. Brown; salary, $500. The Sunday-school has 8 teachers, and 60 scholars. The society erected during the year 1868, a new church edifice, at a cost of $3,500, and have a pastor's residence valued at $1,000.

The Central Baptist Church, has a membership of 184. The Rev John Jennings, has been pastor of this church for the past seven years, but has recently resigned. The church is now without a pastor. Dur-

ing 1868, it erected a new church edifice, at a value of $43,500, which was dedicated August 12, 1868. The officers are: Josiah S. Knowles and Newell Cowles, Deacons; L. B. Blood, James R. Gladwin, Langdon C. Kellogg and A. Judson Bradley, Prudential Committee; Deacon J. S. Knowles, Church Clerk. The Sunday-school has a membership of 150; average attendance, 120; 16 classes; 22 officers and teachers; 503 volumes in the library; Abner E. Gibbs, Superintendent, and M. P. Breckenridge, Assistant Superintendent.

There is an organized Universalist Society, now without a pastor, and stated meetings. It holds a valuable site for a church edifice, on which a chapel now stands, which is occupied by the Second Adventists. The officers of the society are Henry Loomis, Reuben Loomis and Timothy H. Loomis.

The Second Adventists have an organized church of 34 members; Pastor, Rev. Eleazer Owen. It has a Sunday-school, the statistics of which we have not been able to procure.

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Rev. D. Meiglionico, pastor of parish; Right Rev. J. J. Williams of Boston, Bishop; number of Catholics, 1,000. The Sunday-school has 200 members; Michael Healey, Superintendent; 20 teachers.

There is a Young Men's Christian Association, composed of young men of the several different churches, which has been highly successful. Its members hold prayer-meetings in various parts of the town, which have been promotive of great good. They have also given courses of literary lectures during the winters for several years, which have been well received by the public. The president of the association is Mr. Luther H. Beals.

There are also societies in the several churches among the ladies, whose design is social, religious, moral and literary improvement, in which, also, collections are made from time to time, of moneys, which are devoted to the promotion of some good object.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

There are, of benevolent societies, a lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in efficient life; a court of the ancient order of Forresters, under the name of "Court of Plymouth Rock, No. 5119," with a financial membership of 52, which meets bi-monthly; the "Phœnix Lodge of Good Templars, No. 135," with a membership of 115; the "Woronoco Division of the Sons of Temperance," with a membership of 130; and Post 41, of the "Grand Army of the

Republic," with a membership of 46. These organizations are all in vigorous and healthy operation. Of the condition of the order of "Free and Accepted Masons," it would be out of place here to say anything, as this is to be treated of by another pen.

EDUCATION.

The educational wants of the town are met by twenty-five public schools, arranged in four grades, besides one supported as a union school between this town and Southwick. Every alternate year this school is under the direction of the Westfield school committee. These schools are taught by thirty-one teachers, paid by the town. The different grades are, "Primary," "Intermediate," "Grammar," and "High." By taking the full course of the different grades, a boy can be fitted to enter college, as in them, all branches necessary to this are taught, including the Latin, Greek, and French languages. The teachers of the High school, are Abner E. Gibbs, A. M., Principal; David B. Furber, A. B., Teacher of Classics; Miss Ellen S. Smith, and Miss Sara M. Kneil, Teachers of English branches; and Miss Margaret Gleason, Teacher of Vocal Music.

The building occupied by this school, was erected in 1854, for the use of the Westfield Academy, an institution of deserved reputation in the town in former years, but the great improvement in the public schools of high grade in this town and vicinity, rendered the patronage extended to the Academy, unsupporting, and the buildings were purchased by the town, at a cost of $35,000, for the use of the High school; and this school probably gives as full opportunities for an education, as the Academy, in its best days. By the terms of purchase, the purchase money, with accruing interest, must be expended for educational purposes in the town.

The School of Observation, takes its name from its relation to the State Normal school. The State pays $500 annually to its support, on condition that its modes of teaching be according to the approved methods of the Normal system, and that the pupils of the Normal school shall be welcome to enter and witness the practical illustrations of the methods taught them in the Normal. By this arrangement, the inhabitants sending pupils there, have the advantage of a school taught by the best of teachers. The school has three grades: Primary, taught by Miss Cynthia Cooke; Intermediate, taught by Miss Charlotte E. Deming; and Grammar, taught by Mr. John H. Haldeman and Martha

E. Roys. This school is deservedly held in high esteem, not only by those sending pupils to it, but by the community at large.

The Davis school takes its name from the late Rev. Dr. Davis, a gentleman held in high repute by the citizens of the town, for his many virtues, but more particularly for his interest in the cause of popular education. In this school, also, there are three departments or grades, as in the School of Observation. The same branches are taught.

The Grammar department of this and the School of Observation are the two Grammar schools of the town. To these all the inhabitants are entitled to send pupils, and from them the pupils graduate with equal privileges to the High school. The principal of the Grammar department is James F. Hayes; Miss S. L. Bodurtha, Assistant; Miss Martha L. Ingersoll has charge of the Intermediate, and Miss Ella S. Eggleston of the Primary.

The other public schools in the town, are Primary and Intermediate, and occupy a subordinate relation. All appear in a good degree of prosperity and efficiency.

The school system of the town is directly in charge of the Central Committee, and has been for the last six years. The committee have full control of every matter relating to the schools under the statutes. Rules have been established and published for the guidance of all interested, a copy of which is herewith deposited, also a copy of the last report made by the committee, which will more fully explain our educational policy, give the condition of the schools during the year preceding, and also the salaries paid the different teachers. The schools are supported from the taxes of our inhabitants, and no tax is more cheerfully paid. No reasonable appropriation asked for by the committee is denied.

The Normal school is a State Institution, and is conducted under the direction of the Board of Education. We herewith deposit a copy of its catalogue for the year ending July 16, 1868. The Principal is now traveling in Europe, and is to return next October. The influence which this school exerts in favor of correct methods of teaching, not only in this vicinity and State, but throughout the great West, is a source of satisfaction and pride to all lovers of a good education. Schools having the same general objects before them, are springing into existence in many parts of the country in consequence. The whole number of pupils the present term is 134. Number of present graduating class, 32.

It is in contemplation to establish in this school an advanced grade to fit more thoroughly and completely teachers for the High schools

of the Commonwealth. The contract for an enlargement of the present building (a wood cut of which will be found in the catalogue deposited,) for this purpose has been made with Mr. George Green, a citizen and builder of the town. The General Court made an appropriation of $12,000 for this purpose at its present session. For more specific and detailed statements in reference to this school, we refer the reader to the printed catalogue deposited herewith. There is one private school, under the efficient and successful management of Mrs. Samuel Fowler. It is a young ladies' seminary, composed of boarding and day scholars; the number of pupils, about 30.

The Athenæum was incorporated in 1864. The building was erected by Hiram Harrison, Esq., now deceased, in 1866, and donated by him to the corporation. Mr. Samuel Mather, a native of the town, but at the time a resident of Hartford, Ct., donated $10,000 to the institution, the income of which only is to be used in defraying running expenses, such as the salary of the librarian, fuel, lights, etc. Over $10,000 have been subscribed by citizens and others, for the purchase of books, periodicals, newspapers, etc. Between 800 and 900 volumes were donated by the citizens, in addition to the cash subscriptions. There are now in the library, 2,375 bound volumes, besides pamphlets and periodicals. Any person may draw books upon an annual payment of $2.00, and the reading of papers and periodicals in the library rooms, is free.

BI-CENTENNIAL YEAR.

This is the bi-centennial year of the incorporation of the town, and it is in contemplation to commemorate the event in a manner worthy of the town, and the associations of the past. We deposit herewith a fac-simile of the original act of incorporation taken from the archives of the State, in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth. The act took effect, May 28, 1669.

DECENNIAL GROWTH OF WESTFIELD FROM 1765 TO 1870.

The first census taken in this Commonwealth was made in 1765, under provincial authority. At that time Westfield included within her territorial limits the towns of Southwick, Russell and part of Montgomery; her population was 1,324, of which 41 were negroes. She had 191 dwellings and 195 families. November 17, 1770, Southwick was set off and incorporated as a separate district. At the succeeding census, which was taken in 1776, the population of Westfield was 1,488. November 28, 1780, Montgomery was incorporated as a town, but by this Westfield probably lost but few of her population. The third census and the first taken under the authority of the general government was made in 1790, and gives the population of the town at 2,204. February 28, 1792, Russell was set off and incorporated as an independent town. At the following census taken in 1800, our population shows a slight falling off, it being 2,185. But Southwick and Montgomery show a population, the former of 840, and the latter 440. Since 1792 the boundaries of Westfield have remained substantially intact, and we purpose to give in this paper her population for each decennium with the ratio of increase or decrease, commencing with the present century.

In 1800, the population of the town was 2,185; in 1810, 2 130, showing a decrease of 50, or a little over two per cent. In 1820 her population was 2,668; increase, 438, or a fraction over twenty and a half per cent. In 1830 the population was 2,940, the increase 272, the ratio a fraction over ten per cent. In 1840 the population was 3,526; increase 576, the ratio nineteen and a half per cent. and a fraction over. At this time the construction of the Boston and Albany Railroad through the town was commenced. In 1850 the population was 4,180; increase, 554; ratio very nearly eighteen per cent. In 1860 the population was 5,055; increase, 875; ratio a fraction less than twenty per cent. In 1870 the population is returned at 6,679; increase, 1,624, the ratio being over thirty-two per cent. At no period in her history have all the elements of a healthy prosperity been more vigorous and thrifty than at the present time. We append the following from the census taken the present year, (1870), by the United States assistant marshal, Darwin H. Bunnell, Esq. Number of dwellings in town, 1,080; families, 1,380; inhabitants, 6,679; colored people, 63; born in foreign countries, 969; number of farms producing more than $500 per year, 172; number of manufacturing establishments, 80;

number of deaths in the year ending June 1, 1870, 136; oldest person in town, Lucy Root, 94, (deceased since census was completed.)

Copy of the deed of Conkepot and others, referred to in the address of Mr. Bates, on page 67, of the tracts of land, embracing the present territory of Sheffield, Great Barrington, Egremont, Alford, Mount Washington, and Boston Corner. It was copied from the ancient Book of Records of the *Lower Housatonic Proprietary*, by Hon. Increase Sumner, and forwarded by him to S. G. Drake, Esq., Secretary New England Historic Genealogical Society, and published in their Register, for the year 1854, from which it is now taken. Considering the large extent of the tract, so purchased by Captain Ashley,—afterwards Judge Ashley of Westfield,—the consideration was rather inadequate, even to its value at that time. The appropriate place for the introduction of this deed, would have been in connection with the copies of the other deeds printed herein, but it was accidentally laid aside, until too late for insertion there.

INDIAN DEED OF GREAT BARRINGTON, &c.

Know all Men by these presents that we, Conkepot Poneyote—Partarwake—Naurnauquin—Waenenocow—Nawnausquan—Cauconaughfeet—Nonameaunet—Naunhamiss—Sunkhunk—Popaqua—Taunkhonkpus—Tartakim—Sauncokehe—Caneannap—Sunkiewe—Nauheag—Manchewaufeet—John VanGilder—Pinaskenet—all of Housatonack—allias Westonook, in New England, in ye province of the Massachusetts Bay: for & in consideration of a valuable sum well secured by bond viz—Four Hundred and Sixty Pounds—Three Barrels of Sider & thirty quarts of Rum: bearing date with these Presents, under ye hand & seal of Capt John Ashley of Westfield in ye County of Hampshire; we have given, granted, bargained, sold, aliened, conveyed & confirmed, and doe by these presents, fully, clearly and absolutely give, grant, bargain, sell, allinate, convey & confirm unto Col John Stoddard, Capt John Ashley, Capt Henry Dwight & Capt Luke Hitchcock, Esqrs, all in the County of Hampshire, Committee appointed by ye General Court to purchase a certain Tract of land lying upon Housatonack River, allias Westonook, in order for the settling two towns there, and unto such as ye Committee have or shall admit in order for ye settling of said Towns, to them, their Heirs & assigns a certain Tract or parcel of land, Meadow, swamp & upland, lying on ye River aforesaid butted &

bounded as followeth, viz :—Southardly upon ye divisional line between the Province of Massachusetts Bay : and the colony of Connecticut in New England—Westardly on ye patten or colony of New York, northardly upon ye Great mountain known by ye name of *Manskuseehoank** —and Eastardly to run Four miles from ye aforesaid River—and in a general way so to extend—Furthermore it is to be understood that ye abovesaid Indians reserve to themselves, within the aforesaid Tract of land, described by bounds and butments, Southardly on a Brook on ye west side Housatonack River, known by the name of Mannanpenokean and Northardly to a small brook lying between ye aforesaid Brook and ye River called Wampanikseeport—allias *White River* :† viz All ye land between ye aforesaid Brooks from said Westonook River extending unto ye patten of the Colleny of New York—Together with a clear Meadow, between the aforesaid small Brook extending Northardly unto ye aforesaid White River ; viz, the aforesaid Indians reserve to themselves all ye land between ye Brooks running due West line from ye mouth of sd Brooks unto ye patten of ye Colleny of New York aforesaid—And we ye aforesaid Indians doe for ourselfs, our heirs Executors & Administrators, Covenant promise and grant to & with the aforesaid Committee & such as they have or shall admit of for Planters of sd Townships—That before the ensealing hereof, we ye sd Indians are ye true, sole & lawful owners of ye aforegranted premises and are lawfully seized and possessed of the same in our own proper right, as a good perfect & absolute estate of inheritance in fee simple, and have in ourselfs good right, full power & lawful authority to grant, bargain, sell, convey & confirm sd bargained premises in manner aforesaid—And ye sd Committee & such as they shall or may admit for Inhabitants of sd Townshipps to them their heirs and assigns shall & may from time to time and at all times hereafter by virtue of these Presents, lawfully & peacibly occupie, Possess and enjoy the said bargained Premises with all ye appurtenances, free & clear, and clearly & freely acquitted & discharged of, from all & all manner, former & other Gifts, Grants, Bargains, Sales, Jointures, Mortgages, Wills, Devises & Incumbrances whatsoever—And furthermore We the sd Indians, for ourselfs and for sd Heirs, Executors & Administrators doe covenant & engage to secure & defend ye sd bargained Premises unto them the aforesaid Committee, and to such persons as the sd Committee have or shall admit in order to ye settling sd Towns, to them or their Heirs & Assigns forever—against ye the lawful claims & demands of any Person or Persons whatsoever —In witness whereof, we the aforesaid Indians have hereunto set our

* Now called Monument Mountain. † Now called Green River.

hands and seals this 25th day of April, in ye tenth year of his Majisty's rign and in ye year of or one thousand seven hundred & twenty four: Signed, sealed & deld in
presence of us—Comact Borghghart
Benjamin Smith
John Gun Jun
Samuel Bartlett

Conkepot,	his mark ✕	seal
Poneyote,	his mark):	seal
Pota wakeout,	his mark T	seal
Naunausquan,	his mark ☺	seal
Wanenocow,	his mark 'H	seal
Naunauquin,	his mark ∕'	seal
Conconaughpeet,	his mark G'	seal
Nonaucaunect,	his mark k'	seal
Paunopescennot,	his mark Y	seal
Covconofeet,	his mark B:	seal
Naunhamiss,	his mark E'	seal
Sunkhonk,	his mark (:	seal
Popaqua,	his mark R	seal
Taunkhonkpus,	his mark T.	seal
Tatakim,	his mark O:	seal
Saunkokehe,	his mark 2	seal
Caneanwap,	his mark 9	seal
Saunkewenaugheag,	his mark §	seal
Manchewanfeet,	his mark X·	seal
John Vangilder,	his mark V:	seal
Ponaskenet,	his mark §	seal

The aforesaid is a Copy of ye Deed given by the Indians for ye Housatonack Land—Examined by me—
Ebener Pomroy by order
Acknowledged before
John Ashly, J. P.

NOTE.

The intelligent reader will of course notice a few typographical and grammatical errors in the foregoing pages, which have escaped the notice of the different persons, by whom the proofs were corrected. Such errors are to be expected, when the corrections are not entrusted to a single person. Of necessity, this could not have been done, in the preparation of this volume, as occasional absences prevented it.

The Committee have been assisted in the work, by the Hon. Mr. Bates, and Hon. T. Kneil; the "Introduction," and the account of the "Preliminary Proceedings" having been written by Mr. Bates, and the Proceedings at Table, and the subsequent parts of the narrative by Mr. Kneil. The "Address of Welcome" of Mr. Gillett, and the "Response" of Mr. Eldredge, as also the "Report of the Speeches at Table," were for the most part made up from the report in the *Times*, and few brief notes made thereof, and were not revised by the authors.

ERRATA.

On page 70 omit *the* from the first three lines of poetry.

On page 77, eighteenth line from the top, for *and* read *as*.

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A RECORD OF THE

CELEBRATION AT WESTFIELD, MASS.,

ON THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN

OCTOBER 6, 1869,

WITH THE

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

OF THE

Hon. WILLIAM G. BATES,

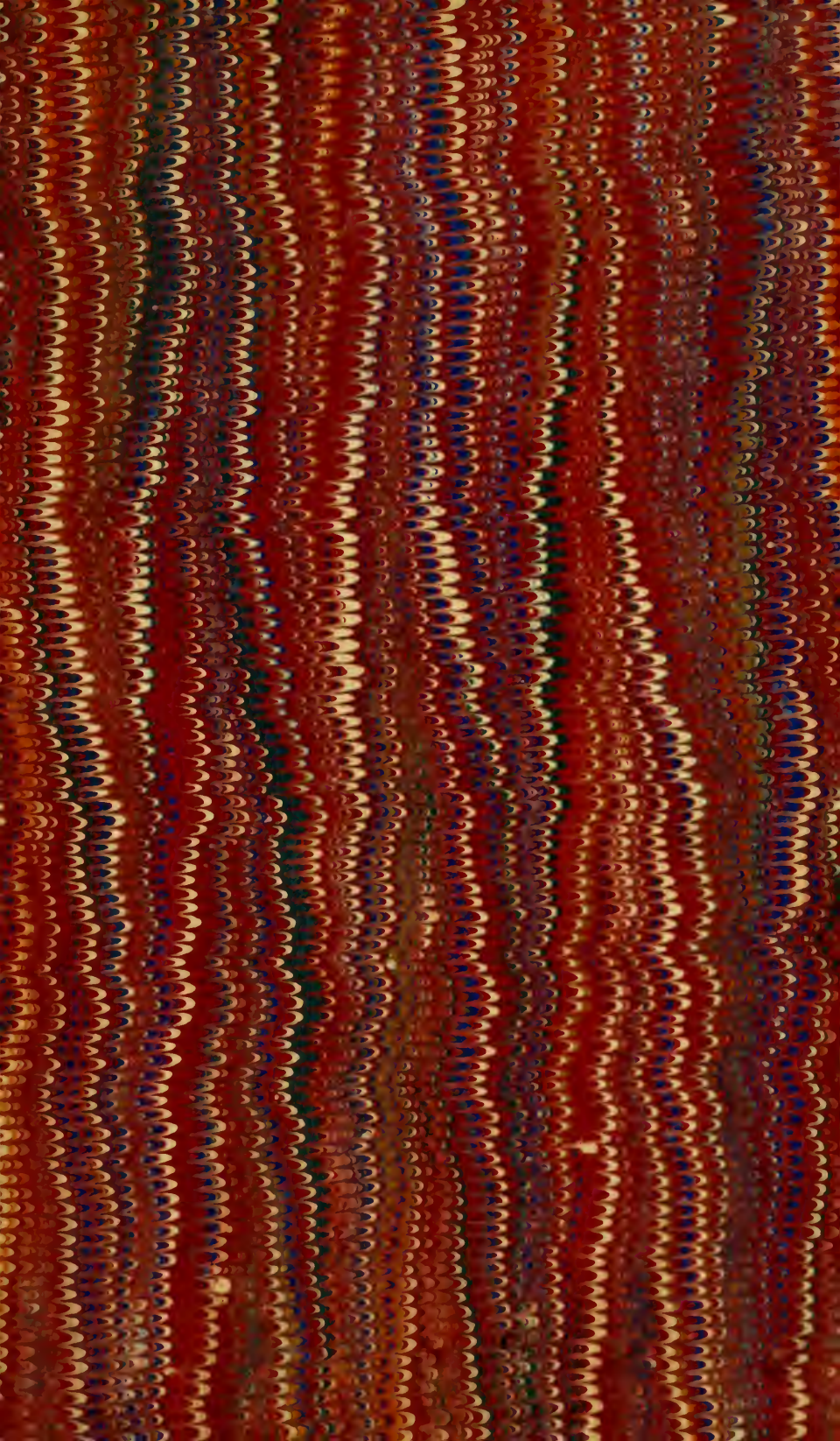
AND OTHER

SPEECHES AND POEMS OF THE OCCASION.

With an Appendix,

Containing Historical Documents of Local Interest

WESTFIELD, MASS.:
CLARK & STORY, PUBLISHERS.
1870.



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